

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

NOTES AND PICTURES ON TOPICS OF PRESENT INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE — PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT ARE HELPING TO MAKE THE HISTORY OF THE DAY.

"GRIDLEY, YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY."

In Manila Bay, on the May Day morning of 1898, Admiral Dewey, standing on the quarterdeck of the Olympia, turned to the cruiser's captain and said: "Gridley, you may fire when ready." The words were the signal for one of the most memorable battles in history, and they are fittingly immortalized on the decorative tablet which the capital of the State of Washington has prepared as a gift for her namesake, the admiral's fine flagship.

The tablet is to be placed on the Olympia's forward turret, between its two great guns,

as is a somewhat similar decoration on the battleship Massachusetts. It shows a stately and graceful figure of Victory, bearing in her outstretched hands a scroll on which Dewey's historic words are engraved. Below is the inscription: "From the citizens of Olympia and State of Washington, greeting of Olympia to her namesake, MDCCCXCVIII." It is a solid piece of bronze, and though only four feet high it weighs three hundred pounds. It was modeled by a young American sculptor, Paul Winters Morris, a pupil of Daniel Chester French, and it is



THE BRONZE TABLET TO BE PLACED ON THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE CRUISER OLYMPIA, DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, AS A GIFT FROM THE CITIZENS OF OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Bogart, New York.



COUNT VON MÜNSTER, HEAD OF THE GERMAN
DELEGATION.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.



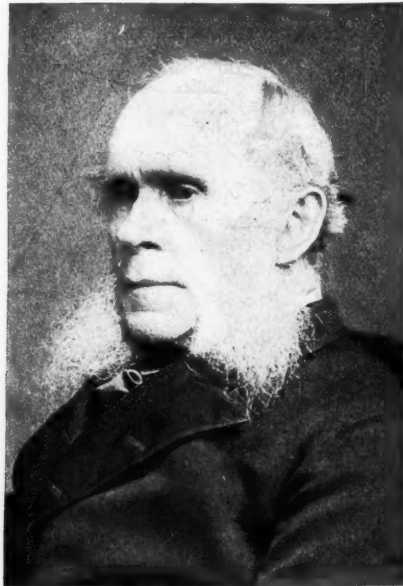
COUNT DI NEGRA, HEAD OF THE ITALIAN
DELEGATION.

From a photograph by Pietzman, Vienna.



M. LÉON BOURGEOIS, FORMER PREMIER OF FRANCE,
HEAD OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION.

From a photograph by Boyer, Paris.



M. DE STAAL, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON,
HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

THE LEADING DELEGATES OF FOUR GREAT POWERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE
CONFERENCE.



THE HUIS TEN BOSCH (HOUSE IN THE WOODS), THE DUTCH ROYAL VILLA, IN THE SUBURBS OF THE HAGUE, IN WHICH THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE IS HOLDING ITS SESSIONS.

a piece of work that reflects credit upon its designer.

OUR FLAG IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, third in the list of rear admirals in the United

States navy, is now in command of the South Atlantic squadron, recently created by the Navy Department.

Admiral Howison, who is a native of the District of Columbia, graduated from Annapolis more than forty years ago, and made an excellent record as a young and



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, NOW SERVING AS HEAD OF THE BRITISH DELEGATION TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE. SIR JULIAN HAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF RETIRING FROM HIS POST AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnston.

dashing officer in the Civil War, winning special distinction under Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay. Since the Civil

the United States navy is now held by the torpedo boat Farragut, with a trial trip record of a little more than thirty and a



VICE ADMIRAL SIR JOHN A. FISHER, K. C. B.,
BRITISH NAVAL REPRESENTATIVE AT THE
PEACE CONFERENCE.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR JOHN C. ARDAGH, K. C. I. E.,
BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE AT
THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

War, he has performed almost every duty that falls to the lot of an officer of the American navy, and always with credit. His last sea duty was when he ran the famous battleship Oregon over her trial course. He did not get the coveted opportunity of active service in the war with Spain, but he did good work at the Charlestown navy yard. He is now making a long cruise in southern waters in his flagship, the newly reconstructed cruiser Charleston.

THE GREYHOUND OF THE NAVY.

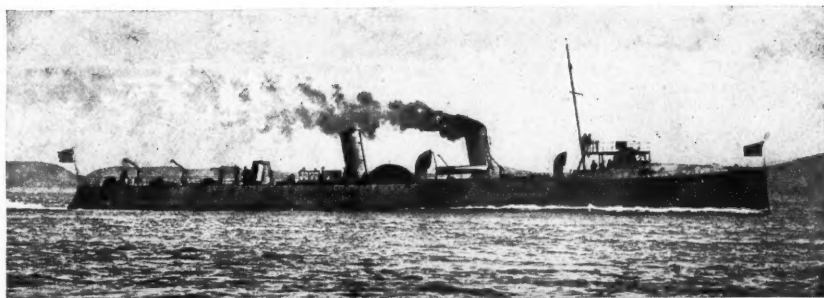
The title of the
swiftest vessel in

half knots per hour. The Farragut was built at San Francisco by the Union Iron

Works, one of the three shipbuilding firms that are now dividing practically all our contracts for new naval construction—and that deserve to do so, as the stern test of war has proved the efficiency of the great engines of destruction in which they deal. The builders of the Farragut have also turned out the battleship Oregon, the cruisers Olympia, Charleston, and San Francisco, and the monitor Monterey—a squadron that had no small share in the maritime triumphs of last year



MAJOR GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER, MILITARY
ATTACHÉ TO THE UNITED STATES
EMBASSY IN LONDON.



THE TORPEDO BOAT FARRAGUT STEAMING AT THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

We have hitherto been weak in torpedo boats, in comparison with the swift and numerous fleets of these dangerous little craft owned by other naval powers; and the Farragut is a welcome demonstration that we can build them as well as any foreign makers. She is a formidable specimen of her type, 214 feet long, and armed with 3 six pound guns, as well as 2 fifteen inch torpedo tubes in her bows. She is now at the Mare Island naval station, ready for active duty at an hour's notice. The

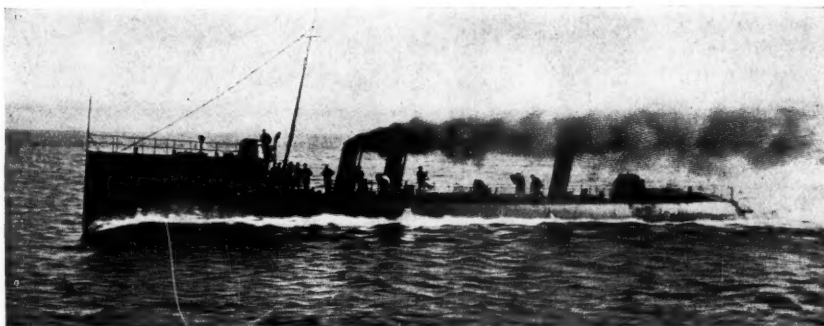


REAR ADMIRAL HENRY L. HOWISON, UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDING THE SOUTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

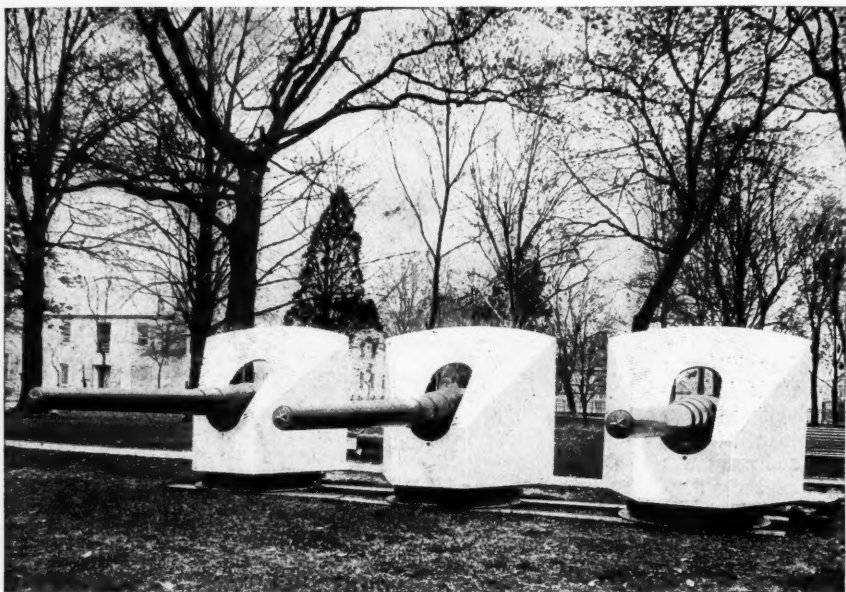
engraving on this page was made from a photograph taken while she steamed by at the top of her phenomenal speed.

LADY RANDOLPH'S SON.

Lady Randolph Churchill has always been considered the most brilliant of all the American women who have married titled Englishmen. She is famous in London society as a wit, she is credited with the authorship of some clever journalistic work, and she is said to have helped her husband prepare the speeches



THE TORPEDO BOAT ROWAN, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



THREE RAPID FIRE GUNS FROM THE SPANISH CRUISER ALMIRANTE OQUENDO, IN THE NAVY YARD PARK AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. ONE OF THE GUNS HAS SINCE BEEN REMOVED TO CINCINNATI.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1899, by George D. Levy, Norfolk, Virginia.

that won his reputation in the House of Commons. Her eldest son, Lieutenant Winston Churchill, inherits her talent. Though he is very young, and still more

youthful in appearance, he is active in social, political, and literary life. He has traveled a good deal, especially in India, where he found material for his first pub-

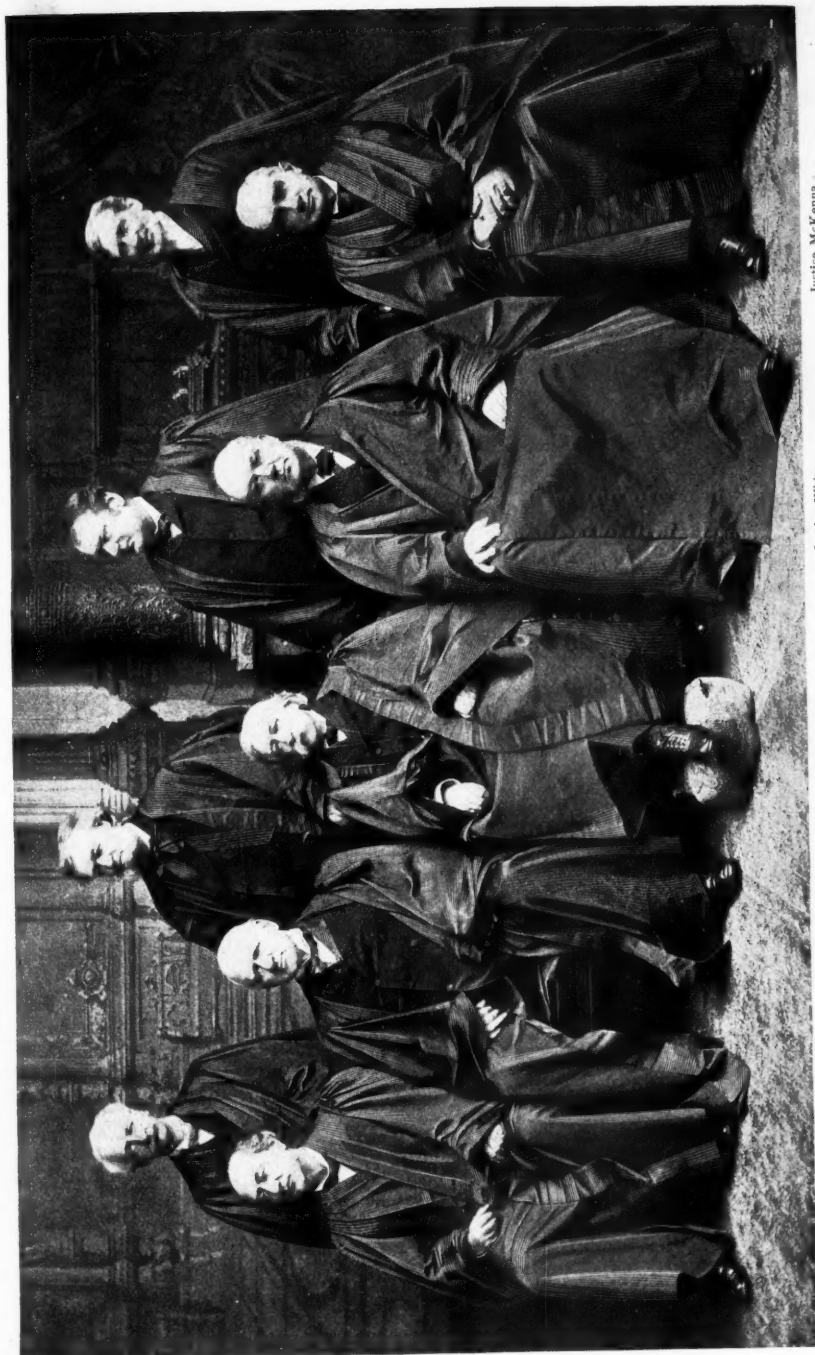


THE DUCHESS D'ARCOS, FORMERLY MISS VIRGINIA LOWERY OF WASHINGTON.



THE DUKE D'ARCOS, SPANISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

From copyrighted photographs by Miss Frances B. Johnston.



Justice McKenna
Justice Brown

Justice White
Justice Gray

Justice Shiras
Chief Justice Fuller

Justice Harlan

Justice Peckham
Justice Brewer

THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a recent photograph—Copyright, 1890, by C. M. Bell, Washington.



LIEUTENANT J. C. GILLMORE, OF THE YORKTOWN,
CAPTURED BY THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS
AT BALER, EAST COAST OF LUZON,
ON APRIL 12.

lished work. He also served in Cuba as the correspondent of an English paper. He has lately been a candidate for Parliament, and he is said to be writing a novel for his mother's new quarterly, the *Anglo Saxon*.

It is a curious coincidence that a young American novelist named Winston Churchill also made his literary début about the time when his English namesake was first coming into notice, thereby causing no small confusion among readers and critics. It has been suggested that it would be very obliging of Lady

Randolph's son if he would consent to use his full patronymic of Spencer-Churchill; but he may have preferences of his own in the matter. The present ducal house of Marlborough, as is well known, is directly descended from the Spencers, and bears the name of the first duke, the famous Jack Churchill, only by means of royal permission and the convenient hyphen; but Winston Churchill's father, who was a younger brother of the eighth



WINSTON CHURCHILL, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AND FIRST
COUSIN OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES S. SMITH, FORMERLY
COLONEL OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA
VOLUNTEERS.



COLONEL W. S. METCALF, FUNSTON'S SUCCESSOR
AS COLONEL OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS
VOLUNTEERS.



MAJOR DIGGLES, THIRTEENTH MINNESOTA VOLUN-
TEERS, FATALLY WOUNDED IN ACTION NEAR
MANILA, ON MAY 8.

From a photograph by Stafford, Minneapolis.



CAPTAIN HENRY L. NICHOLS, WHO DIED OF
SUNSTROKE ON HIS SHIP, THE MONADNOCK,
IN MANILA BAY, ON JUNE 10.

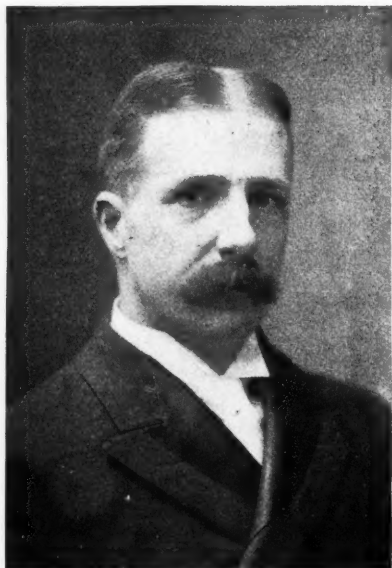
From a photograph by Dacey, Honolulu.

FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS MENTIONED IN THE DESPATCHES FROM THE PHILIPPINES.



ALEXANDER J. CASSATT, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE FRANK THOMSON AS PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



THE REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE, FORMERLY OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, NOW PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

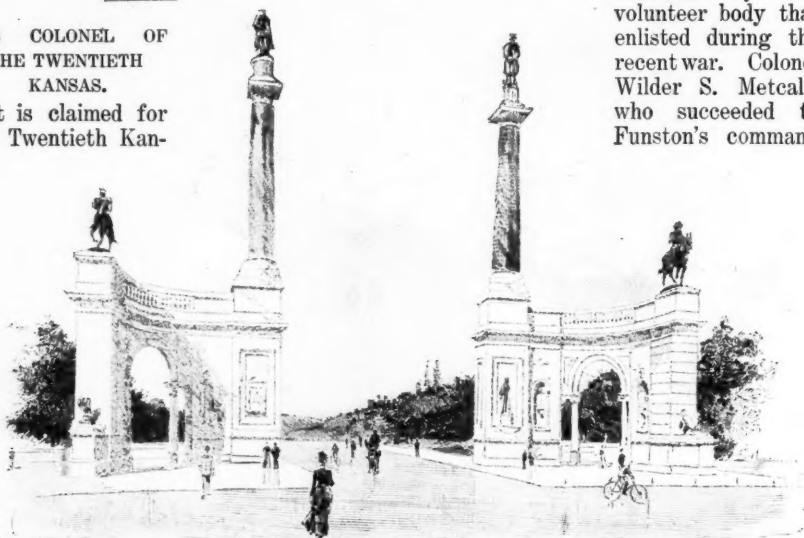
From a photograph.

duke, always omitted the "Spencer," and his son has followed the example.

sas—Funston's regiment—that it contains a greater proportion of college men than any other volunteer body that enlisted during the recent war. Colonel Wilder S. Metcalf, who succeeded to Funston's command

THE COLONEL OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS.

It is claimed for the Twentieth Kan-



THE SMITH MEMORIAL ARCHWAY, TO BE ERECTED AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

Published by the courtesy of Mr. James H. Windrim, the designer of the archway.

when the latter was promoted to brigadier general, is a graduate of two universities — Oberlin (1878) and the law school of the University of Kansas (1897). By birth he is a Maine man.

An officer of his regiment, who recently

commander of the Monadnock, was not actually killed by the enemy's fire, his death at the post of duty, and in the hour of battle, was no less honorable. He died at the moment of victory, when the movement for which he had long been waiting



PIERRE MARIE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED M. DUPUY AS PREMIER OF FRANCE—THE TWENTY SEVENTH PREMIER THE REPUBLIC HAS HAD IN TWENTY TWO YEARS.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

returned from the Philippines, says of Colonel Metcalf: "He has a brilliant record for military skill and for management of the troops. He and Funston were hand in hand fighting all the way through. When Funston said, 'Go ahead!' it was Metcalf that steadied the men and took them through."

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NICHOLS.

Though Captain Henry E. Nichols,

and working was being carried to final success. For two months the Monadnock had been stationed in Manila Bay, off Paranaque, which—though close to the spot where the American troops first landed in July of last year—had become a rebel stronghold. The structure of the monitor, a ship not designed for cruising, makes life aboard her, in the tropics, a matter of much discomfort; and she was almost daily under fire from the shore. The commander in chief offered to with-

draw her from this trying station, and replace her with another ship, but Captain Nichols was anxious to remain, declaring that he did not wish to leave his post until Paranaque fell and the coast between Manila and Cavite was cleared of rebels.

On the 10th of June General Otis' troops were ready to advance, and the Monadnock began the attack by shelling

with Spain, and of course had no chance of fighting. He is the second naval officer of high rank to succumb to the Philippine climate, the other being the late Captain Gridley, of the Olympia.

THE SMITH MEMORIAL ARCH.

Philadelphia has decided that a private



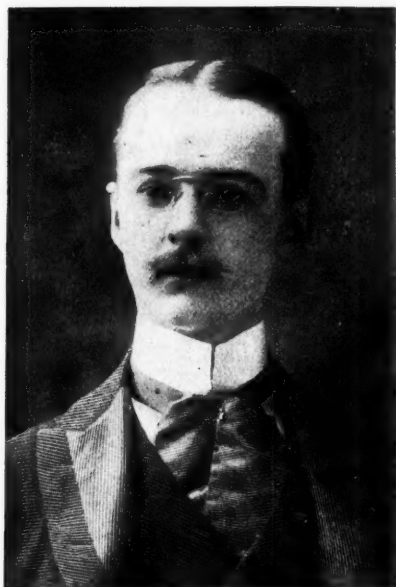
COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE AND HIS COUNTESS, FORMERLY MISS ANNA GOULD OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

the insurgent position. It was a very hot day, and at noon Captain Nichols, who was on deck directing his ship's fire, was sunstruck, dying a few hours later.

Captain Nichols was a New Yorker by birth, and graduated at Annapolis just too late for service in the Civil War. His last command before the Monadnock was the gunboat Bennington, which was stationed at Honolulu during the war

citizen may raise a monument on a public thoroughfare in his own honor, and the Smith Memorial Arch is to be erected at one of the entrances to Fairmount Park. Richard Smith was an old resident of the Quaker City. He was a great traveler, and while he recognized the natural beauties of Fairmount Park, he saw also, by comparison with similar places abroad, that too little was done towards its orna-



COUNT CARL AXEL WACHTMEISTER.
From a photograph by La Marche, Chicago.



COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER (MISS BEULAH HUBBELL).
From a photograph by Lafayette, London.



PRINCE FRANCIS AUERSPERG.
From a photograph by Dana, New York.



PRINCESS AUERSPERG (MISS FLORENCE HAZARD).
From a photograph by De Hart & Letson, Red Bank.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS AND THEIR TITLED BRIDEGROOMS.



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, JR., OF CHICAGO, AND HER CHILDREN.

From a photograph by Miss Alice Hughes, London.

mentation, and he determined to do something to remedy the defect. Several years before his death he secured a design from James H. Windrim, the chief architectural adviser of the national government, for an imposing archway, and in his will bequeathed more than half a million dollars for its erection, subject to the consent of the city. He also left the residue of his own and his wife's estates, which amount to seven hundred thousand dollars, for the founding of a children's home and playground in the park. This latter is a retreat for mothers bringing their children from the turmoil of the city for a day's outing. There are attendants to care for the comfort of the little ones, and a dispensary and special ward for cases of sudden illness or accident.

The home has been opened, but the arch will not be completed before the fall of next year. It is to be of solid white granite, and will rise from two pedestals sixty feet apart on each side of the roadway. Handsomely ornamented façades will extend in a quadrant from the pedestals, on which are to stand equestrian statues of Major General Hancock and Major General McClellan. The main pedestals will be crowned by majestic Doric columns holding aloft colossal statues of two more Pennsylvanians who won fame in the Civil War—Major General Meade and Major General Reynolds. The curved façades will be broken into artistic arches forming pathways for pedestrians. In niches in the wings will be bronze busts of such noted sons of the Keystone State as Governor Andrew G. Curtin, Major General John F. Hartranft, Admiral David D. Porter, Admiral John A. Dahlgren, General James A. Beaver, Major General S. W. Crawford, James H. Windrim, and John B. Best. Upon the front of the right main pedestal, in relief, will stand a life size statue of the donor.

A number of well known American artists have been selected to model the figures for the arch. The main columns will tower to the height of a hundred and thirty feet, and the entire width will be a hundred and seventy. Philadelphia seems to have decided wisely; for, rising from a roadway almost as white as its granite, and having as a background the green hills of the park and the blue dome of heaven, the Smith Memorial Arch bids

fair to outrival any similar structure in this country.

TITLED FOREIGNERS AND AMERICAN HEIRESSES.

The why and wherefore of it may be left to those who care to discuss such abstruse questions, but of the fact that foreign titles have a peculiar charm for American girls there can be no doubt. Our heiresses continue to transform themselves, by matrimony, into princesses, duchesses, and countesses at a rate that alarms those who see in these titled alliances a satire on our democratic institutions.

A recent case in point was that of Miss Beulah Hubbell, of Des Moines, who in May became Countess Carl Axel Wachtmeister, of Sweden; another was that of Miss Florence E. Hazard, of Shrewsbury Manor, New Jersey, married in June to Prince Francis Auersperg, a member of a noble Austrian family. Both weddings were affairs of no small ceremony, with lavish arrays of presents, among which, in each case, a goodly check signed by the bride's father was prominent.

It is understood that counts are so numerous in Sweden that their title—like that of "prince" in Russia—is little more of a distinction than the brevet of "colonel" or "judge" in Kentucky. It is also understood that an American woman finds it practically impossible to establish her position in the court society of Austria; but such considerations do not prevent the appearance of high flown descriptions of the splendor of such matches, and of the social triumphs that await the happy brides.

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

The average life of a government in France, under the Third Republic, is less than a year. Some ministries have lasted but a few weeks, and Pierre Waldeck-Rousseau, who succeeded M. Dupuy as premier in June, may possibly be out of power when this reaches the reader. The elements of uncertainty in the French political situation seem particularly numerous and active just now. On the other hand, there is a tranquilizing influence in the approach of the great exposition of next year; for it is a recognized fact in Parisian politics that when the capital on

the Seine thus opens her doors to the nations of the world she is unwilling to allow any governmental disturbance to interfere with a festival that brings her a golden stream of prosperity.

Personally, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is regarded as one of the best and ablest men who have come to the front in the troubled arena of French public life. His cabinet is a coalition of men who represent several different wings of the republican party, including one—General de Galliffet, minister of war—who is believed to be a monarchist by preference, though he has always given a loyal support to the existing régime. In some respects, of course, such a government is weaker than one drawn from a single faction; but the ordinary lines of partisanship are now to a great extent broken by the incubus of the Dreyfus scandal, and France is likely to support her new leaders so long as they seem likely to be able to bring her safely through the perils that have grown out of the shocking conspiracy against the unhappy artillery officer.

THE MARQUIS DE GALLIFFET.

The most interesting figure of the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet is the Marquis de Galliffet, who as head of the war office will be most directly concerned in the final settlement of the Dreyfus affair. He is now a general on the retired list; years ago he was a dashing cavalry officer, distinguished for gallantry in the war waged to establish Maximilian on the throne of Mexico. Belonging to the old nobility, and married to a famous Parisian beauty, he was a favored member of the court of Napoleon III until he fell into disgrace on account of a practical joke played upon the empress.

A mission from Siam, at that time almost an unknown country, was expected in Paris. All sorts of stories were told of the extraordinary manners and customs of these newly discovered orientals. In due time it was announced that they had arrived, and were anxious for an audience with Eugénie. She consented to receive them, and surrounded herself with a magnificent suite for the occasion. The doors of her own state apartment in the Tuileries were thrown open, and a dozen men entered, clothed in the most fantas-

tic costumes. They threw themselves upon the floor, and began to crawl and wriggle towards the empress' throne. It was an extraordinary sight, and most grotesque of all were the antics of their leader, who executed such contortions that the court ladies began to titter irrepressibly, in spite of Eugénie's frowns. But as the supposed chief of the Siamese reached the foot of her throne he sprang up and stood revealed as the Marquis de Galliffet.

Later, the most notable event in de Galliffet's life was his rigorous meting out of justice without mercy to the Communards who seized Paris after the city's surrender to the Germans, in 1871. It is curious that he is now the official colleague of two ministers—Millerand and Baudin—who are active and outspoken members of the socialist party which is the modern successor to the daring revolutionists of twenty eight years ago.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS' BACK PAY.

A curious detail of the Dreyfus case is pointed out by a correspondent who claims acquaintance with the intricacies of French military law. The captain, he declares, is now entitled to a considerable sum in arrears of pay, even should he be condemned by the judges who are to retry him. When first court-martialed, nearly five years ago, he was "preventively imprisoned" and put on half pay pending the confirmation of his sentence by the military court of appeal, which took action on January 1, 1895, ordering him dismissed from the army. As his conviction has now been annulled, he is still legally on half pay, with arrears due him since the first day of 1895. A captain in the French army receives a little less than two dollars a day, and the amount payable to Dreyfus would be about fifteen hundred dollars, which would be reduced to twelve hundred by the charge of one franc per diem for "lodging expenses." He can also claim a small sum for traveling expenses; and should he finally be acquitted he will at once become entitled to full pay from the date of his arrest.

Even that sum—less than three thousand dollars—will be a small recompense for his sufferings, and at one franc a day his lonely cell on Devil's Island was a costly lodging.

SOPHIA.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. With this object in view, he lures the boy from Oxford, where he is at college, to London. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the young girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance; but Sophia has accidentally learned of Tom's danger, and that, although they are aware of it, they have done nothing to save him, and she remains obdurate. Mrs. Northey thereupon harshly declares that she must go to Chalkhill, her shrewish Aunt Leah's home, where existence promises to be a burden to her. In sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but afterwards discovers that before the appointed time arrives, she will have been sent away from London. She is sorely perplexed as to what to do, when Lady Betty Cochrane visits her, and on learning of her dilemma volunteers to exchange clothes with her, so that she may escape from her room, where she is locked in, and seek her lover. This Sophia finally does.

VI.

THE glasses of the chair, which had been standing some time at the door, were dimmed by moisture, and in the dusk of the evening its trembling occupant had no need to fear recognition. But as the men lifted and bore her from the door, every blurred light that peeped in on her, and in an instant was gone, every smoking shop lamp that glimmered a moment through the mist, and betrayed the moving forms that walked the side-way, was, to Sophia, an eye noting and condemning her.

As the chairmen swung into Portugal Street, and turning eastwards, skirted the long stand of coaches and the group of link men that waited before Burlington House, she felt that all eyes were upon her, and she shrank farther and farther into the recesses of the chair. A bare-footed orange girl, who ran beside the window waving ballads or bills of the play, a coach rattling up behind and bespattering the glass as it passed, a link boy peering in and whining to be hired, caused her a succession of panics. Behind these, the fluttering alarms of the moment, pressed the consciousness of a step taken, that could never be revoked; nor was it until the chairmen, leaving Piccadilly behind them, had entered the comparative

quiet of Air Street, and a real difficulty on a sudden rose before her, that she rallied her faculties.

The men were making for Soho, and if left to take their course, would in a quarter of an hour set her down at the door of Lady Betty's house in King's Square. That would not do. But to stay them, and to vary the order from "Home" to Mr. Wollenhope's house in Davies Street, where her lover lodged, did not now seem the simple and easy step it had appeared a few minutes earlier, when the immediate difficulty was to escape from the house. Lady Betty had said that the men knew her. In that case, as soon as Sophia spoke, or showed herself, they would scent something wrong, and, apprised of the change of fares, might wish to know more. They might even decline to take her where she bade them!

The difficulty was real, but for that very reason Sophia's courage rose to meet it. At present she knew where she was; a minute or two later she might not know. The sooner she took the route into her own hands, therefore, the better it would be; as the men turned from the narrow street of Air into Brewer Street and swung to the right towards Soho, she tapped the glass. The chair moved on. With impatience, natural in the circumstances, Sophia tapped again and more

* Copyright, 1899, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

sharply. This time the front bearer heard, and gave the word. The chair was set down, and the man, wiping his brow, raised the lid.

"What is it, my lady?" he said, with a rich Irish accent. "Sure, and isn't it right ye are? If we went by Windmill Street, which some would be for going, there's a sight of coaches that way."

"I don't want to go to King's Square," Sophia said firmly.

"Eh, my lady—no? But you said 'Home'!"

"I want to go to the West End again," Sophia said. "I've remembered something. I want to go to Davies Street."

"Faith, but it's a fine trate your ladyship's had," the Irishman cried good humoredly, "and finely I should be scolded if his noble lordship your father knew 'twas with us you went; but it's home now you must go; you've played truant long enough, my lady! And—holy Mother!"—with a sudden exclamation—"tis not your ladyship! Oh, the saints, Micky, she's changed!"

The second chairman came round the chair, stared, and rubbed his head; the two gazed in perplexity at poor Sophia, whose face alone appeared above the side of the conveyance. "Take me to Davies Street by Berkeley Square," she commanded, tapping the front impatiently. "To Mr. Wollenhope's house. What does it matter to you where I go?"

"To Davies Street?"

"Yes; cannot you hear?"

"Faith, and I hear," the Irishman answered, staring. "But then, the saints help us, 'tis not yourself. 'Twas her ladyship hired me to go to Arlington Street, and to take her home, and it's not leaving her I'll be!"

"But her ladyship lent me the chair!" Sophia cried desperately. "She'll take another. Cannot you understand? She knows all about it. Now take me to Davies Street."

Her voice trembled with anxiety, for at any moment she might be seen and recognized. Hard by, a lamp in an oilman's window, one of the few lights that at long intervals broke the dull gloom of Brewer Street, shone on the group. Already a couple of chairs had swung by, the carriers casting, as they passed, a curious look at the stationary chair; and now a coach, approaching from the Soho

direction, was near. Every second she delayed there, was a second on the rack. What would Sir Hervey or Lord Lincoln, what would any of the hundred acquaintances she had made since she came to town, say of a girl found unprotected after nightfall, astray in the public streets?

Alas, the men still hesitated, and while they stood staring in puzzlement the coach came up. Before Sophia could add reproaches to her commands, it was checked opposite the group. The coachman leaned down, and in a tone of disappointment—as if it was only then he saw that the chair was occupied—"You've a fare, have you?" he said. "You can't take a lady to Crown Court, King Street?"

Before the Irishman could answer, "Here, my man," a woman's voice cried shrilly from the coach, "I want to go to Crown Court, St. James, and the coach can't enter. Double fare if you are quick! Here, let me out!"

"But, faith, ma'am, I've a fare," Mick cried reluctantly.

"They've a fare," the coachman explained, leaning down anew.

"The fare can take my coach," the voice answered imperiously; and in a twinkling a smartly dressed woman, wearing red and white and plenty of both, yet handsome after a fashion, was out of the coach. "See here, ma'am," she continued, seeing Sophia's scared face, "the coach is paid, and shall take you anywhere in reason. 'Twill make no difference to you and all to me, and a mite of good nature is never thrown away. I've to go where a coach cannot go. Up a court, you understand."

Sophia hesitated, astonished by the strangeness of the request. Why did not the lady, whose speech and bold eyes did not much commend her, pursue her way to Portugal Street, and descend there, where chairs might be had in plenty? Or why, again, was she in such a clamorous hurry and so importunate? On the other hand, if all were right, nothing could have fallen out more happily for herself; it was no wonder that, after a momentary hesitation, she gave a grudging assent. One of the chairmen, who seemed willing enough to change, opened the door; she stepped out and mechanically climbed into the coach. "To Davies Street, Mayfair,"

she said, sinking back. "To Mr. Wollenhope's, if you please."

Quickly as she acted, the strange lady was quicker; in a second she was in and the chair was gone. It seemed to vanish. A moment and the coach also started, and lumbered westwards along Brewer Street. And now Sophia was at liberty to consider—with no obstacle between her and Mr. Wollenhope's door—how she should present herself to her lover, and how it behoved him to receive her.

She found it more easy to answer the second question than the first. Well indeed she knew how it behoved him to receive her. If in men survived any delicacy, any reverence, any gratitude, these were her due who came to him thus; these must appear in his greetings, or the worst guided, the most hapless of maids, was happy beside her. He must show himself lover, brother, parent, friend, in his one person; for he was her all. The tenderest homage, the most delicate respect, a tact that foreran offense, a punctilio that saw it everywhere, the devotion of a Craven, the gratitude of a Peterborough, were her right who came to him thus, a maiden trusting in his honor. She was clear on this; and not once or twice, but many times, many times as she pressed one hand on the other and swallowed the telltale lump that rose and rose in her throat, she swore that if she did not meet with these, if he did not greet her with them, plain in eye and lip—aye, and with a thousand dainty flowers of love, a thousand tender thoughts and imaginings, not of her, but for her—she had better have been the mud through which the wheels of her coach rolled!

It was natural enough that, so near, so very near the crisis, she should feel misgivings. The halt in the dark street, the chill of the night air, had left her shivering; had left her with an overwhelming sense of loneliness and homelessness. The question was no longer how to escape from a prison, but how, having escaped, she would be received by him, who must be her all. The dice were on the table, the throw was made, and made for life; it remained only to lift the box. For a little, a very little while, since a matter of minutes only divided her from Davies Street, she hung between the old life and the new, her child's heart panting vaguely for the sympathy that had been

lacking in the old life, for the love that the new life had in store. Would she find them? Child as she was, she trembled now that she stood on the brink. A few minutes, and she would know. A few minutes, and—

The coach stopped suddenly, with a jerk that flung her forward. She looked out, her heart beating, and prepared to descend. But surely this was not Davies Street? The road was very dark. On the left, the side on which the door opened, a dead wall, overhung by high trees, confronted her.

"Where am I?" she cried, her hand on the fastening of the door, her voice quivering with sudden fright. "We are not there?"

"You are as far as you'll go, mistress," a rough voice answered out of the darkness. "Sorry to alter your plans. A fine long chase you've given us." And from the gloom at the horses' heads, two men advanced to the door of the coach.

She took them for footpads. The dead wall had much the appearance of the wall of Burlington Gardens, where it bounds Glasshouse Street; at that spot, she remembered, a coach had been robbed the week before. She prepared to give up her money with a trembling hand, and was groping for a little knitted purse, when the men, still grumbling, opened the door.

"I suppose you know what's what," the foremost said. "At suit of Margott's, of Paul's Churchyard. You'll go to my house, I suppose? You'll be more genteel there."

"I don't understand," Sophia muttered faintly, her heart sinking.

"Oh, don't come the innocent over us!" the man answered coarsely. "Here's the capias. Forty eight, seven, six, debt and costs. It's my house or the Marshalsea. One or the other, and be quick about it. If you've the cash, you'd better come to me."

"There's some mistake," Sophia gasped, involuntarily retreating into the farthest corner of the coach. "You take me for some one else."

The bailiffs—for such they were—laughed. "I take you for Mrs. Clark, alias Grocott, alias anything else you please," the spokesman answered. "Come, no nonsense, mistress; it's not the first time you've been behind bars. I warrant

with that face you'll soon find some one to open the door for you."

"But I'm not Mrs. Clark," Sophia protested. "I'm not indeed."

"Pooh, pooh!"

"I tell you I am not Mrs. Clark!" she cried. "Indeed, indeed, I am not! It has nothing to do with me," she continued desperately. "Please let me go on." And in great distress she tried to close the door on them.

The bailiff roughly prevented her. "Come, no nonsense, mistress," he repeated. "These tricks won't serve you. We were waiting for you at the Ipswich stage; you got the start there, and very cleverly, I will allow. But my mate got the number of the coach, and if we had not overtaken you here we'd have nabbed you in Davies Street. You see we know all about you and where you were bound. Now where's it to be?"

Sophia, at the mention of Davies Street, began to doubt her own identity; but still repeated, with the fierceness of despair, that she was not the person they sought. "I am not Mrs. Clark!" she cried. "I only took this coach in Brewer Street. You can ask the coachman."

"Aye, I might, but I shouldn't get the truth!"

"But it is the truth!" Sophia cried piteously; truly punishment had fallen on her quickly! "It is the truth! It is indeed!"

The bailiff appeared to be a little shaken by her earnestness. He exchanged a few words with his fellow. Then, "We'll take the risk," he said. "Will you come out, ma'am, or shall I come in?"

Sophia trembled. "Where are you going to take me?" she faltered.

"To my house, where it's ten shillings a day and as genteel company as you'd find in St. James'!" the fellow answered. "Selp me, you'll be at home in an hour! I've known many go in all of a shake, that with a glass of mulled wine and cheerful company were as jolly by night-fall as miss at a fair!" And without waiting for more, the man climbed into the coach and plumped down beside her.

Sophia recoiled with a cry of alarm. "La!" he said, with clumsy good nature, "you need not be afraid. I'm a married man. You sit in your corner, ma'am, and I'll sit in mine. Bless you, I'm sworn to do my duty. Up you get, Trigg!"

The second bailiff mounted beside the coachman, the coach was turned, and in a trice Sophia was once more trundling eastwards through the streets. But in what a condition!

In the power of a vulgar catchpoll, on her way to a low sponging house, she saw herself borne helpless past the house that, until today, she had called her home! True, she had only to prove who she was to be released. She had only to bid them turn aside and stop at Mr. Northey's mansion, and a single question and answer would set her free. But at what a cost! Overwhelmed and terrified, at her wit's end how to bear herself, she yet shrank from such a return as that!

Gladly would she have covered her face with her hands and wept tears of bitter mortification. But the crisis was too sharp, the difficulty too urgent, for tears. What was she to do? Allow herself to be carried to her destination, and there incarcerated with vile persons in a prison which her ignorance painted in the darkest colors? Or avow the truth, bid them take her to her brother in law's, and there drain the cup of defeat and ignominy to the dregs? In either case decision must be speedy. Already Arlington Street lay behind them; they were approaching St. James' Church. They were passing it. Another minute and they would reach the end of the Haymarket.

Suddenly she clapped her hands. "Stop!" she cried. "Tell him to stop! There's Lane's. They know me there. They'll tell you that I am not the person you think. Please stop!"

The bailiff nodded, put out his hand, and gave the order. Then, as the coach drew up to the shop he opened the door, "Now, no tricks, ma'am!" he said. "If you go a yard from me I nab you. Smooth's my name when I'm well treated; but if Mr. Lane knows you I'll take his word, and ask your pardon. I'm not unreasonable."

Sophia did not pause to reply, but descended, and with hot cheeks hurried across the pavement into the well known silk mercer's. Fortunately, the shop, at certain hours the resort of Piccadilly elegants, was deserted at this late hour. All the lamps but one were extinguished, and by the light of this one, Mr. Lane and two apprentices were busy stowing goods under the counter. A third young man

stood looking on and idly swinging a cane; but to Sophia's relief he retired through the open door at the back, which revealed the cozy lights of a comfortable parlor.

The tradesman advanced, bowing and rubbing his hands. "Dear me!" he said, "you are rather late, ma'am, but anything we can do— William, relight the lamps."

"No," Sophia cried. "I do not want anything. I only—Mr. Lane," she continued, blushing deeply, "will you be good enough to tell this person who I am?"

"Dear, dear, my lady!" Mr. Lane exclaimed, becoming in a moment a very Hector, "you don't mean that—what is this, my man, what is this? Let me tell you I've several stout fellows on the premises, and—"

"No need," the bailiff answered gruffly. "I only want to know who the—who the lady is." He looked crestfallen already. He saw by the lamplight that his prisoner was too young, a mere girl in her teens; and his heart misgave him.

"This is Miss Maitland, sister in law to the Honorable Mr. Northey, of Arlington Street and the House," the tradesman answered majestically. "Now, my man, what is it?"

"You are sure that she is not a—Mrs. Oriana Clark?" the bailiff asked, consulting his writ for the name.

"No more than I am!" Mr. Lane retorted, sniffing contemptuously. "What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Nothing now," the discomfited bailiff answered; and muttering "I am sure I beg her ladyship's pardon! Beg her pardon! No offense!" he promptly bent his head and hurried precipitately out of the shop; his retreat much facilitated by the fact that Sophia, overcome by her sudden release, was seized with a fit of giddiness, which compelled her to cling to the shop board.

In a moment the good Lane was all solicitude. He placed a chair for her, called for volatile salts, and bade them close the door into the street. Sending the staring apprentices about their business, he bustled out to procure some water; but in this he was anticipated by the young man whom she had seen in the shop when she entered. Too faint at the moment to remark from what hand she took it, Sophia drank, and returned the glass. Then, a little revived by the draft,

and sensible of the absurdity of the position, she tried to rise, with a smile at her weakness. But the young man who had brought the water, and who had something of the air of a gentleman, very foppishly and effeminately dressed, implored her to sit a while.

"Sure, ma'am, you can't be rested yet!" he cried, hanging over her with a solicitude that seemed a little excessive. "Such an outrage on divine beauty merits—stap me, the severest punishment. I shall not fail, ma'am, to seek out the low beast and chastise him as he deserves."

"There is no need," Sophia answered, looking at the spark with mild surprise; she was still too faint to resent his manner. "I am better now, I thank you, sir. I will be going."

"Stap me, not yet!" he cried effusively. "A little air, ma'am?" and he fell to fanning her with his hat, while his black eyes languished on hers. "Twill bring back the color, ma'am. Has your ladyship ever tried Florence water in these attacks? It is a monstrous fine specific, I am told."

"I am not subject to them," Sophia answered, forced to avert her eyes. This movement brought her gaze to the open door of the parlor, where, to her astonishment, she espied Mr. Lane, standing, as it were, in ambush, dwelling on the scene in the shop with a face of childish pleasure. Now he softly rubbed his hands; now he nodded his head ecstatically. A moment Sophia watched him, her own face in shadow; then she rose a little displeased, and more puzzled.

"I must go now," she said, bowing stiffly. "Be good enough to see if my coach is there."

The beau, taken aback by her manner, turned to the silk mercer, who came slowly forward. "Is her ladyship's coach there?" the young gentleman cried with immense stateliness.

Mr. Lane hurried obsequiously to the door, looked out, and returned. "Dear, dear, ma'am, I fear those wretches took it. But I can send for a chair."

"Yes, call a chair!" the gentleman commanded. "I shall see the lady to her door."

"Oh, no, no!" Sophia answered quickly. "It is not necessary."

"It is very necessary at this hour," Mr. Lane interposed; and then apologized

for his intervention by rubbing his hands. "I could not think of—of letting you go from here, ma'am, without an escort!" he continued, with another low bow. "And this gentleman, Mr.—"

"Fanshaw, man, Fanshaw," the young spark said, stroking his cravat and turning his head with an absurd air of importance. "Your humble servant to command, ma'am. Richard Fanshaw, Esquire, of Warwickshire. 'Tis certain I must attend you so far; and—oh, d—n this!" he continued, with a sudden ebullition of rage. In the act of bowing to her he had entangled his sword—awkwardly, it seemed to her—in a roll of Lyons that stood behind him. "Fellow, what the devil do you mean by leaving rubbish in a gentleman's way!" he cried, struggling furiously with it.

Sophia could scarcely forbear a smile as Mr. Lane ran to the rescue. Yet with all his efforts

The bold knight was red
And the good stuff was shred

before the little beau was freed. He damned all tailors, and, to hide his confusion, hastened rather clumsily to hand her to the chair.

Sophia was in a new difficulty. Lane would give the order "Arlington Street"; Mr. Fanshaw, smirking and tip tapping at the side, would insist on seeing her thither. And truly for an instant, as the cold night air met her on the threshold of the oil lit street, and she shivered under its touch, she hesitated. For an instant her fears pleaded with her, bade her take warning from what had already happened, whispered "Home!" Even to her the future, mirrored on the gloomy surface of the night street, on the brink of which she stood, seemed dark, forlorn, uncertain.

But her pride was not yet conquered; and without a great sacrifice of pride she could not return. The escapade of which she had been guilty would be remembered against her; she would be condemned for the attempt, and despised for its failure. Home, in her case, meant no loving mother longing to forgive, no fond tears, no kisses mingled with reproaches; but sneers and stinging words, disgrace and exile, a child's punishment. Perhaps it was little wonder that she grew hard again, while on the other hand, a girl's

first fancy beckoned roseate; or that, when she announced with an easy air that she had to go to Davies Street first, Mr. Lane detected nothing suspicious in her tone.

"Dear, dear, ma'am, it's rather late," he said. "And the streets not too secure. But Richar—Mr. Fanshaw will see you safe. Much honored. Oh, much honored, I am sure, ma'am. Delighted to be of service. My humble obedience to your sister and Mr. Northey."

A last backward glance as she was lifted and borne from the door showed her Mr. Lane standing in his shop entrance. He was looking after her with the same face of foolish admiration which she had before surprised; she wondered afresh what it meant. Soon, however, her thoughts passed from him to the over dressed little fop who had added himself to her train, and whose absurd attempts to communicate with her as he strutted along beside the glass, his sword under his arm and his laced hat cocked, were almost as amusing as the air of superb protection which he assumed when he caught her eye. Really, he was too ridiculous. Moreover, she did not want him. His presence was uncalled for now, and when she reached Davies Street might involve her in new embarrassments. She would have dismissed him; but she doubted if he would go, and to open the glass and make the attempt might only incite him to greater freedoms. Sophia bit her lip to repress a smile; the little beau took the smile for encouragement and kissed his hand through the glass.

VII.

THE chairmen pushed briskly along through Piccadilly and Portugal Street until they reached the turnpike on the skirts of the town; there, turning to the right by Berkeley Row, they entered Berkeley Square, at that time a wide, unplanted space, surrounded on three sides by new mansions, on the fourth by the dead wall of Berkeley House, and for lack of lighting, or perhaps by reason of the convenience the building operations afforded, a favorite haunt of footpads. For Sophia, a prey to anxieties that left no room in her mind for terrors of this class, neither the dark lane shadowed by the dead wall of Berkeley Gardens nor the gloomy waste of

the square held any tremors; but the chairmen hastened over this part of their journey, and for a little time her attendant squire was so little in evidence that, in the agitation into which the prospect of arrival at her lover's house threw her, she quite forgot his presence. She strained her eyes through the glass and the darkness to distinguish the opening of Davies Street, and at once longed and feared to see it. When at last the chair halted, and, pressing her hand to her heart to still the tumult that almost stifled her, she prepared to descend and meet her fate, it was with a kind of shock she found the little dandy mincing and bowing on the pavement, his hand extended to aid her in stepping from the chair.

The vexation she had suppressed before broke out at the sight. "Oh!" she said, bowing slightly, and ungraciously avoiding his hand, "I am obliged to you, sir; I won't trouble you farther. Good night, sir."

"But—I shall see you back to Arlington Street, ma'am?" he lisped. "Surely at this hour an escort is more than ever necessary. I declare it is past eight, ma'am."

It was; but the fact so put in words stung her like a whip. She winced under all that the lateness of the hour implied. It seemed intolerable that in a crisis where her whole life lay in the balance, where her being was on the rack until she found the reception that should set all right, converting her boldness into constancy, her forwardness into courage—when she trembled on the verge of the moment in which his eyes should tell her all—it was intolerable that she should be harassed by this prating dandy. "I shall find an escort here," she cried harshly. "I need you no longer, sir. Good night."

"Oh, but, ma'am," he protested, bowing like a Chinese mandarin, "it is impossible I should leave you so! Surely there is something I can do for your ladyship?"

"You can pay the chairmen!" she cried contemptuously; and turning from him to the door before which the chair had halted, she found it half open. In the doorway a woman, her back to the light, stood blocking the passage. Doubtless she had heard what had passed.

Sophia's temper died down on the instant. "Is this—Mr. Wollenhope's?" she faltered.

"Yes, ma'am."

An hour before it had seemed simple to ask for her lover. Now the moment was come she could not do it. "May I come in?" she muttered, to gain time.

"You wish to see me?"

"Yes."

"Is the chair to wait, ma'am?"

Sophia trembled. It was a moment before she could find her voice. Then, "No," she answered faintly.

The woman looked hard at her, and having the light at her back, had the advantage. "Oh!" she said at last, addressing the men, "I think you had better wait a minute." And by ungraciously making way for Sophia to enter, she closed the door. "Now, ma'am, what is it?" she said, standing four square to the visitor. She was a stout, elderly woman, with a bluff but not unkindly face.

"Mr. Hawkesworth lodges here?"

"He does, ma'am."

"Is he at home?" Sophia faltered. Under the woman's gaze she felt a sudden overpowering shame. She was pale and red by turns. Her eyes dropped, her confusion was patent, not to be overlooked.

"He is not at home," the woman said shortly. And her look, hostile before, grew harder.

Sophia caught her breath. She had not thought of this, and for a moment was so overpowered by the intelligence, she had to support herself against the wall. "When will he return, if you please?" she said, her lip quivering.

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I couldn't say at all," Mrs. Wollenhope answered curtly. "All I know is he went out with the young gentleman at five, and as like as not he won't be home till morning."

Sophia had much ado not to burst into tears. Apparently the woman perceived this, and felt a touch of pity for her, for, in an altered tone, "Is it possible you're the young lady he's to marry tomorrow?" she asked primly.

The words were balm to the girl's heart. Here was sure footing at last; here was something to go on. "Yes," she said, more boldly; "I am."

"Oh!" Mrs. Wollenhope ejaculated. "Oh!" After which she stared at the girl, as if she found a difficulty in fitting her in with notions previously formed. At last, "Well, miss," she said, "I think if

you could call tomorrow"—with a dry cough—"if you are to be married tomorrow, it seems to me it might be better——"

Sophia shivered. "I cannot wait," she said desperately. "I must see him. Something has happened which he does not know, and I must see him, I must indeed. Can I wait here? I have nowhere to go."

"Well, you can wait here till nine o'clock," Mrs. Wollenhope answered, less drily. "We shut up at nine." Then, glancing quickly behind her, she laid her hand on Sophia's sleeve. "My dear," she said, lowering her voice—"begging pardon for the liberty, for I see you are a lady, which I did not expect—if you'll take my advice you'll go back. You will indeed. I am sure your father and mother——"

"I have neither!" Sophia cried.

"Oh, dear, dear! Still, I can see you've friends, and if you'll take my advice——"

She was cut short. "There you are again, Eliza!" cried a loud voice, apparently from an inner room. "Always your advice! Always your advice! Have done meddling, will you, and show the lady up stairs?"

Mrs. Wollenhope shrugged her shoulders, as if the interruption were no uncommon one. "Very well," she said gruffly; and, turning, led the way along the passage. Sophia, uncertain whether to be glad or sorry that the good woman's warning had been interrupted, followed. As she passed the open door of a room at the foot of the stairs, she had a glimpse of a cheery sea coal fire and a bald headed man in his shirt sleeves, who was sitting on a settle beside it, a glass of punch in his hand. He rose and muttered, "Your servant, ma'am!" as she passed; and she went on and saw him no more. But the vision of the snug back parlor, with its fire and lights, and a red curtain that hung before the window, remained with her; a picture of comfort and quiet, as far as possible removed from the suspense and agitation in which she had passed the last two hours.

And in which she still found herself; for as she mounted the stairs her heart grew sick, her knees quaked under her. She was ashamed, she was frightened. Nay, at the head of the flight, when the woman opened the door before her and by a ges-

ture bade her enter, she paused and felt she could sink into the ground; for the veriest trifle she would have gone down again. But behind her—behind her lay nothing that had power to draw her; to return was to meet abuse and ridicule and shame, and that not in Arlington Street only, for the story would be over the town. Lane the mercer, whose shop was a hotbed of gossip, the little dandy who had thrust himself into her company, and tracked her hither, the coachman who had witnessed the arrest, even her own friend Lady Betty—all would publish the tale. Girls whom she knew, and from whose plain spoken gossip she had turned a prudish ear, would sneer in her face. Men like Lord Lincoln would treat her with the easy familiarity she had seen them extend to Lady Vane or Miss Edwards. Women she respected, Lady Pomfret, the Duchess, would freeze her with a look. Girls, good girls, like Lady Sophia Fermor or little Miss Hamilton, no longer would these be her company.

No, she had gone so far, it was too late to turn back; yet she felt, as she crossed the threshold, it was the one thing she now desired to do. Though Mrs. Wollenhope hastened to light two candles that stood on a table, the parlor and the shapes of the furniture swam before Sophia's eyes. The two candles seemed to be four, six, eight; nay, the room was all candles, dancing before her. She had to lean on a chair to steady herself.

Presently Mrs. Wollenhope's voice, for a time heard dully droning, became clear. "He was up above," the good woman was saying. "But he's not here much. He lives at the taverns of the quality, mostly. 'Twas but yesterday he told me, ma'am, he was going to be married. You can wait here till nine, and I'll come and fetch you then, if he has not come in. But you'd best be thinking, if you'll take my advice, what you'll do."

"Now, Eliza!" Mr. Wollenhope roared from below; to judge from the sound of his voice he had come to the foot of the stairs; beyond doubt he had the sharpest ears. "Advising again, I'm bound. Always advising! Some day your tongue will get you into trouble, my woman. You come down and leave the young lady to herself."

"Oh, very well," Mrs. Wollenhope mut-

tered, tossing her head impatiently. "I'm coming. Coming!" And shielding her light with her hand, she went out and left Sophia alone.

The girl remained where she had paused, a little within the door, her hand resting on a chair. As she looked about her, the color began to creep into her face. This was his home, and at the thought she forgot the past; she dreamed of the future. His home! Here he had sat thinking of her. Here he had written the letter! Here, perhaps in that cupboard set low in the wainscot beside the fireplace, lay the secret papers of which he had told her, the Jacobite lists that held a life in every signature, the Ormonde letters, the plans for the Scotch rising, the cipher promises from France! Here, surrounded by perils, he wrote and studied far into the night, the pistol beside the pen, the door locked, the key-hole stopped. Here he had lain safe and busy, while the hated Whig approvers drew their nets elsewhere.

Sophia breathed more quickly as she pictured these things; as she told herself the story *Othello* told the Venetian maid. The attraction of the man, the magic of the lover, dormant during the stress she had suffered since she left Arlington Street, revived; the girl's eyes grew soft, blushes mantled over her cheeks. She looked round timidly, almost reverently, not daring to advance, not daring to touch anything.

The room, which was not large, was wainscoted from ceiling to floor with spacious panels, divided one from the other by fluted pillars in shallow relief, after the fashion of that day. The two windows were high, narrow, and round headed, deeply sunk in the walls. The fireplace, in which a few embers smoldered, was of Dutch tiles. On the square oak table in the middle of the floor a pack of cards lay beside the snuffer tray, between the tall pewter candlesticks.

She noted these things greedily, and then, alas, she fell from the clouds. Mrs. Wollenhope had said he had lived in the rooms above until lately! Still, he had sat here, and these were his belongings, which she saw strewn here and there. The book which lay open on the high backed settle that flanked one side of the hearth, and masked the door of an inner room, had been laid there by his

hands. The cloak that hung across the back of one of the heavy Cromwell chairs was his. The papers and inkhorn, pushed carelessly aside on one of the plain wooden window seats, had been placed there by him. His were the black riding wig, the whip and spurs and tasseled cane, that hung on a hook in a corner, and the wig case that stood on a table against the wall, alongside a crumpled cravat and a jug and two mugs. All these—doubtless all these were his. Sophia, flustered and softened, her heart beating quick with a delicious emotion, half hope, half fear, sat down on the chair by the door and gazed at them.

He was more to her now, while she sat in his room and looked at these things, than he had ever been; and though the moment was at hand when his reception of her must tell her all, her distrust of him had never been less. If he did not love her with the love she pictured, why had he chosen her? He whose career promised so much, who under the cloak of frivolity pursued aims so high amid perils so real. He must love her! He must love her! She thought this almost aloud, and seeing the wicks of the candles growing long, rose and snuffed them; and in the performance of this simple act of ownership, was thrilled with a strange flush of pleasure.

She waited after that on her feet, looking about her shyly, and listening. Presently, hearing no sound, she stepped timidly and on tiptoe to the side table, and lifting the crumpled cravat, smoothed it, then, with caressing fingers, folded it neatly and laid it back. Again she listened, wondering how long she had waited. No, that was not a step on the stairs, and her heart began to sink. The reaction of hope deferred began to be felt. What if he did not come? What if she waited, and nine found her still waiting—waiting vainly in this quiet room where the lights twinkled in the polished panels, and now and again the ash of the coal fell softly to the hearth? It might—it might be almost nine already!

She began to succumb to a new fever of suspense, and looked about for something to divert her thoughts. Her eyes fell on the book that lay open on the seat of the settle. Thinking, "He has read this to-day, his was the last hand that touched it, on this page his eyes rested," Sophia

stooped for it, and holding it reverently, for it was his, carefully that she might keep the place, carried it to the light. The title at the head of the page was "The Irish Register." The namesmacked so little of diversion, she thought it a political tract—for it was thin, no more than fifty pages or so; and she was setting it back on the table when her eye, in the very act of leaving the page, caught the glint, as it were, of a name. Beside the name, on the margin, were a few penciled words and figures; but these, faintly scrawled, she did not heed at the moment.

"Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth?" she muttered, repeating the name that had caught her eye. "How strange! What can the book have to do with Lady Betty? It must be some kind of peerage. But she is not Irish!"

To settle the question again she raised the book to the light, and saw that it consisted of a list of persons' names arranged in order of rank. Only—which seemed odd—all the names were ladies' names. Above Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth, appeared Cochrane, the Lady Anne; below came Coke, the Lady Catherine; and after each name followed the address of the lady, if a widow, of her parents or guardians if she were unmarried.

Sophia wondered idly what it meant, and with half her mind bent on the matter, the other intent on the coming of a footstep, she turned back to the title page of the book. She found that the fuller description there printed ran "The Irish Register, or a List of the Duchess Dowagers, Countesses, Widow Ladies, Maiden Ladies, Widows, and Misses of Great Fortunes in England, as registered by the Dublin Society."

Even then she was very, very far from understanding. But the baldness of the description sent a chill through her. Misses of large fortunes in England! As fortunes went, she was a miss of large fortune. Perhaps that was why the words grated upon her, why her heart sank, and the room seemed to grow darker. Turning to look at the cover of the book, she saw a slip of paper inserted towards the end to keep a place. It projected only an eighth of an inch, but she marked it, and turned to it; something or other—it may have been only the position of the paper in that part of the book, it may have been the presence of the book in her

lover's room, forewarned her; for in the act of turning the leaves, and before she came to the marker, she knew what she would find.

And she found it. First, her name "Maitland, Miss Sophia, at the Hon. Mr. Northey's, in Arlington Street." Then—yes, then, for that was not all or the worst—down the narrow margin, starting at her name, a note, written faintly, in a hand she knew, the same hand that had penned her one love letter, the hand from which the quill had fallen in the rapture of anticipation, the hand of her "humble, adoring lover, Hector, Count Plomer!"

She knew that the note would tell her all, and for a moment her courage failed her; she dared not read it. Her averted eyes sought instead the cupboard in the lower wainscot, which she had fancied the hiding place of the Jacobite cipher, the muniment chest where lay, intrusted to his honor, the lives and fortunes of the Beauforts and Ormondes, the Wynns and Cottons and Cecils. Was the cupboard that indeed? Or—what was it? The light reflected from the surface of the panels told her nothing, and she lowered the book and stood pondering.

If the note proved to be that which she still shrank from believing it, what had she done? Or, rather, what had she not done? What warnings had she not despised, what knowledge had she not slighted, what experience had she not overriden? How madly, how viciously, in the face of advice, in the face of remonstrance, in modesty's own despite, had she wrought her confusion, had she flung herself into the arms of this man! This man who—but that was the question!

She asked herself trembling, was he what this book seemed to indicate or was he what she had thought him? Was he villain or hero? Fortune hunter or her true lover? The meanest of tricksters or the high spirited, chivalrous gentleman, laughing at danger and smiling at death, in whom great names and a great cause were content to place their trust?

She nerved herself at last to learn the answer to the question. The wicks of the candles were burning long; she snuffed them anew, and, holding the book close to the light, read the words that were delicately traced beside her name.

Has 6,000 guineas charged on T. M.'s estates. If T. M. marries without consent of guardians, has

10,000 more, Mrs. N. the same. T. is at Cambridge, aged eighteen. To make all sure, T. must be married first—query, Oriana, if she can be found? Or Lucy Slee—but boys like riper women. Not clinch with S. M. until T. is mated, nor at all if the little Cochrane romp (page 7) can be brought to hand. But I doubt it, and S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose.

Sophia sat a while in a chair and shivered, her face white, her head burning. The words were such that, the initials notwithstanding, it was not possible to misinterpret them; and they cut her as the lash of a whip cuts the bare flesh. It was for this thing she had laid aside her maiden pride, had risked her good name, had scorned her nearest, had thrown away all in life that was worth keeping! It was for this creature, this thing in the shape of man, that she had overleaped the bounds, had left her home, had risked the perils of the streets and the greater perils of his company. For this—but she had not words adequate to the loathing of her soul. Outraged womanhood, wounded pride, condemned affection—which she had fancied love—seared her very soul. She could have seen him killed, she could have killed him with her own hand—or she thought she could; so perfectly in a moment was her liking changed to hatred, so completely destroyed on the instant was the trust she had placed in him.

"And S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose!" Those words cut more deeply than all into her vanity. She winced—nay, she writhed, under them. Nor was that all. They had a clever, dreadful smartness that told her they were no mere memorandum, but had served in a letter also, and tickled at once a man's conceit and a woman's ears. Her own ears burned at the thought. *"S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose!"* Oh, she would never recover it! She would never regain her self respect!

The last embers had grown gray behind the bars, the last ash had fallen from the grate, while she sat. The room was silent save for her breathing, that now came in quick spasms as she thought of the false lover, and now was slow and deep as she sat sunk in a shamed reverie. On a sudden the cooling fireplace gave out a loud crack that roused her. She sprang up and gazed round in affright, remembering that she had no longer busi-

ness there, nay, that in no room in the world had she less business, or would she less willingly be found.

In the terror of the moment she flew to the door; there, with her hand on it, stood. Go she must, but whither? More than ever, now that she recognized her folly and her shame, she shrank from Arlington Street, from her sister's scornful eyes, from Mr. Northey's disapproving stare, from the grins of the servants, the witticisms of her friends. The part she had played, seen as she now saw it, must make her the laughing stock of the town. It was the silliest, the most romantic; a schoolgirl would cry fie on it. Sophia's cheek burned at the thought of facing a single person who had ever known her, much more at the thought of meeting her sister or Mrs. Martha, or the laced bumpkins past whom she had flitted in that ill omened hour. She could not go back to Arlington Street, but then—whither could she go?

Whither indeed? It was nine o'clock; night had long fallen. At such an hour the streets were unsafe for a woman without escort, much more for a girl of gentility. Drunken roisterers on their way from tavern to tavern, ripe for any frolic, formed a peril worse than footpads; and she had neither chair nor link boys, servants nor coach, without one or other of which she had never passed through the streets in her life.

Yet she could not sleep under this roof; rather would she lie without covering in the wildest corner of the adjacent parks, or on the lonely edge of Rosamond's pond! The mere thought that she was still there was enough; she shuddered with loathing, anew grew hot with rage. And the impulse that had hurried her to the door returning, she was outside the door and had precipitated herself half way down the stairs when the sound of a man's voice uplifted in the passage below brought her up short, and rooted her where she stood.

An instant only she heard it clearly. Then a loud report, as the outer door was forcibly closed, followed by the tramp of feet along the passage, masked the voice. But she had heard enough—it was Hawkesworth's—and her eyes grew wide with terror. She should die of shame if he found her there! If he learned, not by hearsay, but eye to eye, that she had

come of her own motion, poor, silly dupe of his blandishments, to throw herself into his arms! That were too much; she turned to fly.

Her first thought was to take refuge on the upper floor until he had gone into his room and closed the door; and two bounds carried her to the landing she had left. But here she came on an unexpected obstacle in the shape of a wicket, set at the foot of the upper flight of stairs; one of those wickets that are still to be seen in old houses, in the neighborhood of the nursery. By the light that issued from the half open doorway of the room, Sophia tugged at it furiously, but seeking the latch at the end of the gate where the hinges were, she lost a precious moment.

When at last she found the fastening, the steps of the man she had fancied she loved, and now knew she hated, were on the stairs, and the gate would not yield. Penned on the narrow landing, with shameful discovery tapping her on the shoulder, she fumbled desperately with the latch, even, in despair, flung her weight against the wicket. It held; in another second, if she persisted, she would be seen.

With a moan of utter distress, she turned and darted into Hawkesworth's room, and swift to the table where the candles stood. Her intention was to blow them out, then to take her chance of passing the man before they were relighted. But as she gained the table and stooped to extinguish them, she heard his step so near the door that she knew the sudden extinction of the light was certain to be seen, and her eyes at the same moment alighting on the high backed settle, in an instant she had silently slipped behind it.

It was a step she would not have taken had she acted on anything but the blind impulse to hide herself. For here retreat was cut off, she was now between her enemy and the inner room; she dared not move, and in a few minutes at most must be discovered.

But the thing that she had done was done; there was no time to alter it. As her hoop slipped from sight behind the wooden seat, the Irishman entered, and with an oath flung his hat and cane on the table. A second person appeared to cross the threshold after him; and crouch-

ing lower, her heart beating as if it would choke her, Sophia heard the door close behind them.

VIII.

THERE are men who find as much pleasure in the intrigue, as in the fruits of the intrigue; who take huge credit for their own finesse and others' folly, and find a chief part of their good in watching, as from a raised seat, the movements of their dupes, astray in a maze of their planting. The more ingenious the machination they have contrived, the nicer the calculations and the more narrow the point on which success turns, the sweeter is the sop to their vanity. To receive Lisette and Ffine in the same apartment within the hour; to divide the rebel and the minister by a door; to turn the scruple of one person to the hurt of another, and know both to be ignorant—these are feats on which they hug themselves as fondly as on the substantial rewards which should crown their maneuvers.

Hawkesworth was of this class, and it was with feelings such as these that he saw his nicely jointed plans revolving to the end he desired. To mold the fate of Tom Maitland at Cambridge, and of Sophia in town, and both to his own profit, fulfilled his sense of power. To time the weddings as nearly as possible, to match the one at noon and to marry the other at night, gratified his vanity at the same time that it tickled his humor. But the more delicate the machinery, the smaller is the atom, and the slighter the jar, that suffice to throw all out of gear. For a time, Oriana's absence, at a moment when every instant was of value, and the interference of Tom's friends was to be expected hourly, threatened to ruin all. It was in the full enjoyment of the relief, which the news of her arrival afforded, that he returned to his lodging this evening. He was in his most rollicking humor, and overflowed with spirits; Tom's innocence and his own sagacity providing him with ever fresh and more lively cause for merriment.

Nor was the lad's presence any check on his mood. Hawkesworth's joviality, darkling and satirical as it was, passed with Tom for sheer lightness of heart. What he did not understand, he set down for Irish, and dubbed his companion the

prince of good fellows. As they climbed the stairs, he was trying, with after supper effusiveness, to impress this on his host. "I swear you are the best friend man ever had," he cried, his voice full of gratitude. "I vow you are."

Hawkesworth laughed, as he threw his hat and cane on the table, and proceeded to take off his sword that he might be more at ease. His laughter was a little louder than the other's statement seemed to justify; but Tom was in no critical mood, and Hawkesworth's easy answer, "You'll say so when you know all, my lad," satisfied the boy.

"I say it now," he repeated earnestly, as he threw himself on the settle, and, taking the poker, stirred the embers to see if a spark survived. "I do say it."

"And I say, well you may," Hawkesworth retorted, with a sneer from which he could not refrain. "What do you think, dear lad, would have happened—if I'd tried for the prize myself?" he continued. "If I'd struck in for your pretty bit of red and white on my own account? Do you remember Trumpington and our first meeting? I'd the start of you then, though you are going to be her husband."

"Twenty minutes' start," Tom answered.

Hawkesworth averted his face to hide a grin. "Twenty minutes?" he said. "Lord, so it was! Twenty minutes!"

The boy reddened. "Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Why? Why, because twenty minutes is a long time—sometimes," Hawkesworth answered. "But there, be easy, lad," he continued, seeing that he was going too far, "be easy—no need to be jealous of me—and I'll brew you some punch. There is one thing certain," he continued, producing a squat Dutch bottle and some glasses from a cupboard by the door. "You'll have me to thank for her! There is no doubt about that."

"It's what I've always said," Tom answered. He was easily appeased. "If you'd not asked my help when your chaise broke down at Trumpington—you'd just picked her up, you remember?—I should never have known her! Think of that!" he continued, his eyes shining with a lover's enthusiasm; and he rose and trod the floor this way and that. "Never to have known her, Hawkesworth!"

"Whom to know was to love," the Irishman murmured, with thinly veiled irony.

"Right! Right, indeed!"

"And to love was to know—eh?"

"Right! Right, again!" poor Tom cried, striking the table.

For a moment Hawkesworth contemplated him with amusement. Then, "Well, here's to her!" he cried, raising his glass. "The finest woman in the world!"

"And the best! And the best!" Tom answered.

"And the best! The toast is worthy the best of liquor," Hawkesworth continued, pushing over the other's glass; "but you'll have to drink it cold, for the fire is out."

"The finest woman in the world, and the best!" the lad cried; and his eyes glowed as he stood up reverently, his glass in his hand. "She is that, isn't she, Hawkesworth?"

"She is all that, I'll answer for it!" the Irishman replied, with a stifled laugh. Lord! what fools there were in the world! "By this time tomorrow she'll be yours! Think of it, lad!" he continued, with an ugly sounding, ugly meaning laugh; whereat one of his listeners shuddered.

But Tom, in the lover's seventh heaven, was not that one. His Oriana, who to others was a handsome woman, bold eyed and free tongued, was a goddess to him. He saw her through that glamour of first love that blesses no man twice. He felt no doubt, harbored no suspicion, knew no fear; he gave scarce one thought to her past. He was content to take for gospel all she told him, and to seek no more. That he—he should have gained the heart of this queen among women seemed so wonderful, so amazing, that nothing else seemed wonderful at all.

"You think she'll not fail?" he cried presently, as he set down his glass. "It's a week since I saw her, and—and you don't think she'll have changed her mind, do you?"

"Not she," Hawkesworth answered.

"She'll come, you are certain?"

"As certain," Hawkesworth cried gaily, "as that Dr. Keith will be ready at the chapel at twelve to the minute, dear lad. And, by the way, here's his health! Dr. Keith—and long may he live to bless the single and crown the virtuous! To give to him that hath not, and from her that

hath to take away! To be the plague of all sour guardians, lockers up of maidens, and such as would cheat Cupid; and the guardian angel of all Nugents, Husseys, and bold fellows! Here's to the pride of Mayfair, the curse of Chancery, and the godfather of many a pretty couple—Dr. Keith!"

"Here's to him!" Tom cried, with ready enthusiasm. And then more quietly, as he set down his glass, "There's one thing I'd like, to be perfectly happy, Hawkesworth—only one. I wish it were possible, but I suppose it isn't."

"What is it, lad?"

"That Sophia, my sister, you know, could be there. She is—they'll be sisters, you see, and—and, of course, Sophia's a girl, but there are only two of us, for Mme. Northey doesn't count. But I suppose—it is not possible that she should be told?"

"Quite impossible," Hawkesworth answered with decision, and stooped to hide a smile. The humor of the situation suited him. "Quite impossible! Ten to one, she'd peach! No, no, we must not initiate her too soon, my boy, though it is likely enough she'll have her own business to transact with Dr. Keith one of these days!"

The boy stared at him. "Sophia!" he said slowly, his face flushing. "With Dr. Keith? What business could she have with him?"

"With Dr. Keith?" Hawkesworth asked lightly. "Why not the same as yours, dear boy?"

"The same as mine?"

"Yes, to be sure. Why not? Why not?"

"Why not? Because she is a Maitland!" the lad answered, and his eyes flashed. "Our women don't marry that way, I'd have you know that! Why, I'd—I'd rather see her——"

"But you're going to marry that way yourself," Hawkesworth retorted. The boy's innocence surprised him a little and amused him more.

"I? But I'm a man," Tom answered with dignity. "I'm different. And—and Oriana," he continued, plunging on a sudden into dreadful confusion and redness of face, "is—is different, of course, because—well, because if we are not married in this way my brother Nor-

they would interfere, and we could not be married at all. Oriana is an angel, and—and because she loves me, is willing to be married in this way. That's all, you see."

"I see. But you would not like your sister to be married on the quiet?"

Tom glared at him. "No," he said curtly. "And for the why, it is my business."

"To be sure, it is! Of course it is. And yet, Sir Tom," Hawkesworth continued, his tone provoking, "I would not mind wagering you a hundred it is the way she will be married when her time comes."

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"Done with you!" the lad cried hotly.

"Nay, I don't mind going farther," Hawkesworth continued. "I'll wager you the same sum that she does it within the year."

"This year?"

"A year from today."

Tom jumped up in heat. "What the devil do you mean?" he cried. Then he sat down again. "But what matter?" he said. "I'll take you."

Hawkesworth, as he pulled out his betting book, turned his head aside to hide a smile. "I note it," he said. "P. H. bets Sir Thomas Maitland a hundred that Miss Sophia Maitland is married at Dr. Keith's chapel; and another hundred that the marriage is within a year."

"Right!" Tom said, glowering at him. His boyish estimate of the importance of his family and of the sacredness of his womankind sucked the flavor from the bet; ordinarily the young scapegrace loved a wager.

Hawkesworth put up his book again. "Good," he said. "You'll see that that will be two hundred in my pocket some day."

"Not it!" Tom answered rudely. "My sister is not that sort! And perhaps the sooner you know it the better," he added aggressively.

"Why, lad, what do you mean?"

"Just what I said!" Tom answered shortly. "It was English. When my sister is to be married we shall make a marriage for her. She's not—but the less said the better," he concluded, breaking off with a frown.

(To be continued.)

A MIDSUMMER AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

LIFE AMONG THE MILLIONS WHO STILL PEOPLE THE METROPOLIS WHEN THE FOUR HUNDRED HAVE DESERTED IT, AND THE SIGHTSEEING STRANGERS WHO ARE THEMSELVES ONE OF THE CITY'S SIGHTS.

"BUT where," asked a visitor to New York, "are the New Yorkers?"

She had just swung awkwardly aboard a cable car to the "Stip loively, there," of a conductor whose every word was a patriotic proclamation of his nationality. She took her seat beside a man who read a newspaper, doubtless harmless, but suggestive in its black Hebrew characters of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and all the dark mystery that belongs to a cipher code.

Opposite to her sat a Chinaman, im-

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean this," replied the visitor breezily and directly, announcing the West as her home by her manner: "I have been to lunch at a 'settlement' where some extremely nice girls take a warm interest in all sorts of municipal affairs—playgrounds and sweat shops, ward politics, and free milk for babies. Those girls came from the four quarters of the globe, as far as I could make out, but none of them was a New Yorker. I have been buying brass in the Russian quarter



AT THE BATTERY—"THE BEAUTIFUL PARK ITSELF WITH ITS STONE PILLARED WALL AND ITS INSPIRING OUTLOOK."

perturbable and furtive, hiding his hands in the blue fullness of his sleeves. Her guide, to whom she put her question, was a young woman whose broad a's, and whose face, at once ascetic and superior, proclaimed her to be of Boston. The guide looked amazed for a moment.

and have been invited to dine in the Hungarian section. Some one has promised to take me tomorrow to the Armenian district to buy Turkish embroideries, and some one else has been good enough to invite me to visit Little Italy. My hostess is a transplanted Bostonian. My enter-

tainers are from more cities than fought over Homer dead. In the car in which I am now riding the east and west are met in that Chinaman and me, and I see a bunch of girls who never cultivated that indolent air or had those clothes made north of Richmond. And I want to know where are the New Yorkers?"

"In summer," said the guide, rallying her faculties, for a moment upset by the brisk onslaught, "I think your true New Yorker keeps in retirement until night-

stages and discounts the claims of Fifth Avenue dwellings to architectural beauty, who penetrates the East Side with delicious thrills of daring, and walks through the corridors of the Waldorf Astoria with the elated consciousness that henceforth no reference to metropolitan elegance will fail to arouse a personal recollection. And the New Yorker, even the adopted child of the big, indifferent mother, does his work and takes his rest out of view of the multitudinous eyes of the sightseers.



ON THE CENTRAL PARK BRIDLE PATH—"THE EQUESTRIANS CANTER THROUGH THE SOFT LOAM BENEATH THE TREES."

fall, and gives the city over all day to the horde of out of town visitors."

The visitor scarcely overstated the situation. To find a true New Yorker in any New York gathering is a work beyond the power of those not bred to the profession of puzzle solving. But even the New Yorker by residence and acclimatization, the ex denizen of Grand Rapids, Michigan, or of Holyoke, Massachusetts, or of Akron, Ohio, who swaggers now with the proud sense of belonging to the second city in the world—even that New Yorker is not a feature of the summer afternoon show in the city.

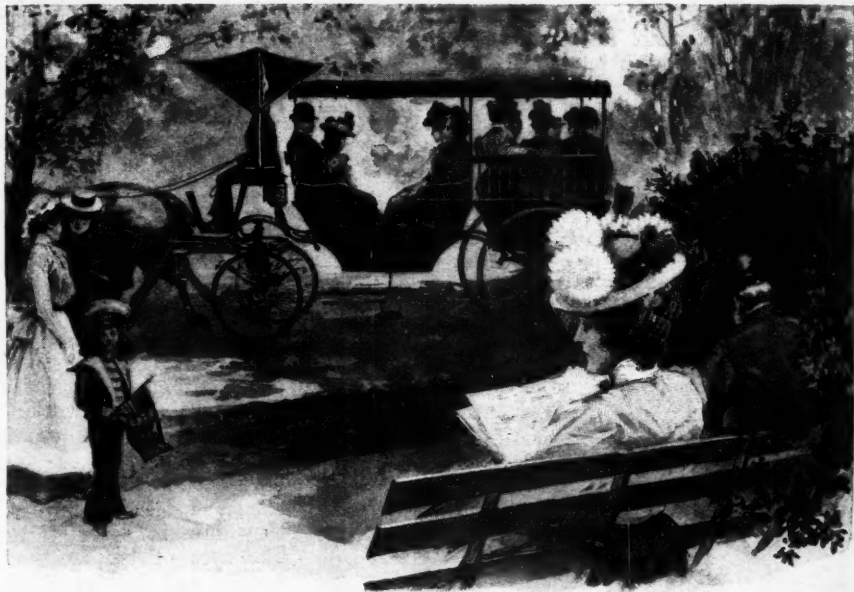
It is the out of town visitor who holds high revel in the stores and restaurants, who rides on the top of Fifth Avenue

It is not the charm of the city as a summer resort that attracts the visitors. If there is a climate less inviting than its from June to September, it has not had the advertisement and met the renown to which its awful qualities entitle it. The attraction which draws the crowd that makes the summer afternoon show of New York is the irresistible one of vastness and preëminence. The asphalt streets might throw back upon the faces of the multitude more scorching puffs of heat than they do now. The sky might beat more pitilessly upon their heads, and the pavements more cruelly sear their soles, and yet New York would not lack its mob of summer pilgrims.

They do not say, of course: "There is

the city surging with a life vaster than I ever dreamed, the city to which neither I nor any other man or woman is anything, which seems to hold within itself all the gigantic forces of life and to have no need beyond itself; it fascinates and com-

Endeavor meetings, theosophical gatherings, and the like—then in the sections of the city near their headquarters the whole tone is changed. When the Grand Army, for instance, is holding sessions at Madison Square Garden, the square itself is



OUT OF TOWN VISITORS IN THE PARK STAGES—"THEY GIVE THE STRETCH OF GREEN ACRES THE MEED OF ADMIRATION ITS OWN PEOPLE NEGLECT TO PAY IT."

pels me, and I shall go and worship that which will not note my coming or my going or my worship."

They say, more rationally: "New York is on our way to the White Mountains or Maine or Nova Scotia; let us stop over a few days." Or, "The steamer sails on Saturday; let us reach New York Thursday and have a day or two there." Or they come to buy, or to attend a convention, or because they are school teachers and really ought to see the city as part of their education, or because they are milliners and it is their duty to study hats in the very heart of the hat belt. On one pretext and another they satisfy themselves that it is something other than the compelling power of magnificently indifferent, full bounding life that draws them; and they come and see the sights and are themselves the summer show.

When there are conventions to draw them—Grand Army reunions, Christian

all blue and brass beneath the drooping branches of its trees.

The children, as their guardians lead them through the paths, look with bright, awestruck eyes on empty sleeves of blue pinned idly back, or on crutches leaning against the bench backs. The fountain splashes, the birds flutter, the cars clang by, all in time to reminiscences of war in which the martial note is never struck and which are but the pathetic recollections of old men.

Or the Christian Endeavorers occupy the city, and wholesome disapproval of it shines from their eyes. They attend their daily sessions; their badge gleams everywhere—where it may go with propriety. They are conscientious in their sightseeing as in all else. They consult their guide books and let pass no blunder as to whether Cornelius or Frederick W. or William K. owns such and such a pile of Vanderbilt stone.

They stare at St. Patrick's Cathedral from without, and admit the beauty of the twin spires that taper upwards to the sky. Sometimes they even enter and look along the dusky, pillared nave and at the jeweled windows. They catch quick glimpses of figures bowed before a station or a shrine, and with a sigh that is half a tribute, half a protest, they go again into the glare of the sun and begin again their conscientious allotment of the bleak and boarded Fifth Avenue "mansions" to New York millionaires.



ON FIFTH AVENUE—"THEY GAZE WITH PROPER HORROR AT THE FAST LOCKED GATES OF THE CHURCHES."

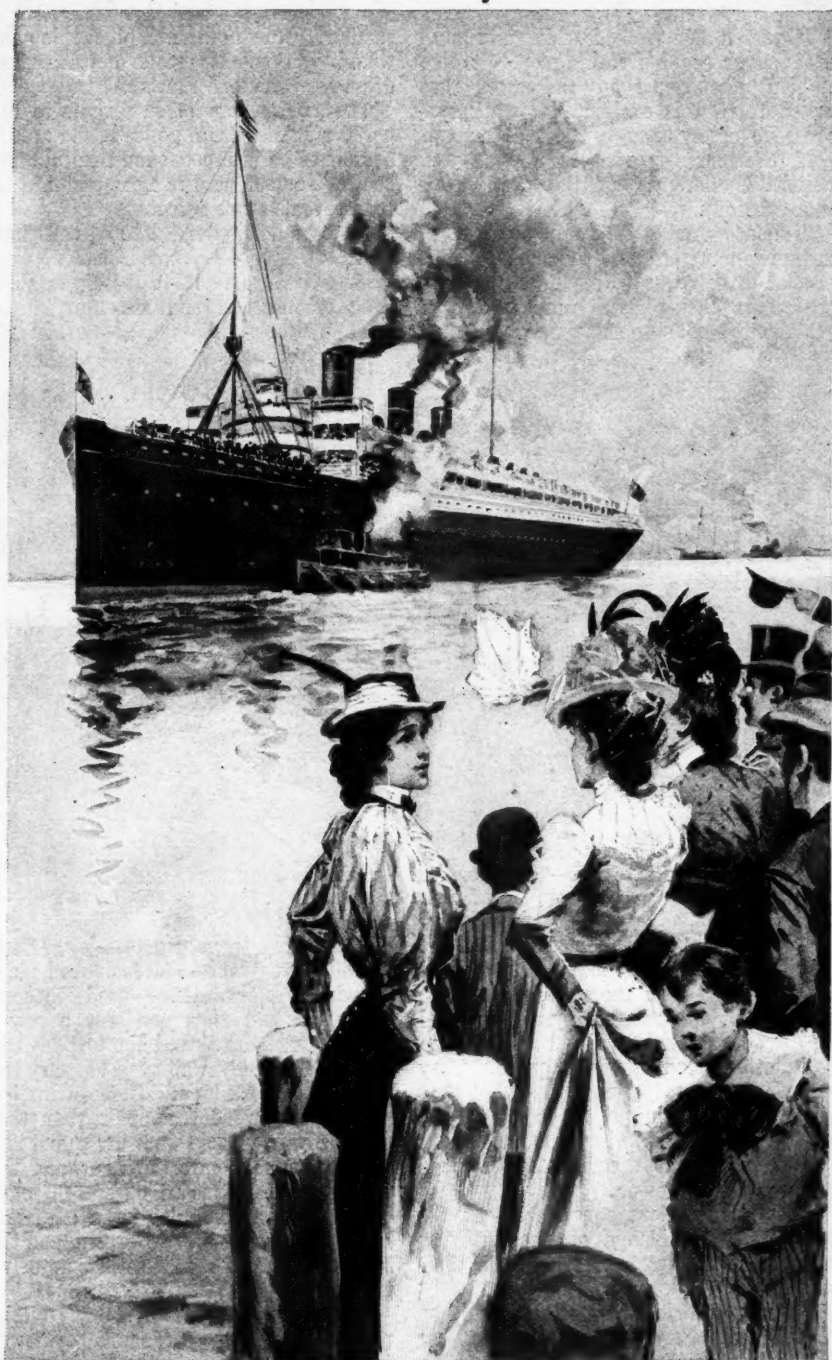
Whether they are delegates to conventions pledged to solve "the master knot of human fate," or mere birds of passage or idle summer visitors to whom discussion on the problems of destiny in the summer temperature would seem impious insolence toward the dispenser of weather, they have many traits in common. They ride on the top of Fifth Avenue buses and enlighten one another, with pleasing informality, on the identity of the churches on either side. They walk that thorough-

fare which never loses its glamour for those who live far from it, and gaze with proper reverence at the signs of the tailors, and with proper horror at the fast locked gates of the churches.

They ride in park carriages and give that stretch of green acres, rising and falling in wooded glens and in meadow land, the meed of admiration its own people neglect to pay it. They make the same jokes day after day at sight of Cleopatra's needle, and never fail to think that their reference to its awkwardness as a sewing implement is unique and original. They watch the bicyclists skim along the hardened roads and the equestrians canter through the soft loam beneath the trees. They draw long breaths of the fragrant air, and they decide that New York is really a very good place on a summer day.

When they are women—and three quarters of the time they are women—they have another quality in common, no matter how far apart they are in other things. The eyes of the most unworldly and devoted of Endeavorers will follow with brightening gaze a gown which appears to them to be a New York product. The compliment of earnest scrutiny is paid, in the days when the out of town folk own the city, to many a hat which won no such flattering regard from more sophisticated eyes. Whatever New York may lack on a midsummer day, the shops are still open. In that simple fact is comprised a bewilderment of pleasure for souls that have starved, sartorially speaking, on the staple dry goods of Kahoka or of Greenville.

"Oh," cried a girl on whose shirt waist gleamed the badge of the Ladies' League for the Higher Education of Chinese Women, or something of the sort, and in whose eyes shone the sign of the eternal feminine, "Oh, it is such fun to see clothes that you couldn't buy in a thousand years, and couldn't wear if you bought them!"



ON THE PIER—"THE LAST LOOKS, THE LAST WAVINGS OF HANDKERCHIEFS, AND THE LAST CHERISHED
MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT."

It was a low necked white silk mull with silver sequins trailing over it like rippled moonbeams on the water that called forth this exclamation, which expressed, tersely enough, the sentiment of half the summer visitors toward the perishable delights of the New York shop windows.

They are practical, as well as esthetic, in their appreciation of the shops. They replenish their wardrobes as well as feast their eyes. They buy organdies for next year, and they ask about winter styles.

smaller. Now how much pineapple gauze would you sell to make quite a fussy dress for some one that size?"

The saleswoman often forgets to be a bored and disdainful goddess and arouses herself to be interested and helpful. She becomes confidential in turn, and in a low tone reveals store secrets.

"I wouldn't advise that goods," she says. "It's pretty, but it has no wear. Wait a minute and I'll show you something much better and no dearer."

After the shops, the hotels and res-



ON THE EAST SIDE—"THE POTENTATE WHO HAS LARGESS IN THE SHAPE OF HOKEY POKEY TO DISPENSE."

"What shape do you think will be popular in felt?" they inquire of milliners in July. And with the noble resignation of the early Christian martyrs they stand in dog days for hours and have tweed and cloth molded to their figures. They are a little limp after the ordeal, but they are sustained during it by the prophetic vision of themselves winning homage next winter in the most correct tailor made frock in all Wisconsin.

They hold anxious consultation at the counters. The claims of their stay at home relatives weigh lovingly upon their minds.

"Do you think that mother would like that fichu?" they ask one another. Or they enlighten the saleswoman concerning the physical characteristics of an absent sister. "She's taller than I and not so stout—her waist is an inch and a half

taurants give them greatest joy. Sometimes they patronize old fashioned places to which their fathers used to come. Every now and then one sees a row of men, their chairs tipped comfortably back against the shady wall of a hostelry long since lost to fashion. Their straw hats are whiter, broader, floppier, than those of Broadway. They wear duck and linen suits of ample, comfortable cut, and they wave palm leaf fans in blissful disregard of the fact that fanning is an effeminate habit. They are ruddy or brown, and they have white mustaches, bristling fiercely at the ends.

If there were a row of horses hitched near by and a crowd of negro boys awaiting their employers in half dressed ease about the curb; if mint juleps were being brought from within to the row of leisurely gentlemen who regard a New York

thoroughfare with no more awe and no less intimacy than the locust shaded main street of their villages, the picture could scarcely be more complete or the proclamation of the South more convincing.

Indeed, it is curious and interesting in this summer gathering of the tribes to

unashamed of their eagerness as of their capacity for graceful idling.

In the restaurants one is sometimes able to resolve part of their charm into its constituent parts. Their words flow and their laughter bubbles in a sort of musical blur. They are not aggressively



IN THE CENTRAL PARK MALL—"THE BAND STANDS IN THE PARKS, AROUND WHICH ON GALA AFTERNOONS THE PEOPLE GATHER IN THEIR GALA DRESS."

note, how, though each section has its mark, that of the South is of all the clearest and most unmistakable. It is difficult to tell in what it consists. In the Southern women whom one sees in the cars, the stores, and the Park, it is a quality as soft as the elisions in their speech. They are not so keen of expression, not so sharply cut in feature, not so pronounced in carriage as New York women are. Often they are in mourning or in "half mourning." When one is "kin" to a couple of counties, it is a happy season that spares one the necessity of donning black for a while. They are eager without overmuch energy, and they are as

sensible. They order their meringues and ices with softly insolent disregard for the creed of the wise and self sufficient woman whose luncheon is a frank storing up of fuel to keep an engine going. They decline to regard themselves as engines, at any rate when fortune has vouchsafed them a holiday in New York.

"Of course it isn't sensible, Cousin Nellie," draws one to a mild, reproving cousin. "Ah have to be sensible at home."

Often the out of town visitors make up exploring parties and go in quest of restaurants of which they have read. They wander out to the Bronx and eat their

luncheon in the many arborescent "Hermitage" of which Hopkinson Smith once wrote. They grow adepts at keeping mosquitoes at bay, and learn to take the approaches of rose bugs philosophically.

the summer visitor indulges when the two great ones of eating and shopping are done, they are as many as the visitors themselves. These, with conscientious zeal, travel through the Metropolitan Mu-



They drive to Fort George, and try, as they overlook the Harlem from their cliff hung restaurant, to recall some historical bit of information concerning it. And if they fail, they are cheerful under the failure, and interested in the glimpses they get of valiant oarsmen or of gaily garbed crews.

Of course, not all visitors are able to assume this cheerful, care free attitude toward life. Not even the combination of vacation, New York, and summer time has succeeded in ridding some sightseers of a painful form of conscience. The woman who is always on the alert for opportunities of self flagellation in the cause of conscience visits New York in midsummer—and finds her opportunities ready to her hand. She has been seen to marshal a shamefaced band of hungry relatives out of a restaurant which offered no particular offense to the easy going New Yorker, because she discovered, after seating herself, that an impious group at the next table was drinking champagne.

As for the other occupations in which

AT THE TRACK—"WHEN THE RACES ARE ACTUALLY BEGUN, THEY FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THEIR FAVORITES WITH THE UTMOST EAGERNESS."

seum of Art and make laborious tours of the Museum of Natural History. They carry catalogues, sometimes even notebooks. Their earnestness is guaranteed that their vacation shall have far reaching results through the classes which are destined to hear in the fall all about the wonders of nature and of art as revealed in the metropolis.

Some offer only the most cursory courtesies to nature and art as set forth in the museums, but may be found wherever sport is not too violent. The Southerners who are caught here for a week or a month in the summer are ardent patrons of the race tracks, men and women too. The trains that carry to the summer races the professional sporting gentlemen of the metropolis, and their women folk, who are often such admirable announcements of the pecuniary advantages of making sport a profession, often carry also groups of summer visitors to

whom sport is everlastingly sport and nothing more.

They are charmingly excited, the women of these little parties at the race tracks. They are shirt waisted and serge skirted often, and they look with quickly subdued wonder at the gorgeous gowns of their fellow travelers.

"You'd think they were going to garden parties," the criticism runs, "in those organdies and flower hats. Or to

looks the best," said a third, with marvelous prudence.

When the race tracks are actually reached and the races actually begun, they follow the movements of their favorites with the utmost eagerness. They cheer and wave their handkerchiefs; they stand upon the benches and are buoyed up and cast down with amazing rapidity as they see the long, shining, graceful bodies of the horses shoot along the track,



ON A RECREATION PIER—"WHERE MOTHERS PALLID WITH HEAT HOLD THEIR PUNY BABIES ALL THE AFTERNOON."

—er—to what does one wear foulards and diamond sunbursts and sailor hats?"

But they are not long interested in the vagaries of costume as seen on the way to Sheepshead Bay. They are soon bubbling over about the races, and the jargon of the stables falls trippingly and not unmusically from their lips. They talk about the "Prince of Melbourne" or "Rose O'Lee" or "Ineenamara," and they make their little bets with great excitement.

"I bet on Primrose Day, for the paper said she was a favorite," cries one.

"I bet on Killashandra because I like her name," cries another.

"I'm going to wait and see which one

and watch, with eyes that are too excited to see clearly, the colors of the jockeys.

They win their pairs of gloves or their boxes of candy or their evening at the roof garden with the extravagant delight of those to whom a principality has been awarded. They lose the same vast stakes with cheerful good humor and the determined contention that the merest accident kept their favorites from success.

It is seldom that the summer visitor, even one with time hanging heavily upon her hands, can be induced to take an interest in baseball. If chance should send her home team to play, and if her husband or her sons or her brothers should be particularly insistent, she might be in-



AT FORT GEORGE—"THEY TRY, AS THEY OVERLOOK THE HARLEM FROM THEIR CLIFF HUNG RESTAURANT, TO RECALL SOME HISTORICAL BIT OF INFORMATION."

duced to watch a game. But she does it at once wanderingly and perfunctorily. The enthusiasm of the men she cannot understand. Volleys of applause generally lead her to ask: "What has happened now?" and when the whole grand stand of men goes mad with delight she inquires: "Who is winning?"

As for that particular form of baseball mania which causes men to obstruct the streets before a bulletin board, and to roar with joy as new figures appear upon it, that is absolutely incomprehensible to her, whether she is a transient or a permanent resident of New York. The permanent ones are sufficiently accustomed to the manifestations of the mania not to be alarmed by it; but every afternoon during the summer some woman, white faced and big eyed with fright, points to the howling mob gathered in front of a bulletin on Broadway, near Twenty Third Street, and asks:

"Has any one been killed?"

It is in their enjoyment of what are to New Yorkers the commonplaces of ex-

istence, however, that the summer visitors are the happiest. They have been known to travel down to the Battery—not for the sake of the aquarium, not for the sake of the memories of Jenny Lind and her always quoted first appearance at Castle Garden; not even for the sake of the beautiful park itself, green and shaded, with its stone walls and its inspiring outlook upon the clustered buildings of nearby cities and upon the waters that stretch a path to all the cities in the world.

It is for none of these, but to see the newly arrived emigrants, that the summer visitors seek the Battery. If a band of Italians comes that day, they count themselves most blessed. No other comers have such sparkling eyes and earrings. No others set off dark skins with such gorgeous shawls and kerchiefs. No others keep up such a chattering—as if magpies had suddenly grown deep throated and honey voiced. No other packs strike the sightseers as quite so picturesque as those the broad waisted women and the

slender girls from Naples and Palermo bear with them.

Next to seeing the immigrants arrive, to see the tourists depart is a rapturous experience for the sightseers. Their friends are to sail on such and such a steamer at noon. By eleven o'clock they are on hand, as full of the excitement of

of the other passengers. They hold their breaths as messenger boys swagger up the gangplank with long boxes through whose ends green stems appear. Is one of these for their party—and from whom? They divide the voyagers into the “personally conducteds” and those whose experience enables them to travel without



MAKING THE GRAND TOUR OF NEW YORK—"ON THE TOP OF FIFTH AVENUE BUSES
THEY ENLIGHTEN ONE ANOTHER."

the hour as the actual voyagers. They visit the staterooms, they sniff the air charged with that commingling of odors that wakes the seafaring instinct in every heart and makes the veriest landsman a sailor in longing—that breath of pitch and paint, of salt wind and close, shut cabins.

They grow breathless with anxiety over the fate of the missing trunk. Surely it was labeled for the stateroom? They scan the crowds on deck and volunteer information as to the character, social position, and entertaining qualities

guides. They wonder who will sit at their friends' table, if it will be a rough voyage, if the captain is very cautious, and if the chief steward is very just and discriminating.

They sometimes cry a little—though that is from nervous excitement and not from sadness—and they entreat people to write and to be sure to take care of themselves. Then they are ordered off, and the mail wagon clatters down the pier with awful haste; mail bags are swung out and on to the steamer, ropes are cast off, the big ship quivers, there is a hideous

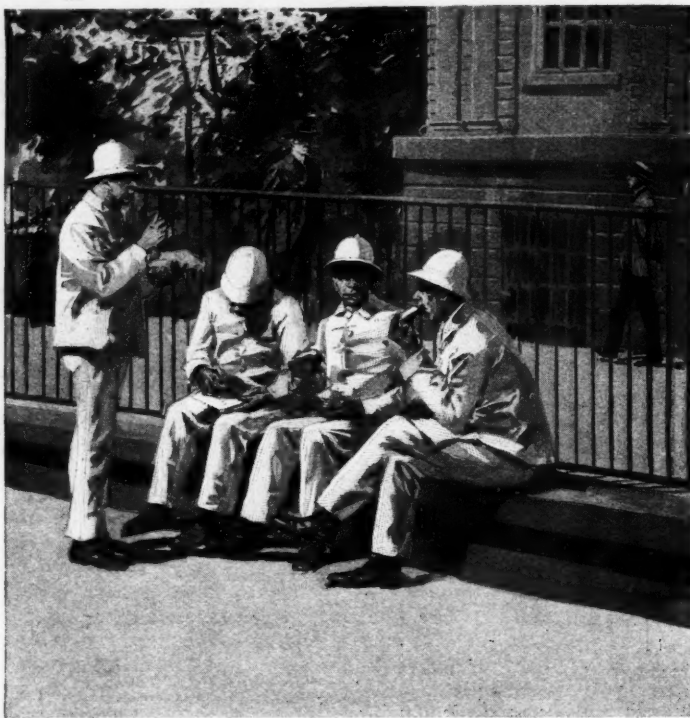
shriek from the whistles, and there begins a running along the length of the pier for the last looks and the last wavings of handkerchiefs and the last cherished moment of excitement.

Being an idle people, the out of town visitors find ways of amusing themselves on summer days that never occur to New Yorkers. For instance, though he crossed City Hall Park four times a day six days in every summer week, it would never

pathy which is grounded in a vague fear of a like fate.

But the sightseer with time upon his hands finds the City Hall Park vastly entertaining. The graceless figures of the tired women who rest upon the steps are transferred to a film in the ever ready camera—for your true sightseer never ventures out without that instrument to help him record his impressions.

The barefoot, half clad boys who play



IN THE CITY'S UNIFORM—"A BAND OF WHITE WINGS TAKING THEIR NOONDAY REST AND THEIR NOONDAY MEAL."

occur to the permanent resident of the city that there was really a great deal of fun to be extracted from it. He notices the small boys as obstructions to that rapid progress which is his chief aim in life. He sees blowsy mothers and fat babies sprawling over the steps of the classic City Hall with no other feeling than that they ought not to be allowed to spoil an admirable effect in yellowed marble. He sees men asleep on the benches in the quivering heat of the afternoon, and feels only that faint sym-

about the walks are promptly bribed to break the laws; a handful of pennies is tossed, glittering, into the glittering fountain, and forthwith ensues a scene which makes the sightseer sure he does not regret Naples and the brown boys plunging in the bay. The urchins dive for the plunder into the great stone basin about which falls the pearly spray. By and by a policeman, large and leisurely, saunters toward the offenders; they are out at once and scamper, dripping, in a dozen directions, while the law incarnate

shakes a fist in ponderous but unenergetic warning. A respectable matron, pausing at a drinking fountain to give her little girl a drink, bids the child look upon the boys and the policeman, and the shrill echo of her laugh mingles with his perfunctory oburgations.

It is only the out of town visitor who finds the East Side picturesque on a hot day. The every day resident of the city cannot be induced to penetrate the crowded, noisome region unless duty

band stands in the parks around which, on gala afternoons, the people gather in their gala dress.

To the sightseer, upon whose mind there weighs no sordid care such as attending to work, ordering the dinner or cooking, there is an infinitude of pleasure to be gained by the quietest walk abroad.



EAST OF THE BOWERY—"IT IS ONLY THE OUT OF TOWN VISITOR WHO FINDS THE EAST SIDE PICTURESQUE ON A HOT DAY."

or profit call very insistently. To him it is dirty, dark, fetid, unwholesome, and at times indecent. But the visitor finds it above all picturesque. To him the bare-foot children who dance to the hand organ's harsh melodies, who surround, with wistful eyes and swift fingers, the potentate who has largess in the shape of hokey pokey to dispense, who bargain shrewdly for wilting pineapple and bananas suspiciously dark of hue—to the visitor the little waifs are picturesque.

He likes to find out the places which the public spirited citizen scarcely knows to exist—the recreation piers where mothers, pallid with heat, hold their puny babies all the afternoon, the swimming baths where children splash and play, the

A band of White Wings taking their noon-day rest and their noonday meal against the shady side of a building seems to him to be worthy of the immortality given by the ready camera. The crowd at a soda fountain—it may be large enough to fill half the church at home—amuses and delights him.

A summer afternoon shower—one that pelts the blistering sidewalks with rebounding globes of rain, threatens the awnings with immediate destruction, makes the asphalt steam at its sudden attack, patters resoundingly among the infrequent leaves, sends women scurrying hither and thither for shelter, their skirts caught high and tight about them, their sleeves plastered flat upon their arms

—such a shower, if he is philosopher enough not to mind his own drenching—fills him with glee. He laughs at the passengers on the open cars through whose hastily lowered striped curtains the rain beats. He laughs at the colored parasols that lose their charm and their color simultaneously. He laughs at bedraggled femininity which persists, in such emergencies, in resembling startled and unready hens.

If the storm finds him in one of those

dangle the baby's feet in the flowing stream until it is rescued by its mother.

That stretch of New York known as the Rialto to out of town visitors through the New York letter of the provincial papers, is a source of somewhat tempered joy to them on midsummer afternoons. The actors and actresses whose next season's fate still hangs in the balance go in and out of the theatrical agencies. It is the precious privilege of the visitor to the metropolis to look, by unflattering



MADISON SQUARE GIVEN OVER TO IDLE ELDERLY MEN AND ACTIVE CHILDREN.

streets where it is fashionable to rear one's family on the curbstone, his delights are doubled. For though a downpour, if accompanied by a sufficiently spectacular display of thunder and lightning, may do what no mere human agency ever succeeded in doing—clear the streets for a few minutes—yet the instant the storm is over, the tenements spill their contents on to the sidewalks once more. Immediately the gutters are full of bare legged boys and girls who kick and splash or mince and shriek and otherwise testify to their enjoyment of an element by no means too familiar. Sometimes, when fraternal feeling is strong, an older brother or sister will sit on the curb and

sunlight, upon those very beings upon whom he may gaze next winter in his remote township, as they appear transfigured in the kindly effulgence of the footlights. How kindly it is he may realize as he compares the prosaic attire, the hot weather coiffures, and the hot weather expressions, with his memory of radiant beings who leaned upon frail balconies and "sighed their loves to come again," or who tripped lightly upon the boards in sunbonnets and sashes and other symbols of free hearted youth.

Sometimes when even the ardent sight-seer is wearied; when the midsummer day seems to him merely a vast, indeterminate mass of details, squalid, splendid, or com-

monplacely sordid, barely welded together by an all pervading heat; when he can no longer bear the sight of the steaming, unsavory, wilted crowds, he tries to sail away from the clamor and the throngs. He finds boats ready to take him in half a dozen directions—up between the Hudson hills or down the bay to popular beaches, or farther along the coast to places that announce themselves as summer resorts. But he does not escape New York so simply, for New York goes sailing with him.

On this line the women put on their best shirt waists and draw their belts trigly, lower their veils and sit erectly on camp stools, to listen patiently to the hot weather observations of their prosperous looking husbands. When they walk, it is with a rustle of silk lining. They carry their shoulders and hips at just the angle prescribed as proper this season. They are all well to do, and tonight they will dine at Long Branch, and their husbands, all unconscious of incongruities, will find fault with the wine or will commend the cooking to the solemn accompaniment of the breakers' roar along the wide beach.

It may be a Sound boat on which the sightseer elects to take his Saturday afternoon outing. With the crowds he will board it at the pier—with fathers off for a half holiday; with mothers laden with wraps sufficient for the changes incident to a voyage to the pole, and luncheon baskets that could bid hunger defiance for a week; and with children, starched and scrubbed into a state of irreproachable neatness.

The boat will swing under the Brooklyn Bridge and will make its way up the East River. At first the water path will be populous with boats—ferries, tugs, and



AT THE POLO GROUNDS—"WHEN THE WHOLE GRAND STAND GOES MAD WITH DELIGHT SHE INQUIRES 'WHO IS WINNING?'"

slow floating sail craft, with here and there a swift, clean cut, polished launch making its aristocratic way through the traffic. The slips on either side are thick with masts and smoke stacks, and behind them lie the cities.

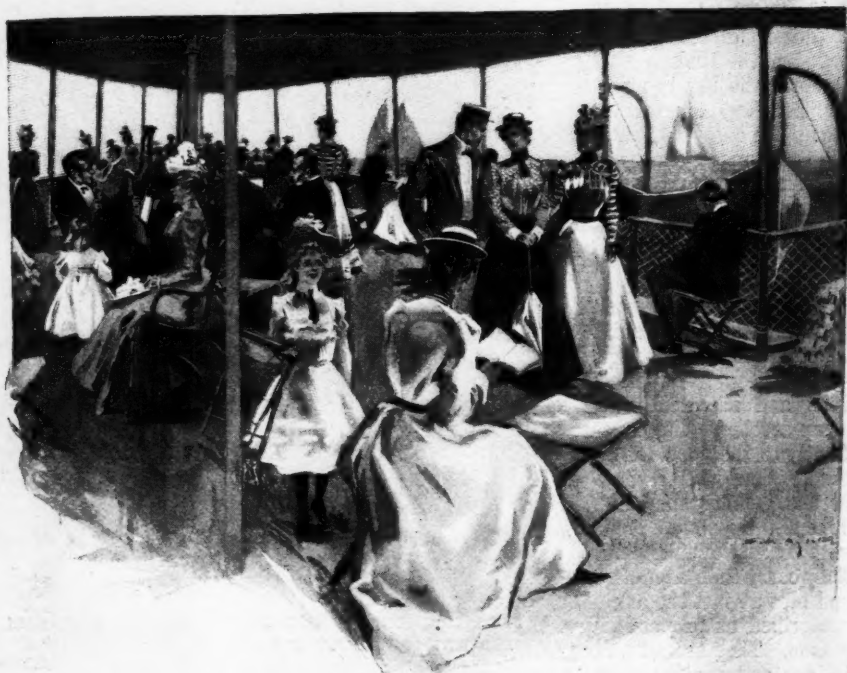
Farther up, a pier here and there is given over to the public, and the excursionists watch children swinging and racing and women resting. There are spaces where no piers and no houses are built, but where the green grass slopes down to the water's edge, and where there are gaily dressed crowds disporting themselves in the shade. These are the "gardens" where a large part of the poorer population takes its Saturday afternoon respite from toil, dancing in the pavilions, bathing in the river, saluting the passing boats, and generally enjoying itself.

Or, less ambitious still, the visitor takes

a Coney Island boat on Saturday afternoon, when the shops are giving their employees a half holiday. He makes his way through the dark region of barrels and stale odors up the companion way to the decks. Shirt waists and skirts are not such advertisements of tailors' skill here, and the ladies do not sit with such erect-

drinks to be brought from the cave of the barrels below.

Sometimes the enthusiasm of the sight-seer will find the boat load picturesque; sometimes it will seem to him merely tough. That will depend upon the amount of sightseeing he has done before. But even in the most favorable circumstances



ON THE CONEY ISLAND BOAT—"HE DOES NOT ESCAPE NEW YORK SO SIMPLY, FOR NEW YORK GOES SAILING WITH HIM."

ness, nor smile with such stereotyped mechanism. They may easily become boisterous, and the young men by whom they are accompanied are of the most friendly, free and easy habit of speech and action. A band plays wheezily in some corner, the wind blowing its music hall refrains in gusts over the rail and out to sea. Pert young men travel back and forth entreating the passengers to buy smoked glasses or hat cords or chewing gum. Waiters make their beery way through the crowds and solicit orders for

there will be moments when the loud laughter and the shrill voices and the tawdry jokes will jar, and when he will wish that the squeaky fiddle's discordant counsel to "get his money's worth" would not so persistently intrude upon the wash of the waves.

But were the fiddle silent or did the pink and purple flowered hats of the girls fail to stand between him and the sun, falling in fierce red behind the Jersey shores, it would not be a New York boat or a New York excursion.



THE VALUE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

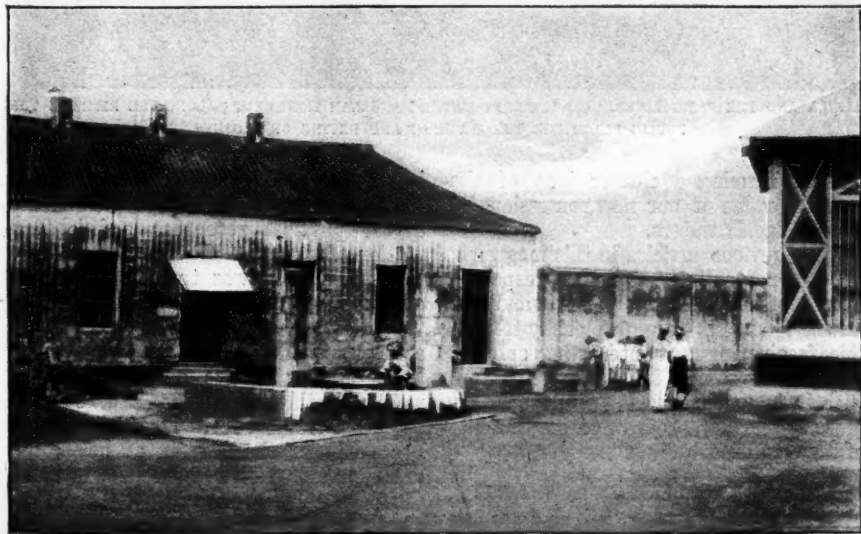
BY JOHN BARRETT, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SIAM.

THE DIFFICULTIES AND THE OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY IN THE FAR EAST—OUR GREAT NEW ISLAND EMPIRE, WHAT IT ACTUALLY IS, AND WHAT IT MAY BECOME UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

WHEN I made my first trip to the Philippines, several years ago, I never even dreamed that they would become American possessions. Possibly my studies were all the more careful for this reason. I recognized that they were a practically unknown part of the world, and I wished to learn the secrets of their resources and their peoples. I contemplated writing a book on these wonderful islands; but the American people were saved that infliction by the press of diplomatic work in Siam, which demanded most of my time for the next two years.

Before and after visiting the Philippines it was my fortunate experience not only to travel in the great northern Asiatic lands of China, Manchuria, Siberia, Korea, Japan, and Formosa, but in the more interesting southern countries of Annam, Cambodia, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, Java, and even Borneo. In the latter group of countries the conditions

of people, climate, and resources were much like those of the Philippines. This extent and opportunity of observation and comparison, supported by four years' acquaintance with the Siamese, who are similar to the Filipinos in appearance, stature, complexion, habits, and dress, naturally paved the way most agreeably for my second and last visit to the islands. I went there again, after resigning my post as American minister at Bangkok, in May, 1898, by kind permission of Admiral Dewey, and remained there without interruption until November, and off and on later until the middle of last March. Then, not having been able to return home from Asia for five years, I made direct for New York by the way of London in order to accept the invitation of the London Chamber of Commerce to address it on British and American interests in the far east, as suggested by the proximity of Hongkong and Singapore, great and

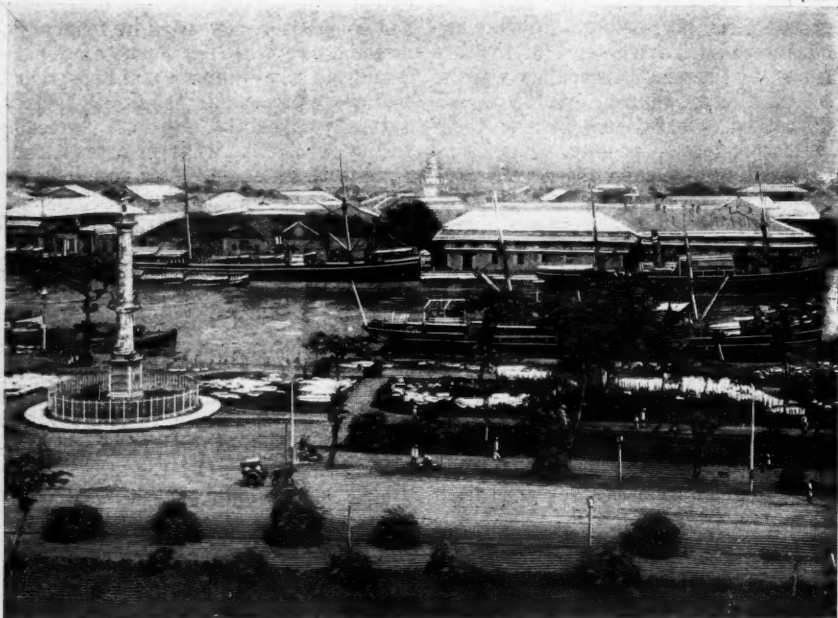


THE COURTYARD OF THE BILIBID, AN OLD SPANISH PRISON IN MANILA.

prosperous British colonies, to Manila, America's new Asiatic entrepot.

The editor of this magazine has asked me to describe briefly the people and resources of the Philippine Islands, as I know them from personal travel, study, and investigation on the ground. This is a responsible commission, and in the limited space at my disposal I cannot hope to do full justice to the subject. But I can relate a few facts that may assist the great constituency of MUNSEY'S MAGA-

after our little tramp steamer was water logged and nearly wrecked in a typhoon, and ten days out on a course where only three, at the most, are usually required—I made it my special purpose to visit not only the coast but the distant interior. My travels extended from Aparri and the magnificent valley of the Cagayan River, in the north of Luzon, to Zamboanga on the southwest point of Mindanao. More than two months were devoted to the trip. I spent a good deal of time in the



MANILA AND THE PASIG RIVER. ON THE LEFT IS THE MAGELLAN MONUMENT; ALONG THE RIVER IS THE PUBLIC PLACE FOR THE WASHING AND DRYING OF CLOTHES.

ZINE in forming a clearer idea of the material value of our new possessions in Asiatic-Pacific waters.

Two previous articles in this magazine, written respectively by two respected friends of mine, Mr. O. K. Davis and Mr. Edwin Wildman, have graphically treated this fascinating and interesting subject. What I write will in no way interfere with their conclusions, but will simply express the deductions drawn from the data of my own observations.

ACTUAL IMPRESSIONS FROM TRAVEL.

In my first journey to Manila and the Philippines—which I reached only

interior, away from beaten paths, in order to see the true life of the people and the actual physical resources and conformation of the land.

Everywhere I was treated to a series of great surprises. The hospitality of the people and the marvelous richness of the soil astonished me. I expected ordinary kindness—for I have always got along well with these southern Asiatics—and the usual tropical fertility, but I was not prepared for the degrees of hospitality and richness which I experienced and saw. Comparing Luzon with Nippon, the principal island of Japan, the conditions, except those of mere area and population,

are all in favor of Luzon. Siam, with a population nearly the same as the Philippines, approximately eight millions, and forging ahead rapidly in material development and educational and governmental reform, surpasses the Philippines in no respect except in area, and has no such variety of great and money bringing staples. Java, the garden of the east, holding forty million people and doing a foreign trade of \$250,000,000 annually,

business done in that part of the world, and particularly in the neighborly British ports of Hongkong and Singapore, respectively only 640 and 1250 miles from Manila, I will state that the former's trade in 1897 reached the magnificent total of \$250,000,000, and the latter's \$180,000,000. In connection with these suggestive statistics, it should be remembered that the foreign trade of this wonderful Pacific-Asiatic coast line that



MANILA AND THE PASIG RIVER, WITH THE OLD STONE BRIDGE CONNECTING THE WALLED CITY WITH BINONDO. THIS PART OF THE RIVER IS IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THAT SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

has no such large extent of fertile areas as the Philippines. Indo-China, dominated by the French, who are not known as successful colonists and foreign traders, cannot equal the Philippines in any points except in population and area, though it has a commerce of \$50,000,000 a year.

Surely the Philippines, which have enjoyed a foreign trade of \$32,000,000 under restrictive and depressing Spanish control, should expand their commerce within the next fifteen years, under progressive and competitive American direction, at least to \$100,000,000. To quote a few final figures—and be done with them—in order to show the volume of

winds in and out for four thousand miles from Singapore to Vladivostok is valued at the mighty sum of one billion dollars, and yet is only in the earliest stages of its development.

I have been urging the commercial interests of the United States for the last five years to compete for a goodly portion of this commerce. They are now beginning to awaken to an appreciation of the unlimited opportunity before them in Trans-Pacific markets. Their success in entering and exploiting such vast fields of trade will depend, after their own efforts, largely on two things: permanent American control of the Philippines, as a



THE PIAZZA DE INSULAR, MANILA, BUILT BY GENERAL BLANCO WHEN HE WAS CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

natural result of meeting our unavoidable moral responsibilities; and America's insistence on the maintenance of the "open door" policy, or the freedom of trade, throughout all China. The value and effect of each branch of this policy is strengthened by the vigorous support of

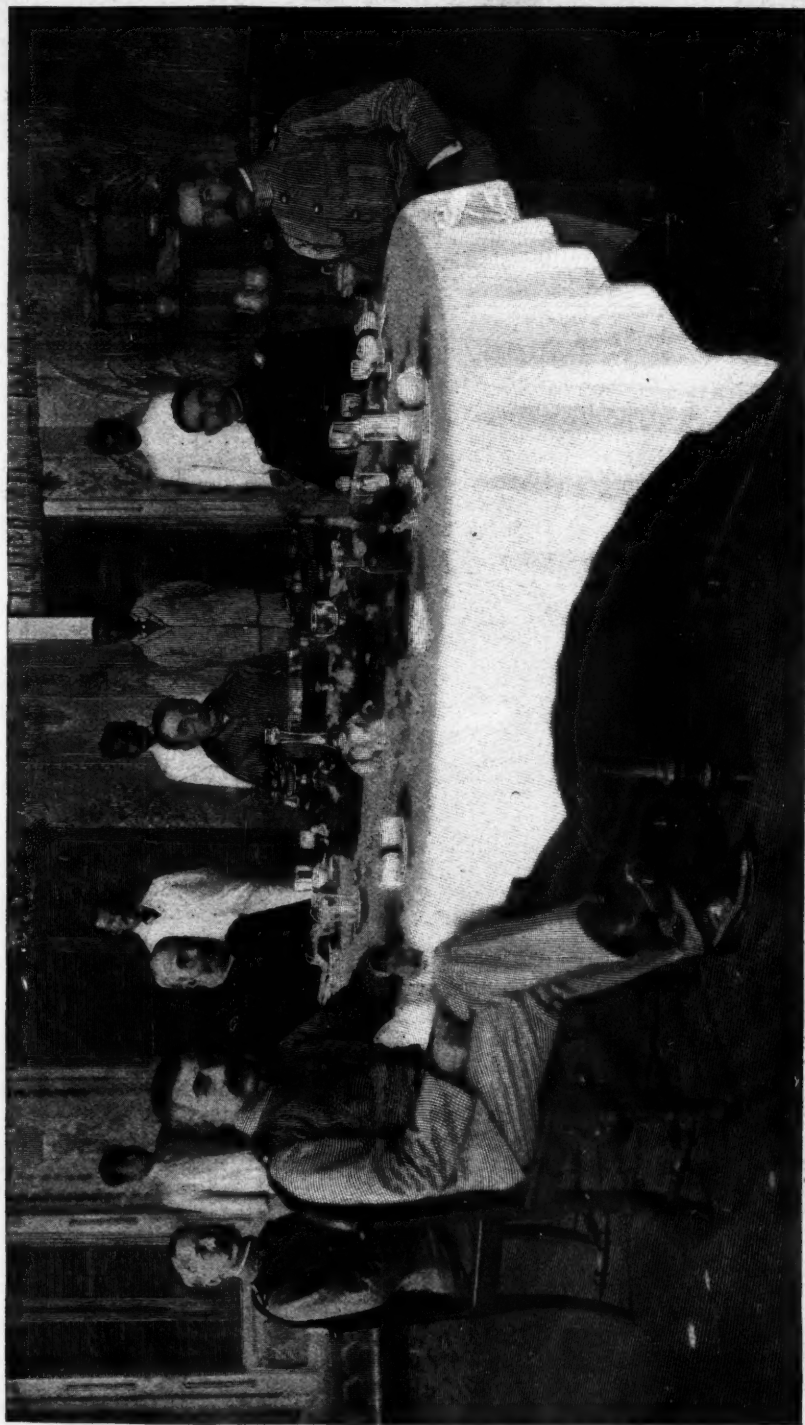
both, and both should go hand in hand as best advancing America's growing present and prospective trade and influence.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Capitalists, investors, manufacturers, exporters, and business men in general



THE LIBRARY OF THE MANILA OBSERVATORY. THE TABLE IS A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF ONE OF THE PHILIPPINE WOODS, THE TOP BEING A SINGLE PIECE OF POLISHED NARRA, A WOOD RESEMBLING MAHOGANY.

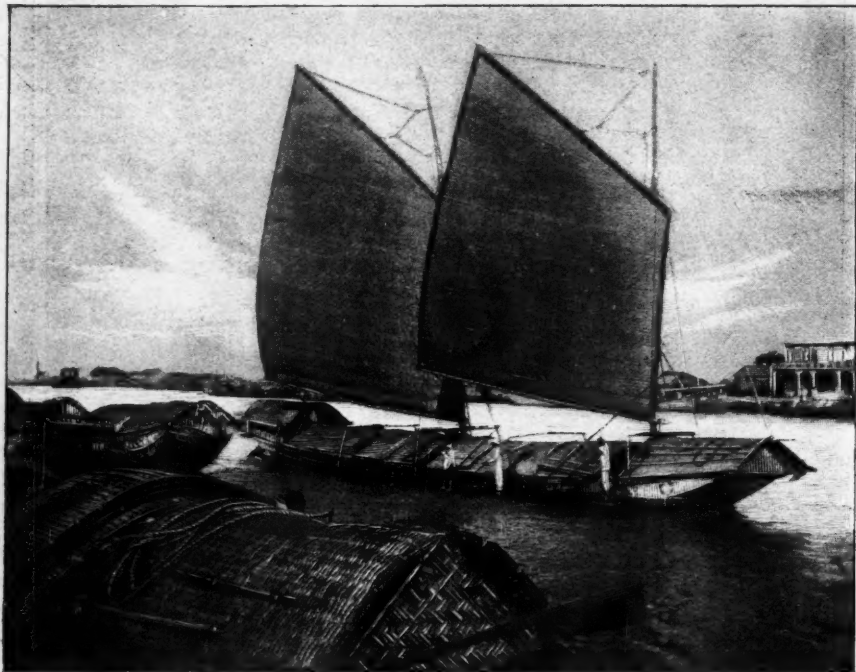


MAJOR GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS AND HIS STAFF IN THE DININGROOM OF THE PALACE FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THE SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

are writing to me from all over the country and asking if "down in my heart" and "honor bright" I really believe, from my personal study of the Philippines, that they are a good financial investment on the part of the United States and capable of extended trade and business development. Through MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as a wide reaching medium I will make a truthful answer, and also in-

reaching 135 miles from Manila to Daguhan, while there are opportunities for new roads through fertile and populated sections which would require at least one thousand miles of construction and a safe investment of \$150,000,000. Following these railways would come the introduction of a large and varied assortment of American manufactured products.

Fifth, the raising, handling, and ship-



THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, SHOWING THE CASCOS OR NATIVE LIGHTERS OF MANILA.

form thousands of others who are naturally concerned in learning the real value of the Philippines.

First, the Philippines afford the most valuable field of development, exploitation, and investment yet untouched beyond the borders of the United States.

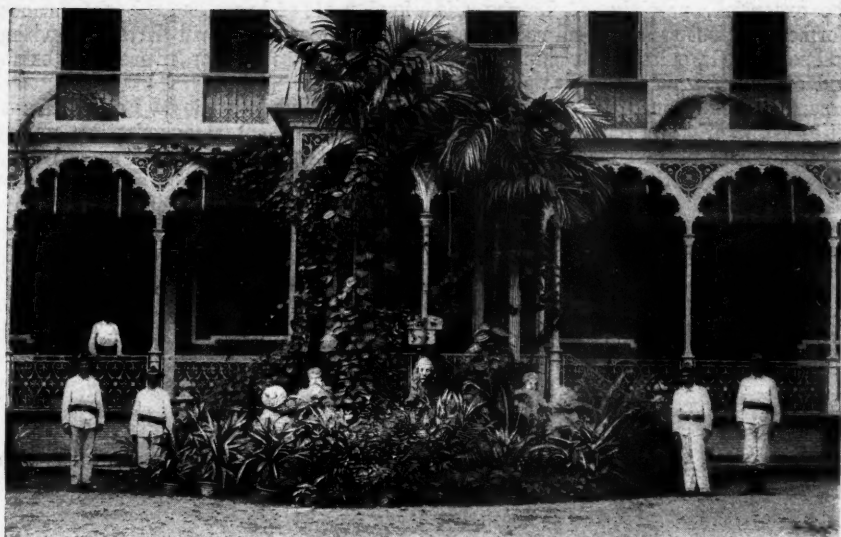
Second, they are undoubtedly richer in products and undeveloped resources than such similar countries as Java, Indo-China, Siam and the Malay Peninsula.

Third, all the principal British and German houses now doing business in the Philippines are preparing to increase their capital stock and their operations—which to me is a most convincing argument.

Fourth, there is only one railway,

ping of the great export staples of hemp, sugar, copra, and tobacco, are, with the possible exception of the latter, in the same primitive state that they were in fifty years ago. When American capital, enterprise, and inventive genius take possession of these chief industries, they should experience a marvelous development. Then there is an extended variety of other products, like coffee and spices, which are known to grow well in the Philippines if properly cultivated. Aside from these is still a long list of agricultural possibilities most instructive to consider.

Sixth, there is undoubtedly extensive mineral wealth in the islands, especially



MANILA UNDER AMERICAN RULE—MAJOR GENERAL MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS.

of iron ore and coal, with some outcroppings and workings of tin, a metal that is becoming such a valuable commodity. There is gold, but that so far found is largely alluvial, with indications of rich reefs in the hills and mountains; and I have bought it direct from natives carry-

ing it in little quills. There are also antimony, sulphur, saltpetre, coral, and pearls—the latter particularly valuable in the Sulu group of islands.

Seventh, there remains today in the Philippines greater timber wealth than in all the remainder of the far east, with



THE CARRIAGE USED BY GENERAL OTIS AND HIS STAFF—A CHARACTERISTIC MANILA VEHICLE, WITH A PAIR OF THE SMALL HORSES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

the exception, possibly, of Borneo and Formosa. Most valuable and useful hard and soft woods, suitable for ship building and other heavy purposes, as well as for ornamentation, are standing in vast quantities in the primeval forest.

In these answers I hope I have covered the leading questions which are daily asked.

POSSIBILITIES OF OCCUPATION AND RESIDENCE.

This is a good opportunity to emphasize one important consideration. I would not advise young men to go to the

in all parts of Luzon and the other islands, while prospectors will have an inviting field, if peace and order are soon established there.

The Philippines should not be classed as lands for actual colonization, as are our West and Australia, or as providing a suitable home for the average day or manual laborer. No man of experience in the tropics has ever advanced this idea; it has been discussed seriously only by those who are opposed to holding the Philippines, and wish to array the labor vote against a legitimate policy of expansion and trade extension.



THE FAMILY PET OF THE FILIPINOS—TWO NATIVE BOYS AND THEIR CARABAO, OR WATER BUFFALO.

Philippines unless already engaged by some reliable firm and paid a reasonable salary, or having at least three thousand dollars with which to look over the field and take up any good chance. Despite tropical conditions, however, there is no reason why young Americans should not own or run plantations, as young Britishers do in the Malay states, with natives and Chinamen doing the heavy labor; but they need some capital with which to start. As branch American export and import houses are established, they will require a considerable corps of American agents and assistants. Engineers—civil, railway, and mining—will soon be needed

The real advantage to the American laborer comes in the upbuilding of the demand for American products in foreign lands, which in turn brings better times and better wages. Already the Pacific States of California, Oregon, and Washington, enterprising and lusty giants of the West, are breathing in the strong commercial ozone of the Pacific and awakening to a realization of their great present and possible interests in the growing commerce of the lands across the western seas.

Every farmer on the coast, as well as every laborer from San Diego to Seattle, is being directly or indirectly



WARFARE IN THE PHILIPPINES—AMERICAN ARTILLERY IN THE TRENCHES OUTSIDE OF MANILA.

benefited by the exploitation of our Asiatic markets.

CONDITIONS AND EFFECT OF CLIMATE.

Almost as many questions are asked concerning the climate as about other points. To go to the heart of the matter, it may interest the readers of this article to know that, after living four years in the tropical city of Bangkok, which is hotter than Manila, and after working harder there than I ever did in America, I came away in much better health than I enjoyed when I went there. But my case was not exceptional. The majority of young Englishmen and Germans fared equally well when they limited the numbers of whiskies and sodas (or "stengahs") which they drank. The chief aid to keeping well in the tropics, after guarding against excessive drinking, is to avoid the sun in the middle of the day, or, if one goes out, to use a large pith hat or lined umbrella. When the sun is at an angle and the evening comes on, the more exercise a person can take the better. Lawn tennis, golf, bowling, billiards, sailing, shooting, and polo are the most popular sports; and it is difficult to find an Englishman who does not have his daily exercise. I exercised more during my four years in Siam than in my Dartmouth College

course some years earlier. Golf I learned to play on links that looked towards the golden minarets of the king's palace.

If Americans will leave Manila for the mountains or seashore in the hot months, as they do New York and Chicago, and if they will take proper care of themselves, they will keep as well there as in America. I repeat here what I have stated in some of my recent addresses, and which is very true and expressive: more men die of grippe in New York and Chicago, in proportion to population, in one week, than of fever, cholera, or plague in Manila or Bangkok in six months. With hotels built on the neighboring mountains, or at the seashore and along the inland lakes, for business men, their families, and government officials to occupy during the worst weather, the terror of the tropics in Manila will be materially lessened. If healthy barracks are likewise built in such places to afford an outing and rest for the American garrisons which may be stationed in the Philippines, the sickness among our soldiers will be reduced to a minimum. I never saw a healthier lot of men than the British soldiers at Hongkong, Singapore, and Colombo, while the young men one meets in the clubs of these cities, and also of Bangkok, Batavia, Rangoon, and Calcutta,



FILIPINO DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE — A PEASANT FAMILY AND A HALF FINISHED DWELLING, NEAR MANILA.

do not give the appearance of being sickly. Some may be slightly anaemic or pale, but they have probably neglected their outings, or averaged too many pegs of whisky per day. The tropics are all right if the men who go to them are all right. If men are weak or defective physically, they should stay at home, or their bones may be laid away prematurely under the bamboos and palms.

THE CITY OF MANILA.

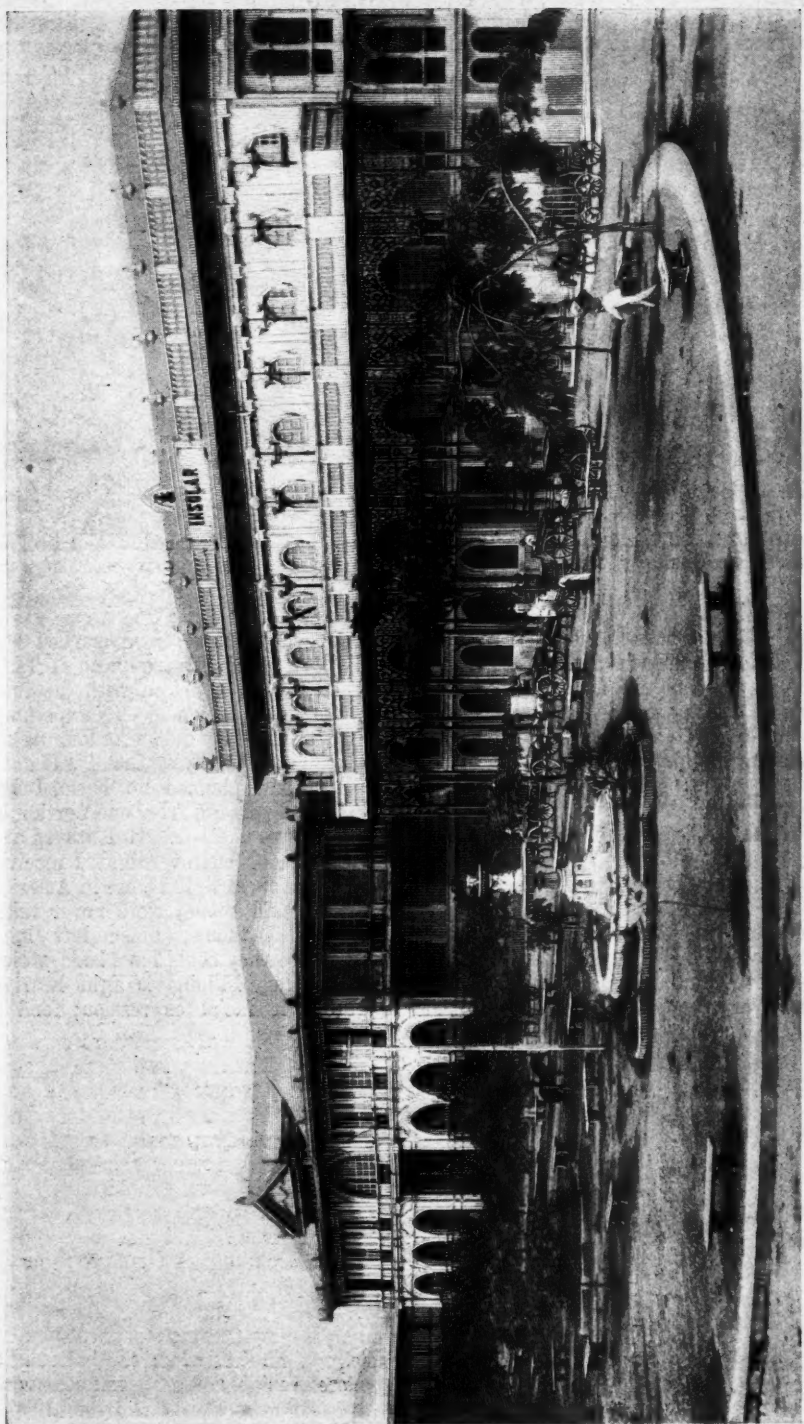
Manila is not an unprepossessing city. It impresses the visitor and newcomer favorably. It is a small European city set down in Asia, with a large surrounding native population. In peaceful times, with

its three hundred thousand inhabitants, including an unusually large foreign colony, it is one of the brightest and most interesting ports in Pacific-Asiatic lands. What with its stone harbor walls, its busy river, its fine modern bridges in sight of the ancient walls of the old town, its well paved business streets, its large retail and wholesale shops, its tramway, its pretty residential section, its Luneta drive and parkway, its excellent

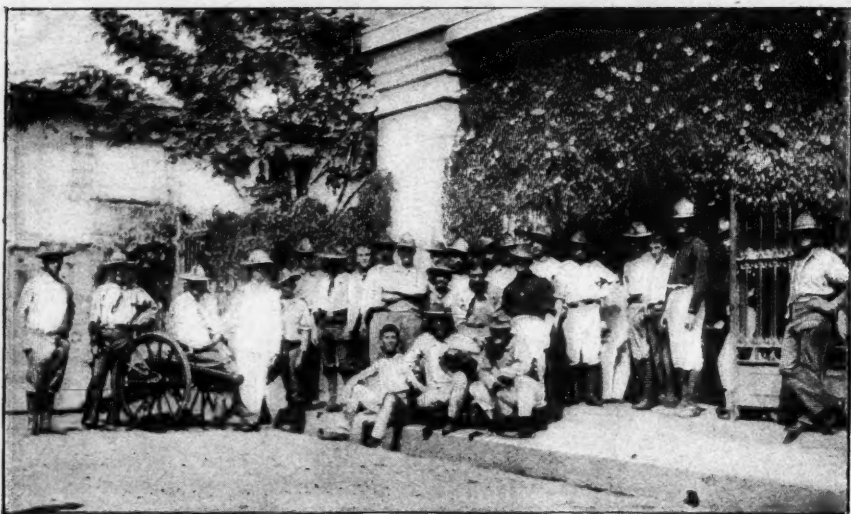
fresh water system, its well arranged electric lights, its many churches, schools, and hospitals, its clubs, its public buildings, its immense modern cigar factories, and even its breweries and ice making



FILIPINO ARTILLERY—CANNON CAPTURED FROM THE INSURGENTS. SOME OF THEM ARE MADE OF WATER PIPE, STRENGTHENED WITH TIMBER.



TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BUILDINGS IN MANILA—THE ORIENTAL HOTEL, ON THE LEFT, AND ON THE RIGHT THE INSULAR TOBACCO FACTORY, THE LARGEST IN LUZON.



MANILA UNDER AMERICAN RULE — THE ASTOR BATTERY AND THE RESIDENCE IT OCCUPIED WHILE QUARTERED IN MANILA.

plant—with all these conditions, it is indeed quite American and up to date. There may be, and are, many disagreeable features of life in the Philippines, but they are told often enough. Let us look on the bright side for once.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLANDS.

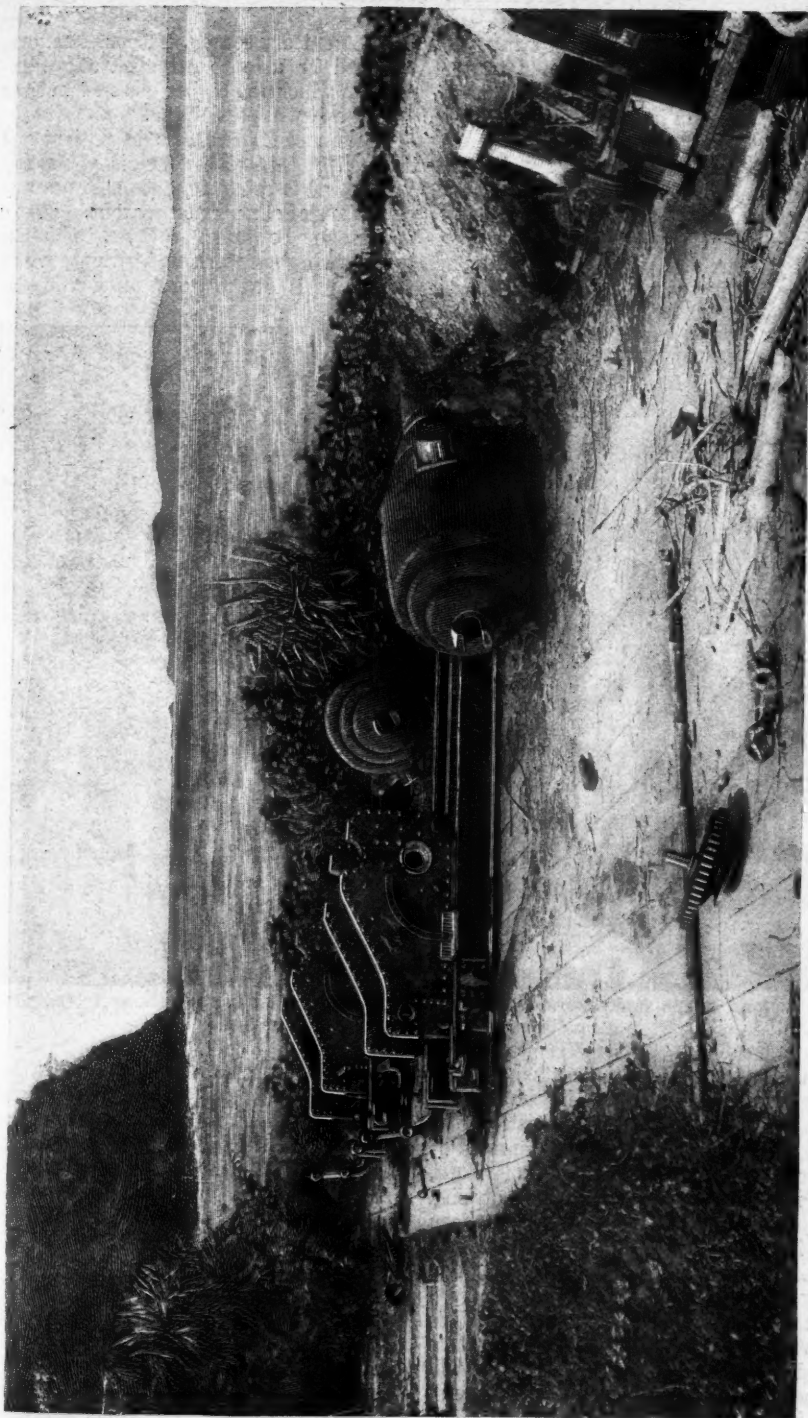
For the people of the Philippine Islands I have far more of good to record than bad. They are not unlike the Malays and Siamese—and I never experienced any trouble in living with or traveling among these races. In all my trips into the interior of the Philippines, in times of peace, I was everywhere treated kindly by the

natives, and often received marked hospitality. I found this true both of Tagalogs and Visayans. Even with the Sulus and Moros of Mindanao my experience was not an unhappy one. As long as the Filipinos knew positively that I was not a Spaniard, and planned no harm, I had unrestricted passage from one portion of the interior to another. If I stayed at a native house or hut overnight, I received as much kindness as if I were in America. My watch and money were never taken or disturbed, though often left lying about where they could have been stolen.

The average Filipino is light hearted, but stolid in facial expression; fond of



THE TERMINUS OF THE MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILROAD, THE ONLY RAILWAY STATION IN MANILA.



A DISMANTLED SPANISH BATTERY OF OBSOLETE CANNON ON CORREGIDOR ISLAND. THE GUNS OF CORREGIDOR WERE SUPPOSED TO COMMAND THE ENTRANCE TO MANILA BAY UNTIL DEWEY DISPROVED IT ON MAY 1, 1898.

amusements, such as cock fighting and dancing, and passionately devoted to music. He is lazy, as are nearly all tropical races, but he can work if necessary, as proved by his recent campaigning. Like the Malay, he is revengeful. If he has done wrong, and knows it, he will accept any kind and any amount of punishment; but if he is convinced that he has been unjustly treated or punished, he will seek revenge and not rest until he gets it.

of the next dry season. Then, I believe, we shall be able to establish a government in which the higher class of natives should and will participate.

In the mean time let us be patient and remember that the war is yet really young, and is being fought under adverse conditions of climate and seasons. Let us encourage the brave soldiers who are doing such good work, and give them and General Otis all the moral support in our



FEEDING SOME OF THE THIRTEEN THOUSAND SPANISH SOLDIERS WHO BECAME PRISONERS OF WAR WHEN MANILA SURRENDERED TO DEWEY AND MERRITT.

In this characteristic rests both our danger and our salvation in the present warfare. Taught by false education that they were being wronged and deprived of their liberty and rights by the Americans, and inspired by the exaggerated division of sentiment in America, they have been led into a cruel war when they should be our friends. On the other hand, when they realize that they have been deceived by their leaders, and that we intend to treat them kindly and fairly and give them good government and order, they will come to our support, and the backbone of the insurrection will be so broken that all vestige of it will be removed by the end

power. Let us refrain from utterances that will directly encourage the natives to fight. Up to the present moment the anti expansion, or, more properly, the anti responsibility agitation, along certain advanced and inflammatory lines, has been one of the chief influences encouraging and impelling the Filipinos to insurrection.

MEETING OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

I am not an expansionist in the extreme sense of the term, but I am an earnest believer in meeting our responsibilities where shirking them would mean weakness and cowardice, and would imply neglect not only of our own interests but of



RICE CULTIVATION IN THE PHILIPPINES. AS MUCH OF THE COUNTRY ABOUT MANILA CONSISTS OF RICE SWAMPS, IT MAY BE SEEN THAT OUR SOLDIERS HAVE HAD DIFFICULT GROUND FOR FIGHTING.

the rights and the welfare of the natives and foreigners. The man who opposes our position in the Philippines is confounded by the fact that he cannot name a feasible alternative to the policy we have pursued.

We want supreme courage and confidence in our Americanism. Those qualities rightly directed are invincible. They are now being put to the test as never before. I happen to be one of those who, after studying for five years what I term the American opportunity in the Pacific

and far east, have come to the conclusion that our country has vast moral and material interests at stake which she cannot neglect unless she would become a secondary influence, not only in the Pacific but throughout all other seas. If we hold the Philippines at least until we come to a righteous and permanent understanding with the natives, we shall meet and master the situation with credit to ourselves not only as a great government and material force, but as a Christian nation and moral power.

COUNTING THE COST.

WHAT can we do for those who did so much,
What can we give to those who gave us all,
And giving, passed from human word and touch
In death's recession?

For us they spoke with actions—not with lips;
For us they gave their manhood to the sword.
These men who went down to the sea in ships
Or fell upon the sward.

From war's red grip they snatched for us the prize
Of victory. But oh, beloved dead,
Counting the cost, the heart like Rachel cries
Nor will be comforted.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND FILIPINOS.

BY JAMES MARTIN MILLER.

THE STORIES OF CRUELTY TOWARD THE
WOUNDED AND CAPTURED FILIPINOS, AND
THE ACTUAL FACTS OF THE CASE,
AS SEEN BY A JOURNALIST
RECENTLY RETURNED
FROM MANILA.

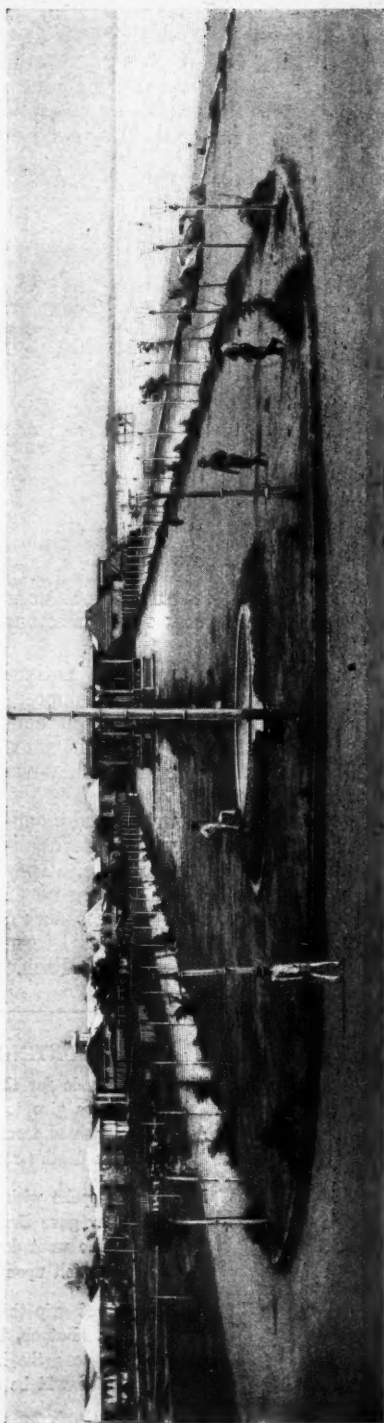
ADMIRAL DEWEY has said that to act in accordance with civilized warfare in fighting the Filipinos was a difficult thing to do.

When a Filipino hoists the white flag, the recognized token of surrender, very likely he is endeavoring to lead our men into a trap. Aguinaldo's soldiers have been using some brass bullets, a wound from which usually proves fatal, and it is true that they have tortured and mutilated some of our wounded soldiers, whom they have captured, in genuine savage fashion. To one who has been in the present war in the Philippines the reason for the statement credited to Admiral Dewey is easily understood.

This does not mean, however, that the United States army is dealing differently with the semi savage Filipinos than if they were of a more civilized country. There are, of course, some rough fellows in the ranks, and individual soldiers and squads of men have paid the insurgents back in kind in some isolated instances, but never with the knowledge or consent of our army officials. Where the Filipinos have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property, our soldiers have saved millions of dollars' worth, besides many lives, by fighting the fires set by the direction of the Filipino army. The United States consul at Manila, Mr. Williams, estimates that five million dollars in Mexican money would not replace the property destroyed by the insurgents in Manila and its suburbs alone.

Many aged native men and women, as well as children, have been injured in these fires. These, and the wounded insurgent soldiers who have been taken as prisoners of war, are as well cared for as our own sick and wounded soldiers.

The United States hospital for sick and



THE LUNETTE, THE WATERSIDE PROMENADE OF MANILA. IT WAS FORMERLY A PLACE OF LUXURIANT FOLIAGE, BUT THE TREES WERE CUT DOWN BY THE GARRISON DURING DEWEY'S BLOCKADE OF THE CITY BECAUSE THEY VEILED SOME OF THE SPANISH BATTERIES.

wounded prisoners in Manila is situated very near the First Reserve Hospital, filled with sick and wounded American soldiers. On the occasion of my last visit, in March of this year, I found that a hundred and fifty three natives had been received there, nearly all of them having been wounded in battle.

One of these patients was a little girl four years old, wounded by a stray bullet—which must have come from one of their own guns, because the bullet was brass covered. The child was shot at a time when the insurgents had fired a district of the city, and our soldiers were trying to save the property as well as the lives of the helpless Filipino women and children. The ball entered her left cheek just below the malar bone, and passed through the nose, carrying away all the bone of that organ; then ranging upward, it had penetrated the right eyeball, destroying it, and lodging in the temple, from which it was extracted. The unfortunate child never uttered a cry when the surgeons dressed the terrible wound.

Many other cases similar to this, and equally touching, of wounded boys and girls, old men and women, who have been cared for by the American medical corps, could readily be instanced; but this will suffice to give an idea of what our government is doing in its treatment of the unfortunate members of this refractory and semi civilized people who fall into our hands in the warfare which Aguinaldo's men began on the 4th of last February.

Of the hundred and fifty three wounded Filipinos at the hospital one month after the war opened, twenty one had been cured and sent to the prison within the walled city; twelve had died from the effects of their wounds, and a hundred and twenty of them still remained. I was conducted through this hospital on three different occasions by the attendants, who were members of the army hospital corps. These men, as well as the physicians in charge, were as anxious to effect cures for the wounded Filipinos prisoners as the physicians in the hospital opposite were to effect cures for our own wounded soldiers. When a case was improving, they would talk about it enthusiastically and explain all the details in the most interested manner.

The Filipino wounded in the hands of

our army are well fed, and have the benefit of the very best medical skill and appliances known to modern medical science. In addition to this, they have good nursing. This is something that Aguinaldo's army cannot give its own sick and wounded, for in the practice of surgery and medicine the insurgents are very primitive. It is fortunate that very few of our wounded soldiers have been taken prisoners; and on the other hand, fortunate indeed is the wounded Filipino who falls into our hands to be treated in our hospital.

It has been said that not so many wounded prisoners are being brought in now by our soldiers as at the beginning of the war, and some intimation has been made that they have been mysteriously disposed of. But if fewer prisoners have been captured lately, it is easy to explain the fact. At the beginning, the war was in the immediate suburbs of Manila, and the Filipinos did not understand the necessity of being prepared to get away from our soldiers. Since the last week in February, the fighting has been at longer range, and entirely outside the city. The American lines have kept the enemy in the more or less remote country, where their chances of escape with their wounded are greatly increased. The army, or individual members of it, may be justly criticised for some sins, but the inhuman treatment of helpless prisoners is not one of them.

Some of the stories that have been printed sound absurd to one who has witnessed skirmishes and battles in the present war, and seen many prisoners taken. Several hundred Filipino and some Chinese prisoners of war are held in the walled city of Manila. I visited this prison twice while they were at mess, and the probability is that they have never before lived so well as now. Every evening they are brought out in the prison yard for an airing, and their relatives are permitted to stand off at a distance and see them. Some of them are being made to clean the streets under guard, and this seems to be the greatest hardship they have had to endure.

In fact, the Filipino prisoners are treated with precisely the same consideration that prisoners in our own country receive, notwithstanding the fact that the government there is military.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

BY ARTHUR P. GREELEY, ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

THE CENTURY THAT ENDS WITH NEXT YEAR HAS SEEN THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF HUMANITY REVOLUTIONIZED BY INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL IMPROVEMENTS—WILL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY KEEP UP THE PACE SET BY THE NINETEENTH?

NOT long before he died, Benjamin Franklin, the greatest inventor of the eighteenth century, remarked that nothing would please him so much as to be sealed up and preserved in a cask of good Madeira, and to come to life again a hundred years later, so that he might see what progress the world had made in that period.

Certainly, if that privilege had been granted him, he would not be disappointed. Stepping forth into the world again today, he would have an opportunity to see what the Century of Invention has accomplished. For the nineteenth century may fairly be so termed, inasmuch as it has produced a greater relative advance in the way of mechanical and industrial improvements than was recorded in the whole of the previous history of this planet.

—It may be imagined that the first novelty to astonish the sage of Philadelphia, on his return to this sublunary sphere, would be the modern twenty four story office building—a type of structure rendered possible by two comparatively new inventions, the passenger elevator and improved steel. Nowadays every very high building is erected on a skeleton of steel, which has to be of a certain quality in order to bear the weight, and the production of such metal depends on processes not long known. As for the passenger elevator, the first devices of this kind were introduced not more than thirty five years ago.

It is very curious to consider that people of today are still cave men, in a sense, inasmuch as they live in artificial caves of baked mud and stone. A thoroughfare like Broadway in New York, lined on either side by enormously tall buildings, might be considered as an artificial canyon, along the sides of which the modern cliff dwellers have their habitations, story upon story. The inhabited

caves of old possessed one advantage over modern houses, in that they were strictly fireproof; but important improvements in this direction have been made in the last few years, not only in methods of construction, but by such inventions as that of fireproof wood. The woodwork of some office buildings is now made fireproof throughout, being rendered absolutely non combustible by saturating it with mineral salts.

The dwellings of a century ago—even those of the rich—were vastly less comfortable than those of today. They were not provided with running water, which in the laborer's cottage at the present time is regarded as a requisite indispensable to comfort. What is called modern plumbing, of course, was unknown, and the luxurious bathroom, now considered essential to the every day domestic establishment, with its hot and cold water and sanitary apparatus, was as yet undreamed of. There were not even comfortable stoves, and the furnace, which distributes hot air through a house by means of flues, was a thing of the future. Nobody had yet thought of steam heating.

In those times almost all dwelling houses were unbeautiful, comparatively speaking. Some of the old Revolutionary mansions, like that at Mount Vernon, were handsome architecturally, but they had no carpets of the modern sort, and wall paper was unknown. Woodwork, now produced by machinery, had then to be made by hand entirely, and was proportionately expensive. All of these things, now matters of course in every well to do household, are nineteenth century inventions. In the year 1800 pretty furniture was a luxury that cost enormously; at present, good and really artistic things in the way of *ameublement* for the bedroom, diningroom, and drawingroom can be obtained at prices almost incredibly small. And we must not forget the multitude of

small ornamental articles purchasable today for next to nothing—all products of modern ingenuity.

Conveniences in the way of furniture have been created in astonishing numbers in the last few years, among which may be mentioned folding beds and articles convertible to a variety of uses. The kitchen utensils of today would astonish the old time housekeeper, from the mechanical egg beater to the dish washing machine. It is a mystery how the people of 1800 got along without wire fly screens. Cheap mirrors were unknown to them. If their dwellings caught fire, they had no fire extinguishers or fire escapes, and there were no steam fire engines to come to the rescue. For illuminating houses, there was nothing better than oil lamps or candles, and such a thing as a friction match had not been thought of. It was not until 1827 that the lucifer match came into use. Think what a revolution in human affairs has been brought about by this little invention! Its discoverer deserves to be called a second Prometheus.

There were pianos of a sort in those times, but nothing like those of the present. Nowadays we even have pianos that play themselves, and which reproduce the performances of the best masters with absolute accuracy. Through the development of machinery, indeed, more and more of man's work is being relegated to automata.

The printing press, perhaps the most wonderful of all mechanical achievements, is a most highly complicated automaton. In its latest form the newspaper press prints several colors at one impression, folding, stitching, and counting in an hour twelve thousand colored supplements of twenty four pages each. The presses used by the great magazines move at a slower speed, but do more perfect work, several highly specialized patterns of machinery being employed, according to the paper used and the kind of printing to be done. The machine that attaches the cover to a magazine is another ingenious device of recent invention, one of the many modern improvements that have made it possible to place good literature before the million at the low prices that now rule.

There could be no better illustration of the progress of mechanical art during the present century than is furnished by the

development of printing machinery. In 1800 the entire process of making a book or a newspaper was done by hand. Indeed, newspapers, as we know them, practically did not exist, and the age of illustration, with its multitude of patented processes for producing and multiplying pictures, was yet to arrive. In those times paper was made almost exclusively of rags, and was very costly. Nobody had thought of utilizing, for paper making, the material of the forests, which are now being devoured at the rate of thousands of square miles annually for the production of the daily prints. Still more recent is the perfection of the linotype, or mechanical compositor, which sets type with great accuracy and rapidity, casting the molten metal as fast as the words can flash through the mind and fingers of the operator who transcribes the "copy."

Who supposed, in 1800, that such a thing as a machine for sewing would ever be devised? Attached to the earliest model of Elias Howe's invention, exhibited at the Patent Office, is a label on which is written the couplet:

I am the iron needlewoman,
Born to toil but not to feel.

It may be doubted very seriously whether the sewing machine has lightened the labors of the unfortunate sewing woman, who is the most typical victim of modern civilization. In fact, the "Song of the Shirt" is probably sung in a higher key today than ever before, the invention of the machine having simply resulted in an increased requirement of production for a given wage. However, the benefits bestowed by it are seen in the enormous cheapening of garments of all kinds, which has brought comfortable clothing within reach of the poor. This, indeed, is one of the features of modern progress, even the best clothing being now obtainable at such small cost that no man or woman not actually poverty stricken can have an excuse for not being well dressed. It may be mentioned here that cheap and good shoes, attributable to new machinery, have been known only within the last few years.

What the sewing machine has done in its own field has been accomplished for the art of writing by the typewriter, which may be said to have come into being within the last twenty years, industrially speaking. It has opened a new

field for women's work, and actually has enormously increased the quantity of matter written. It has rendered letter writing so easy that many people now keep up a large correspondence who would write very little by hand. Incidentally, the volume of the mails has been proportionately augmented. Speaking of mails, how striking it is to consider that in 1800 there was no such thing as a mailing envelope or an adhesive postage stamp! In those days it cost twenty five cents or more to send a letter a short distance, whereas now one may ship an ounce of correspondence across the continent for two cents, and printed matter passes at still lower rates.

Before going further, we ought to speak of agricultural machinery. At the beginning of the present century there was nothing of the kind in existence. No way of reaping the crops was known except by hand. It may fairly be said that the inventions of McCormick and others have made this country agriculturally. The vast grain fields of the West could not possibly be reaped by hand. Nor, again, would it be practicable to carry the grain to market without the aid of modern inventions in transportation. These latter have been essential to the development of the agricultural resources of the country. In old times the producer's market was limited to the district he could reach with horse transportation. The cost of getting our grain from the fields of the West to Europe would be prohibitive without railways and steamships.

Among the devices that have revolutionized transportation, the screw propeller, invented by Ericsson, has been like a gift of the gods. If the discovery of steam power, and its application to locomotion on land and sea, be excepted, the screw propeller and the Westinghouse air brake are the two most important inventions in this field. Without the latter, for example, fruit could not be brought from California to the East and from Florida to the North. The carrying of perishable goods over such distances necessitates quickness, and the air brake alone makes it possible to run trains on fast time with safety.

Speaking of transportation, the novel systems of traction in cities and suburban districts have added greatly to the comfort

of life, and have given work to regiments of honest fellows who now wear uniforms. When horse cars are superseded by cables or electricity, the number of passengers carried is greatly increased, and more cars are run, requiring a larger number of employees. Labor at power houses, too, is better paid than at stables.

At many other points the conditions of human existence have been revolutionized by the inventions of the nineteenth century. Consider, for example, what the bicycle has accomplished in this way. The textile industries are well nigh the creation of the last hundred years. Up to a little more than a century ago spinning and weaving were all done by hand. Since then the whole development of these industries has been through invention, and this refers not merely to looms and "mules," but to contrivances for the utilization of steam power and water power. Again, the development of the iron and steel industry is due largely to the Bessemer process, which takes iron, burns the carbon out of it, and then adds to it just the quantity of carbon requisite to make fine steel.

Franklin, if he could have a glimpse of the world today, would be amazed indeed at the varied utilization of the magic fluid which he conducted from the clouds with his kite. Already, by its aid, people are enabled to speak with the voice across a thousand miles of distance—a wonder which would have been laughed at as an absurd impossibility a hundred years ago. The marvels of the telegraph and the electric light are so familiar as to be worth no description here. When the projected cable has been laid from San Francisco to Manila, it will be practicable to send a message around the world in three seconds. The electric street railroad is an accomplished fact, and experts are of the opinion that before long steam locomotives on all railways will be supplanted by electric engines. The chief difficulty in the way of this substitution lies in the fact that the machines now in use represent such an immense investment of capital that the corporations owning them cannot afford to make a change. It is obvious, however, that this cannot be regarded as a permanent obstacle.

At the beginning of the present century, the methods of obtaining metals from their ores were comparatively crude.

Modern science has improved them vastly, and most particularly with regard to silver and gold. The so called "cyanide process" for extracting gold has made it possible to work low grade ores at a profit, and to this invention is due the development of the mines of the Rand in South Africa, which now yield fifty million dollars' worth of gold per annum. If it were not for the cyanide process, they would not be worth a cent. Partly due to improvements in the extraction and refining of metals has been the modern betterment of guns, war ships, and all sorts of military engines. The art of war, indeed, has progressed quite as much during the present century as any other art. One of its most marvelous engines is the fish torpedo, which swims beneath the water and carries the doom of a battleship in its nose.

One might go on almost indefinitely with a discussion of the inventions of the nineteenth century. It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to do more than mention the making of needles and pins by machine, the barbed wire fence, artificial stone, artificial fuel, artificial limbs, the breeches buoy, the hot water bottle of rubber, cold storage for preserving meats, petroleum, laughing gas, glucose, starch production from corn, carbonated beverages, bundle carriers in shops, condensed soups and other condensed foods, high explosives, liquid air, liquid oxygen, and liquid carbonic acid; hydraulic mining, electro plating, pressed glass, and the extraction of dyes, drugs, and other useful products from coal tar.

In 1800 people were obliged to depend for their food almost entirely upon what they could get in their immediate neighborhood; today the tables even of the moderately well to do are supplied with luxuries fetched from all parts of the earth. Canned foods are a novelty, comparatively speaking. Within the last few years, by the way, it has been discovered that the flavors of the best kinds of butter and cheese are due to the presence of certain species of bacteria, and now these

beneficial microbes are propagated artificially and put up in bottles for sale to dairyman. In up to date dairies, cream is separated from milk not by skimming, but by a machine that employs the principle of centrifugal force. Bees are furnished nowadays with artificial foundations for their combs, in order that they may not waste time and honey making material in comb building. Movable frames for hives are a nineteenth century invention.

Paper today is employed for an immense number of novel purposes—for carpets, electric conduits, lead pencils, car wheels, boats, pails, coffins, brushes, combs, and telegraph poles. The cheapness of envelopes is accounted for by the fact that a single machine cuts, folds, gums, and prints them. The cash register is an invention of no small importance. Cottonseed oil was a waste product a few years ago; now it is one of our great exports, thanks to machinery which cleans the seed and expresses the oil.

From a century old point of view, nothing, surely, could seem more wonderful than photography. That it should be possible to make the sun come down and take pictures was never dreamed of in the philosophy of Franklin and his contemporaries. Lithography, by which the most beautiful pictures are printed in colors from stones, is another latter day marvel.

It remains to be seen whether the twentieth century will rival the nineteenth in the progress of invention. The chances are that it will not keep up the marvelous pace of its predecessor, though doubtless it will evolve many wonderful things. Among these are likely to be the dirigible air ship, the practical submarine boat, a method of transmitting electrical energy for indefinite distances, and a contrivance for utilizing the power of the tides. When the last two of these things are accomplished, all the machinery of the world can be run at almost no expense, and the surplus energy available may be transformed into heat for the warming of our houses.

TOO SOON.

LIKE Galileo, watch I for a star.

Patience! It sweeps not into my small ken;

I need an instrument too great by far.

One hundred years from now—I'll see it then!

Tom Masson.

THE KING'S MIRROR.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THIS is the story of the life of a young king, Augustin, as told by himself, and the opening chapters deal with his coronation and boyhood. As the years roll by, he finds himself more and more disillusioned of his youthful dreams of kingly power; his position prevents him from acquiring any real friends, his cherished plans are continually thwarted, and restrictions hedge him in on every side. At eighteen he goes on a foreign tour, and while visiting the Bartensteins, who are distant relatives of his, living in the Tyrol, he is given to understand that the duke's daughter Elsa, a child of twelve, is destined eventually to be his bride. On his return to Forstadt he spends his time in mastering his public duties and in playing a prominent part in the gaieties of the capital. When Elsa is eighteen, she and her mother pay a visit to court. Augustin regards the coming of his prospective bride with a feeling of apathy, tempered only by a kind of pity for the young girl, who is thus forced into wedlock with a man who is almost a stranger to her. Finally, after the brief period allotted for their courtship, the king makes his avowal.

XIX (Continued).

A LOW laugh escaped from me. "Why are you laughing?" Elsa asked, turning to me with a puzzled look. "I've been so very much afraid of you," I answered.

"You afraid of me!" she cried. "Oh, if you only knew how terrified I've been!" She seemed to be seized with an impulse to confidence. "It was terrible coming here—to see whether I should do, you know."

"You knew you'd do!"

"Oh, no; mother always told me I mightn't; she said you were—were rather peculiar."

"I don't know enough about other people to be able to say whether I am peculiar."

She laughed, but not as though she saw any point in my observation (I dare say there was none), and walked on a few yards, smiling still. Then she said:

"Father will be pleased."

"I hope everybody will be pleased. When you go to Forstadt the whole town will run mad over you."

"What will they do?"

"Oh, what won't they do? Crowds, cheers, flowers, fireworks, all the rest of it. And your picture everywhere."

She drew in her breath in a long sigh. I looked at her and she blushed.

"You'll like that?" I asked with a laugh.

She did not speak, but nodded her head

twice. Her eyes laughed in triumph. She seemed happy now; my pestilent perversity gave me a shock of pain for her.

When we came near to the house she asked me to let her go alone and tell her mother. I had no objection to offer—indeed, I was glad to escape a hand in hand appearance, rather recalling the footlights. She started off and I fell into a slower walk. She almost ran, with a rare buoyancy of movement; once she turned her head and waved her hand to me merrily. I waited a little while at the end of the terrace, and then effected an entry into my room unperceived. The women would lose no time in telling one another; then there would be a bustle. I had now a quiet half hour. By a movement that seemed inevitable, I sat down at my writing table and took up a pen. For several minutes I sat twirling the quill between my fingers; then I began to write:

MY DEAR VARVILLIERS:

The impossible has happened and was all through full of its own impossibility. I have done it. That now seems a little thing. The marvel remains. "An absolute absorption in the tragic aspect"—you remember, I dare say, my phrase; that was to have been her mood—seen through my colored glasses. My glasses! Am I not too blind for any glasses? She has just left me and run to her mother. She went as though she would dance. She is merry and triumphant. I am employed in marveling. She wants to be a queen; processions and ovations fill her eyes; she is happy.

I would be happy for her sake, but I am oppressed by an anticipation. You will guess it. It is unavoidable that some day she will remember myself. We may postpone, but we cannot prevent,

* Copyright, 1898, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

this catastrophe. What I am in myself and what I mean to her are things which she will some day awake to. I have to wait for the time. Yet that she is happy now is something, and I do not think that she will awake thoroughly before the marriage. There is, therefore, as you will perceive, no danger of anything interfering with the auspicious event. My dear friend, let us ring the church bells and sing a "Te Deum"; and the chancellor shall write a speech concerning the constant and peculiar favor of God towards my family, and the polite piety with which we have always requited His attentions. For just now all is well. She sleeps.

Your faithful friend,

AUGUSTIN.

I had just finished this letter when Baptiste rushed in, exclaiming that the duchess had come and that he could by no means prevent her entry. The truth of what he said was evident; Cousin Elizabeth herself was hard on his heels. She almost ran in, and made at me with wide opened arms. Her honest face beamed with delight as she folded me in an enthusiastic embrace. Looking over her shoulder, I observed Baptiste standing in a respectful attitude, but struggling with a smile.

"You can go, Baptiste," said I, and he withdrew, smiling still.

"My dearest Augustin," panted Cousin Elizabeth, "you have made us all so very, very happy. It has been the dream of my life."

I forget altogether what my answer was, but her words struck sharp and clear on my mind. That phrase pursued me. It had been the dream of Max von Sempach's life to be ambassador; there had been a dream in his wife's life. It was the dream of Coralie's life to be a great singer; hence came the impresario with his large locket and the rest. And now, quaintly enough, I was fulfilling somebody else's dream of life—Cousin Elizabeth's! Perhaps I was fulfilling my own; but my dream of life was a queer vision.

"So happy, so happy!" murmured Cousin Elizabeth, seeking for her pocket handkerchief. At the moment came another flurried entry of Baptiste; he was followed by my mother. Cousin Elizabeth disengaged herself from me. Princess Heinrich came to me with great dignity. I kissed her hand, she kissed my forehead.

"Augustin," she said, "you have made us all very happy."

The same note was struck in my mother's stately acknowledgment and in

Cousin Elizabeth's gushing joy. I chimed in, declaring that the happiness I gave was as nothing to what I received. My mother appeared to consider this speech proper and adequate, Cousin Elizabeth was almost overcome by it. The letter which lay on the table addressed to Varrilliers was fortunately not endowed with speech; it would have jarred our harmony.

Later in the day Victoria came to see me. I was sitting in the window, looking down on the river and across to the woods of Waldenweiter. She sat down near me and smiled at me. Victoria carried with her an atmosphere of reality; she neither harbored the sincere delusions of Cousin Elizabeth nor (save in public) sacrificed with my mother on the shrine of propriety. She sat there and smiled at me.

"My dear Victoria," said I, "I know all that as well as you do. Didn't we go through it all before, when you married William Adolphus?"

"I've just left Elsa," my sister announced. "The child's really half off her head. She can't grasp it yet."

"She is excited, I suppose."

"It seems that Cousin Elizabeth never let her count upon it."

"I saw that she was pleased. It surprised me, rather."

"Don't be a goose, Augustin," said Victoria, very crossly. "Of course she's pleased."

"But I don't think she cares for me in the very least," said I gravely.

For a moment Victoria stared. Then she observed with a perfunctory politeness:

"Oh, you mustn't say that! I'm sure she does." She paused and added: "Of course it's great promotion for her."

Great promotion! I liked Victoria's phrase very much. Of course it was great promotion for Elsa. No wonder she was pleased and danced in her walk, no wonder her eyes sparkled! Nay, it was small wonder that she felt a kindness for the hand whence came this great promotion.

"Yes, I suppose it is—what did you say? Oh, yes—great promotion," said I to Victoria.

"Immense! She was really a nobody before."

A hint of jealousy lurked in Victoria's tones. Perhaps she did not like the

prospect of being no longer at the head of Forstadt society.

"There's nobody in Europe who would have refused you, I suppose," she pursued. "Yes, she's lucky with a vengeance."

I began to laugh. Victoria frowned a little, as though my laughter annoyed her. However, I had my laugh out; the picture of my position, sketched by Victoria, deserved that; then I lit a cigarette and stood looking out of the window.

"Poor child!" said I. "How long will it last?"

Victoria made no answer. She sat where she was for a few moments; then she got up, flung an arm round my neck, and gave me a brief, businesslike kiss.

"I never knew anybody quite so good as you are at being miserable," she said.

"But I was not miserable. I was, on the whole, very considerably relieved. It would have been much worse had Elsa really manifested an absolute absorption in the tragic aspect. It was much better that her thoughts should be filled by her great promotion."

I heard suddenly the sound of feet on the terrace. A moment later loud cheers rang out; I looked down from the window. There was a throng of the household, stable, and garden servants gathered in front of the window of my mother's room. On the steps before the window stood Elsa's slim graceful figure. The throng cheered; Elsa bowed, waved and kissed her hand to them. They cried out good wishes and called blessings on her. Again she kissed her hand to them with pretty dignity. A pace behind her, on either side, stood Princess Heinrich and Cousin Elizabeth. Elsa held her central place, and her little head was erect and proud.

Poor dear child! The great promotion had begun.

XX.

I HAD a whimsical desire that somebody, no matter who, should speak the truth about the whole affair. That I myself should was out of the question, nor would candor be admissible from any of my family; even Victoria would do no more than kiss me. Elsa did not know the truth; her realization of it lay in the future—the future to me so ever present.

Varvilliers would not tell it; his sincerity owned always the limit of politeness. I could not look to have my whim indulged; perhaps had there seemed a chance of fulfilment I should have turned coward. Yet I do not know; the love of truth has been a constant and strong passion in my mind. Hence came my laborious trackings of it through mazes of moods and feelings; painful trifling, I dare say. But my whim was accomplished; why and under what motive spur, it is hard to guess.

I sent a message to the chamber announcing my betrothal; a debate on the answer to be returned followed. Here was a proper and solemn formality, rich in colored phrases and time honored pretense. No lie was allowed place that could not prove its pedigree for five hundred years. Then when Bederhof and the rest had prated, there rose (*O, si audissim*) a man with a pale, lined face, in which passion had almost destroyed mirth, or at least compelled it to put on the servile dress of bitterness, but with eyes bright still and a voice that rang through the chamber. Wetter was back, back from wounding me, back from the madness of Coralie, back from his obscure wanderings and his reported bank breakings. Somewhere and somehow he had got money enough to keep him a while; and with money in his pocket, he was again and at once a power in Forstadt.

There must have been strange doings in that man's soul, worthy of record; but who would be so bold as to take up the pen? His reappearance was remarkable enough. I asked whether he did what he did in malice, in a rivalry that our quarrel and our common defeat at the hands of the paunchy impresario could not wipe out, or whether he discerned that I should join in his acid laugh, and, as I read his speech, cry to myself, "Lo, here is truth, and a man who tells it!"

For he rose, there in the chamber, when Bederhof's sticky sirup had ceased to flow. He spoke of my betrothal, sketching in a poet's mood with the art of an orator that perfect love whereof men dream, painting with exquisite skill the man's hot exultation and the girl's tremulous triumph, the spontaneous leap of heart to heart, the world without eclipsed and invisible, the brightness, the glory, and the unquestioning confidence of their eternity. His voice rose victorious

out of falterings, his eyes gleamed with the vision that he made. Then, while still they wondered, as men shown new things in their own hearts, his lips curved in a smile and his tones fell to a moderate volume. Such, said he, are the joys which our country shares with its king. Because they are his, they are ours. Because they are his, they are hers. Hers and his are they till their lives end, ours while our hearts are worthy to conceive of them.

They were silent when he sat down. He had outraged etiquette; nobody had ever said that sort of thing before on such an occasion. Bederhof searched in vain through an exhaustive memorandum prepared in the chancellery; he consulted the clerks. Nobody had ever said anything in the least like it. They were very puzzled; it was all most excellent, most loyal, calculated to impress the people in the most favorable way. But, deuce take it, why did the man smile while he talked, and why did his voice change from the ring of a trumpet to the rasp of a file? The chamber at large was rather upset by Wetter's oration.

Ah, Wetter, but you had an audience, fit though small! I read it, I read it all, I in my study at Artenberg, I alone. My mind leaped with yours, my lips bent to the curve of yours. Surely you spoke to please me, Wetter? To show that one man knew? To display plainest truth by the medium of a giant's lies? I could interpret; the language was known to me, the irony was after my own heart.

"It's dashed queer stuff," said William Adolphus, scratching his head. "All right in a story book, you know, but in the chamber! Do you think he's off his head?"

"I don't think so, William Adolphus," said I.

"Victoria says that it's hardly—hardly decent, you know."

"I shouldn't call it exactly indecent."

"No, not exactly indecent," he admitted. "But what the devil did he want to say it there for?"

"Ah, that I can't answer."

My brother in law looked discontented. Yet, as a rule, he resigned himself readily enough to not understanding things.

"Victoria says that Princess Heinrich requested the duchess to manage that Elsa——"

"My dear William Adolphus, the transaction sounds complicated."

"Complicated? What do you mean? Princess Heinrich requested the duchess not to let Elsa read it."

"Ah, my mother always has good reasons."

"But Elsa had read it already."

"How unfortunate wisdom always is! Did Elsa like it?"

"She told Victoria that it seemed great nonsense."

"Yes, she would think so."

"Well, it is, you know," said William Adolphus.

"Of course it is, my dear fellow," said I.

Yet I wanted to know more about it, and, observing that Varvilliers was stated to have been present in the diplomatic gallery, I sent for him to come to Artenberg and describe the speech as it actually passed. When I had sent my message I went forth in search of my fiancée. She had read the report already; my mother's measures had been taken too late. What did pretty Elsa think? She thought it was all great nonsense. Poor pretty Elsa!

My heart was hungry. Wetter had broken—as surely he had meant to break—the sleep of memory, and stirred the sense of contrast. I went to her not with love, but with some vague expectation, a sort of idea that, contrary to all likelihood, I might again have in some measure what had come to me before, springing now, indeed, not whence I would, but whence it could, yet being still itself though grown in an alien soil. The full richness of native bloom it could not win, yet it might attain some pale grace and a fragrance of its own. For these I would compound and thank the malicious wit that gave them me. But she thought it all great nonsense; nay, that was only what she had told Victoria. My mother was wise, and my mother had requested that she should not read it.

When I came to her she was uncertain and doubtful in mood. She did not refer to the speech, but a consciousness of it showed in her embarrassment and in the distrustful mirth of her eyes. She did not know how I looked upon it, nor how I would have her take it; was she to laugh or be solemn, to ridicule, or to pretend with handsome amplexness? There

were duties attached to her greatness; was it among them to swallow this? But she knew I liked to joke at some things which others found serious; might she laugh with me at this extravagance?

"Well, you've read the debate?" I asked. "They all said exactly the proper things."

"Did they? I didn't know what the proper things were."

"Oh, yes, except that mad fellow, Wetter. It's a sad thing, Elsa; if only he were a genius, he'd have a great career."

She threw a timid questioning glance at me.

"Victoria says that he talked nonsense," she remarked.

"Victoria declares that it was you who said it."

"Well, I don't know which of us said it first," she laughed. "Princess Heinrich said so, too; she said he must have been reading romances and gone mad, like *Don Quixote*."

"You've read some?"

"Oh, yes, some. Of course it's different in a story."

So had observed William Adolphus. I marked Victoria as the common origin.

"You see," said I tolerantly, "he's a man of very emotional nature. He's carried away by his feelings, and he thinks other people are like himself." And I laughed a little.

Elsa also laughed, but still doubtfully. She seemed ill at ease; I found her venturing a swift, stealthy glance at me; there was something like fear in her eyes. I was curiously reminded of Victoria's expression when she came to Krak with only a half of her exercise written and mistrusted the validity of her excuse. (Indeed, it was always a bad one.) What, then, had Wetter done for her? Had he not set up a hopeless standard of grim duty, frowning and severe? My good sister had meant to be consolatory with her "great nonsense," remembering perhaps the baron over there at Waldenweiler. Elsa was looking straight before her now, her brows puckered; I glanced down at the hand in her lap and saw that it trembled a little. Suddenly she turned and found me looking; she blushed vividly and painfully.

"My dearest little cousin," said I, taking her hand, "don't trouble your very

pretty head about such matters. Men are not all Wetters; the fellow's a poet, if only he knew it. Come, Elsa, you and I understand each other."

"You're very kind to me," she said. "And—and I'm very fond of you, Augustin."

"It's very charming of you, for there's little enough reason."

"Victoria says several people have been." She hazarded this remark with an obvious effort. I laughed at that. There was also a covert hint of surprise in her glance. Either she did not believe Victoria fully or she was wondering how the thing had come about. Alas, she was so transparent! I found myself caught by a momentary wish that I had chosen (as if I could choose, though!) a woman of the world, whose accomplished skill should baffle all my scrutiny, and leave me still the consolations of uncertainty; it is probable that such a one would have extorted from me a belief in her love for five minutes every day. Not for an instant could that delusion live with Elsa's openness. Yet perhaps she would learn the trick, and I watch her mastery of it in the growth. But at least she should not learn it on my requisition.

Elsa sat silent, but presently a slight meditative smile came on her lips and made a little dimple in her chin. Her thoughts were pleasant, then, no more of that grim, impossible duty. Had Wetter's wand conjured any other idea into her mind? Had his picture another side for her imagination? It seemed possible enough; it may well have seemed possible to Princess Heinrich when she requested that Elsa should not read the speech. Princess Heinrich may have preferred that such notions should not be suggested at all under the circumstances of the case. There was always a meaning in what Princess Heinrich did.

"What are you thinking of, Elsa?"

"Nothing," she answered with a little start. "Is he a young man?"

"You mean Wetter?"

"Yes."

"Oh, a few years over thirty. But he's made the most of his time in the world. The most, not the best, I mean, you know."

Her thoughts had been on Wetter and Wetter's words. Since she had smiled, I concluded that my guess was not far out.

Elsa turned to me with a blush and the coquettish air that now and then sat so prettily on her innocence.

"I should think he might have made love rather well," she said.

"I shouldn't wonder in the least," said I. "But he might be a little tempestuous."

"Yes," Elsa acquiesced; "and that wouldn't be nice, would it?"

"Not at all nice," said I, and laughed. Elsa joined in my laugh, but doubtfully and reluctantly, as though she had but a dim glimmer of the reason for it. Then she turned to me with a sudden radiant smile.

"Fancy!" said she. "Mother says I must have forty frocks."

"My dear," said I, "have four hundred."

"But isn't it a lot?"

"I suppose it is," I remarked. "But have anything you ought to have. You like the frocks, Elsa?"

She gave that little emphatic double nod of hers.

We talked no more of the frocks then, but during the few days which followed Elsa's perusal of Wetter's speech there was infinite talk of frocks and all the rest of the furnishings and appurtenances of Elsa's new rank. The impulse which moved women as different as my mother, the duchess, and Victoria to a common course of conduct was doubtless based on a universal woman's instinct. All the three seemed to set themselves to dazzle the girl with the glories and pomp that awaited her; at the same time William Adolphus became pressing in his claims on my company. Now, Victoria never really supposed that I desired to spend my leisure with William Adolphus; she set him in motion when she had reason to believe that I had better not spend it with some other person. So it had been in the days of the countess and in Coralie's epoch; so it was now. The idea was obvious; just at present it was better for Elsa to think of her glories than to be too much with me; she was to be led to the place of sacrifice with a bandage over her eyes, a bandage that obscured the contrasted visions of Wetter's imagination and of my actual self.

I saw their plan and appreciated it, but seeing did not forbid yielding. I was not hoodwinked, but neither was I stirred to

resistance. It seemed to me then that kindness lay in not obtruding myself upon her, in being as little with her as courtesy and appearances allowed, in asking the smallest possible share of her thoughts and making the least possible claim on her life. They asked me to efface myself, to court oblivion, to hide behind the wardrobe.

It was all done with a soothing air, as though it were a temporary necessity; as though, with a little patience, the mood would pass, almost as though Elsa had some little ailment which would disappear in a few days; while it lasted, men were best out of the way and would show delicacy in asking no questions. The way in which women act, move, and speak when they desire to create that impression is clear and unmistakable; a wise man goes about his business or retires to his smoking room, his papers, and his books.

The treatment seemed to answer well, and its severity was gradually relaxed. William Adolphus—sighing relief, I doubt not, for I was well nigh as tedious to him as he to me—went off to his horses; I was again encouraged to be more with Elsa, under a caution to say nothing that could excite her. She met me with a quiet, gay contentment, seemed pleased to be with me, and was profuse and sincere in thanks for my kindness. Sometimes now she talked of our life after we were married, when Princess Heinrich would be gone and we alone together. She was occupied with innocent wonderings how we should get on, and professed an anxiety lest she should fail in keeping me amused. Then she would take refuge in reminding herself of her many and responsible duties; she would have nearly as much to do as I had, she said, and was not her work really almost as important as mine?

"Princess Heinrich says that the social influence I shall wield is just as important to the welfare of the country," she would say, with that grave, inquiring look in her pretty blue eyes.

"All the fashionable folk in Forstadt will think it much more important," said I, laughing—"especially the young men, Elsa."

"As if I should care about that!" she cried scornfully.

Now and then, at intervals, while I

talked to her, the idea of doing what my mother had meant by exciting her came into my head, the idea of satisfying her unconscious longings and of fulfilling for her the dream which had taken shape under the wand of that magician Wetter. I believed then that I could have succeeded in the task; there may be vanity in that opinion, but neither lapse of time nor later experience has brought me to renounce it. Why, then, did I yield to the woman's prescription and renounce the idea of gaining and chaining her love and her fancy for myself?

Nothing in her gives the answer to that question; it must be sought in my mind and my temper. I believed and I believe that if I could have stirred myself, I could have stirred her. The claim is not great; Wetter had done half the work for me, and nature was doing the better part of the rest. I should have started with such an advantage that the battle must have been mine. This is not merely perceived in retrospect, it was tolerably clear to me even at the time. But the impulse in me was wanting. I could have won, but I did not truly desire to win; I could have given what she asked, but my own heart was a niggard.

It was from me, more than from her, that the restraint came; it was with me to move and I could not stir. She was lovable, but I did not love her; she had love to give, but I could not ask for it. To marry her was my duty, to seem to desire the marriage my rôle. There obligation stopped; inclination refused to carry on the work. I had driven the bargain with fate; I would pay the debt to the last farthing; but I could not open my purse again for a gratuity or a bounty.

This feeling did not at that time make me unhappy. I acquiesced with fair contentment in it and in the relations which it produced between Elsa and myself. There was a tacit agreement among all of us that a calm and cousinly affection was the best thing and fully adequate to the needs of the situation. The advice of the women chimed in with my own mood. To have made love to her would have seemed to them a dangerous indiscretion, to me a rather odious taking advantage of one who was not a free agent, and a rather humiliating bit of

pretense besides. We had all made up our minds that matters had better be left considerably below boiling point.

While things stood thus I received a letter from Varvilliers (who was at Forstadt), accepting my invitation to Artenberg. His acceptance signified, he went on:

Of course all the town is full of you and your fiancée—her portrait is everywhere, your name and hers in every mouth. There is another coupled with them, surely in a strange conjunction! When they speak of you and the princess they speak of Wetter also! It is recalled that you and he were friends and associates, companions in amusement and sport (especially, of course, in pistol practice!). Hence springs a theory that the fellow's odd rhapsody (mad and splendid!) was directly inspired by yourself, that you chose him as your medium, desiring to add to the formal expressions usual on such occasions an unofficial declaration of your private feelings. So you are hailed as a model and most romantic lover, and every tea table resounds with your praises.

Early indiscretions (forgive a pen itself indiscreet) are forgotten, and you are booked for the part of the pattern husband, an example of the beauty (and the duty) of marriages of inclination in high places. Believe me, your popularity is doubled. And the strange fellow himself, having money in his pocket and that voice of his in magnificent order, is to be seen everywhere, smiling mysteriously and observing a most significant reticence when he is pressed to say that he spoke at your request and to your pattern. But for your majesty's own letters I should not have ventured to be a dissenter from the received opinion; if you bid me, at any moment I will gladly renounce my heresy and embrace the orthodox faith. Meanwhile I am wondering what imp holds sway in Wetter's brain, and I am laughing a little at this new example of the eternal antagonism between what is the truth and what is thought to be the truth. If mankind ever stumbled on absolute naked verity, what the devil would they make of it?

By the way, I hear that Coralie is to make her début in Paris in a week or two. She being now reputedly impresario'd, the Sempachs have shown her much civility. I told Wetter this when I last ran against him at the club. He raised his brows, twisted his lips, scratched his chin, looked full in my face, and said with a smile, "My dear vicomte, Mme. Manson is passionately attached to her husband. They are ideal lovers." Your majesty shall interpret, if it be your pleasure. I leave the matter alone.

This fellow Wetter was very impertinent with his speeches and his parallels! But, good heavens, he had eyes to see. Mme. Manson and her impresario were ideal lovers! Surely the world was grown young again! Elsa also made her début in a few weeks; I was her impresario. And she was passionately attached to her impresario. I lay back in my chair, laughing and wishing with all my heart

that I could have a few minutes' talk with Wetter.

XXI.

THE economy of belief which wisdom practises forbids us to embrace fanciful theories where commonly observed facts will serve our turn. They talk now about strange communications of mind to mind, my thought speaking to yours a thousand miles away. Perhaps; or perhaps there is a new fashion in ghost stories. In any case there was no need of these speculations to account for Wetter being near me at the very time when I was longing for his presence. From the moment I read his speech I knew that he was thinking of me, that my doings were stuff for his meditations, that his mind entered into mine, read its secrets, and was audience to all its scenes. Is not the desire to meet, at least to see, the natural sequence of such an interest and such a preoccupation?

Given the wish, what was simpler than its gratification? He need ask no leave from me, and need run no risk of my rebuff or of Princess Heinrich's stiffness. He knew all the world of Forstadt; from favor or fear every door opened when he knocked at it. He knew among the rest Victoria's baron over at Waldenweiter. From no place could he better observe the king; nowhere else was it so easy for a man to meet the king. He came to Waldenweiter; I jumped to the conclusion that to be near me was his only object. By a stableman's chance remark, overheard as I was looking at my horses, I learned of his presence on the morning of the day when Varvilliers was to arrive at Artenberg. We were coming together again, we three who had met last for pistol practice in the Garden Pavilion.

About two o'clock I went out alone and got into my canoe. It was a beautiful day; no excuse was needed for a lounge in the water. I paddled up and down leisurely, wondering how soon the decoy would bring my bird. A quarter of an hour served the turn; I saw him saunter down to the water's edge. He perceived me, lifted his soft hat, and bowed. I shot across the space between, and brought the canoe up to the edge of the level lawn that bordered on the river.

"Why, what brings you here?" I cried.

His lips curved in a smile, as he replaced his hat in obedience to a sign from me.

"A passion for the baroness, sire," said he.

"Ah, that's only a virtuous pretense," I laughed. "You've a less creditable motive?"

"Why, possibly; but who tells his less creditable motives?"

I looked at him curiously and attentively. He had grown older, the hair by his ears was gray, and life had plowed furrows on his face.

"Well," said I, "a man might do even that who talks romance to the chamber."

He gave a short laugh as he lit his cigarette.

"Your majesty has done me the honor of reading what I said?"

"I am told that I suggested it. So runs the gossip in town, doesn't it?"

"And your opinion on it?"

"I think I won't expose myself to your fire again," said I. "It was careless last time, it would be downright folly now."

"Then, we are to say no more about it?" he asked gravely.

"Not a word. Tell me, how came you to know that Coralie loves her impresario? You told Varvilliers so."

His lips twitched for a moment, but he answered, smiling:

"Because she has married him."

"I heard something of ambition in the case, of her career demanding the sacrifice."

"A slander, sire, depend on it. It is said in envy of her good fortune."

"Come, come, you love the baroness so much that you must have all the world in love."

"Indeed, I can think of nobody more in love than I am with the baroness."

"Think of me, Wetter."

"As though your majesty could ever be absent from my thoughts!" said he with a bow, a wave of his cigarette, and a smile.

I laughed outright in sheer enjoyment of his sword play.

"And since we parted, where have you been?" I asked.

"I have walked through hell, in such company as the place afforded," he answered with a shrug that spoke ill for hell's resources.

"And you've come out the other side?"

"Is there another side?"

"Then, you're still there?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. It's so like other places—except that I picked up money there."

"I heard that."

"My resurrection made it obvious."

A silence fell on both of us; then our eyes met and he smiled kindly.

"I knew you meant the speech for me," I said.

"I was not entitled to congratulate you officially."

"You have raised a mountain of misconception about me in Forstadt," I complained.

"A mountain top is a suitable regal seat, and perhaps the only safe one."

"Won't you speak plainly to me?"

"Yes, if it's your pleasure."

"I have least of it of any pleasure in the world."

"Well, then, the Countess von Sempach grows no younger."

"No?"

"And Coralie Manson has married her impresario."

"I know it."

"And my hair is gray and your eyes are open."

We both laughed and fell again to smoking in silence. At last I spoke.

"Her hair is golden and her eyes are shut," said I. "Why did you try to open them?"

"Wasn't it to look on a fine sight?"

"But you knew that the sight was not there."

"She looked?"

"For an instant. Then they turned her head the other way."

"It was pure devilry in me. You should have seen the chamber. Good God! Bederhof, now!"

His eyes twinkled merrily, and my laugh answered their mirth.

"One can always laugh," said I with a shrug.

"It was invented for the world before the fall, and they forgot to take it away afterwards," he said. "But you? You take things seriously?"

"What have I to do? Yes."

"But what you have to feel?"

"In truth, I am not even there a consistent laugher."

"Nor I. Or we should not talk so

much about it. Look at Varvilliers. Does he laugh on a theory?"

"He is coming to Artenberg today. There, at least, he'll laugh without any effort. Are you staying here long?"

"No, sire. One scene of despair and I depart."

"I should like to see you oftener."

"Why not? You are finally, and I for the time, respectable. Why not, while my money lasts?"

"I have money of yours."

"You have more than money of mine."

He looked me in the face and held out his hand. I grasped it firmly.

"Are you making a fool of this baroness?" I asked.

"Don't be afraid. She's making one of me. She is very happy and content. I am born to make women happy."

I laughed again. He was whimsically resigned to his temperament, but the mischief had not touched his brain. Then the baroness's hold on him was not like Coralie Manson's: he would fight no duel for her. He would only make a fool of the greatest man in Forstadt; that feat was always so easy to him.

"Well," he said, "I must return to my misery."

"And I to my happiness," said I. "But you will come to Artenberg?"

"It is Princess Heinrich's house," he objected with a smile.

"For the time, yes. Then come to me at Forstadt."

"Yes; unless I have disappeared again."

He put his hand on the bows of my canoe and thrust me out into the stream. Then he stood baring his head and crumpling up the soft hat in his fist. I noticed now that his hair was gray all over his head. He resumed his hat, put his hands in his pockets, and stood without moving, till I turned my back to him. Having reached the opposite bank, I looked round. He was there still; I waved my hand to him, he returned the signal. Then we both began to climb the hill, I to Artenberg, he to Waldenweiler; he to his misery, I to my happiness. And—which is better? Who knows? At any rate, the baroness was pleased.

I mounted through the woods slowly, although I had been detained longer than I expected, and was already too late to greet Varvilliers on his arrival. As I

came near the terrace, I heard the ring of merry voices. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were all there, making a brave and gay group; in the center I saw my family and Elsa. Varvilliers himself was standing by Princess Heinrich's side, talking fast and with great animation; bursts of glad laughter marked his points. There was not a hint of care nor a touch of bitterness; here was no laughing on a theory, as Wetter called it, but a simple enjoyment, a whole hearted acceptance of the world's good hours. Were they not nearer truth? Were they not at least nearer wisdom?

A reaction came on me; in a sudden moment a new resolve entered my head; again Varvilliers roused the impulse that he had power to raise in me. I would make trial of this mode of living and test this color of mind. I had been thinking about life when I might have been exulting in it. I ran forward to the group, and, as they parted to let me through, I came quickly to Varvilliers with outstretched hands. He seemed to me a good genius. Even my mother looked smiling and happy; the faces of the rest were alight with gaiety; Victoria was in the full tide of a happy laugh and did not interrupt it on account of my arrival; Elsa's lips were parted in a smile that was eager and wondering; her eyes sparkled, she clasped her hands and nodded to me in a delicious, surprised merriment.

I caught Varvilliers by the arm and made him sit by me; a cry arose that he should repeat the last story for the king's benefit. He complied at once, and launched on some charming absurdity. Renewed applause greeted the story's point; a rivalry arose who should cap it with a better. The contact of brains struck sparks; every man was wittier than his wont, every woman more radiant. What the plague had I and Wetter been grumbling and snarling at down there on the river?

The impulse lasted the evening out; after dinner we fell to dancing in the long room that faced the gardens. My mother and the duchess retired early, but the rest of us set the hours at defiance and revelled far on into the night. It was as though a new spirit had come to Artenberg; the very servants wore broad grins as they hustled about, seeming to declare

that here at last was something like what a youthful king's court should be. William Adolphus was boisterous, Victoria forgot that she was learned and a patroness of the arts, Elsa threw herself into the fun with the zest and abandonment of a child. I vied with Varvilliers himself, seeking to wrest from him the title of master of the revels. He could not stand against me. A madman may be stronger than the finest athlete. No native temper could vie with my foreign mood.

Suddenly I knew that I could do tonight what I had vainly tried to do; that tonight, for tonight at least, I felt something of what I had desired to feel. The blood ran free in my veins; if I did not love her, yet I loved love, and for love's sake would love Elsa. If tonight the barrier between us could be broken down, it need never rise again; the vision, so impossible a few hours before, seemed now a faint reflection of what must soon be reality. I looked round for her, but I could not see her. I started to walk across the room, threading my way through the merry company, who danced no longer, but stood about in groups, bandying chaff and compliments. Engrossed with one another, they hardly remembered to give me passage. Presently I came on William Adolphus, making himself very agreeable to one of his wife's ladies.

"Have you seen Elsa?" I asked him.

"What, you've remembered your duty at last, have you?" he cried with a burst of laughter.

"No. I believe I've forgotten it at last," I answered. "Where is she?"

"I saw her with Varvilliers on the steps outside the window."

I turned in the direction which he indicated and stepped out through the open window. Day was dawning; I could make out the gray shape of Waldenweiter. Was the scene of despair played there yet? I gave but a passing thought to old Wetter, his mad doings and wry reflections. I was hot on another matter, and raising my voice, I called, "Varvilliers! Where are you, Varvilliers?"

"I am not Varvilliers, but here I am," came in answer from across the terrace.

"Wetter!" I whispered, running down the steps and over to where he stood. "What brings you here?"

"I could not sleep; I saw your lights and I rowed across. I've been here for an hour."

"You should have come in."

"No; I have been very well here, in the fringe of the trees."

"You've had your scene?"

"No; he would not sleep after dinner. Early tomorrow. And then I go. Enough of that. I have seen your princess."

"You have? Wetter, I am in love with her. Tell me where she went. She has suddenly become all that I want. I have

suddenly become all that I ought to be. Tell me where she is, Wetter!"

"It is not your princess; it is the dance, the wine, the night."

"By God, I don't care what it is!"

"Well, then, she is with Varvilliers, at the end of the terrace, I imagine; for they passed by here as I lay in my hole watching."

"But he would have heard my cry."

"It depends upon what other sounds were in his ears. They seemed very happy together."

(To be continued.)



WOMAN AND VIOLIN.

ORGANISMS alike are ye,
As the wind and whispering tree;
Delicate, divinely fit,
Each to each so subtly knit.

See the face that bendeth down
On Cremona old and brown,
Luminous with love, and white
With the pang of its delight!
See the fingers white as wings
Beating up and down the strings!
How her delicate clear chin
Tapers to the violin,
Broods it, like a baby's face,
In such soft and warm embrace!
Raptured is the soul unpent,
Raptured is the instrument.
Both with throbbing life dilate,
Both upon God's purpose wait.

Woman, harking with bowed head
To thy soul interpreted,
Like some sea plant tall and bright,
Swayed by currents of delight,
Thou hast found thy typical twin
In the mystic violin!
Thine that wizard bow, and thine
Stradivarius' work divine,
Ripe as old Falernian wine!
Thine that witch's web of strings—
Where art, willing captive, clings—
All are thine, to have and hold
For uses sweet and manifold.

James Buckham.

SUMMER HOMES ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

BY JOHN W. HARRINGTON.

THE PICTURESQUE RIVERSIDE REGION INTO WHICH WEALTH HAS CALLED THE BUILDER AND THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER—THE PLEASURES AND THE COST OF MAINTAINING A WELL EQUIPPED COUNTRY HOUSE.



THE American metropolis has been pictured as a dreary place, where even the rich live in caves cut into the faces of the cañons named streets and lighted by glazed apertures called windows. But New York's pillars of Hercules, happily, do not

stand on the banks of the Harlem. The boundaries of the city are really set far beyond Poughkeepsie, so many of the modern Knickerbockers have country seats on the heights on either side of the Hudson River. A trip along the stream which the Dutch navigator discovered is like a journey through a garden of the gods.

When you have driven through this region, you will not wonder when you return to the city to see miles of green hol-

lands closed down over the windows of Fifth Avenue and the adjacent residential quarter. The Hudson helps to keep youth and vitality in the veins of old New York. The Knickerbockers of the present day hasten away earlier every year from their stone palaces without even a pocket handkerchief of a lawn in front, to the regions of verdant fields, cool streams, and waving forests.

Beautiful country seats stretch in almost an unbroken line from Yonkers to Hyde Park, and beyond. The little railroad stations, the names of which appear on the time table, are really so many porters' lodges. Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown, and the rest, are in summer time points of assembly for the carriages, surreys, traps, and dog carts which are driven from the heights every morning and evening. The trains are filled at this season of the year, and they will be until the late fall, with Gothamites and their guests, who are hurrying away from the



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF GENERAL SCHUYLER HAMILTON, ON A BYWAY NEAR THE ARDSLEY LINKS.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.



ROCKWOOD HALL, NEAR TARRYTOWN, THE COUNTRY HOME UPON WHICH MR. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER IS SAID TO HAVE SPENT THREE MILLION DOLLARS.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

City of Awful Din to the Land of Delectable Summer. Every Saturday afternoon there goes up from Manhattan Island a throng of commuters so happy that they even forget to play whist. Their minds are intent, as are their eyes, upon the beautiful Hudson along which they are being rapidly carried.

The gospel of out of doors is preached more and more every year. Let the

student of social economics talk as he will about the deplorable fact that the young men of the farms are hurrying towards the congested cities; the love for the life under the greenwood tree is growing stronger here in New York. The Knickerbockers go away in the early spring, and often linger in the country until the trees take on the autumnal tints of red and yellow. The city men are spending more of their time in the open air. The love for country life is growing, and New York is becoming more of



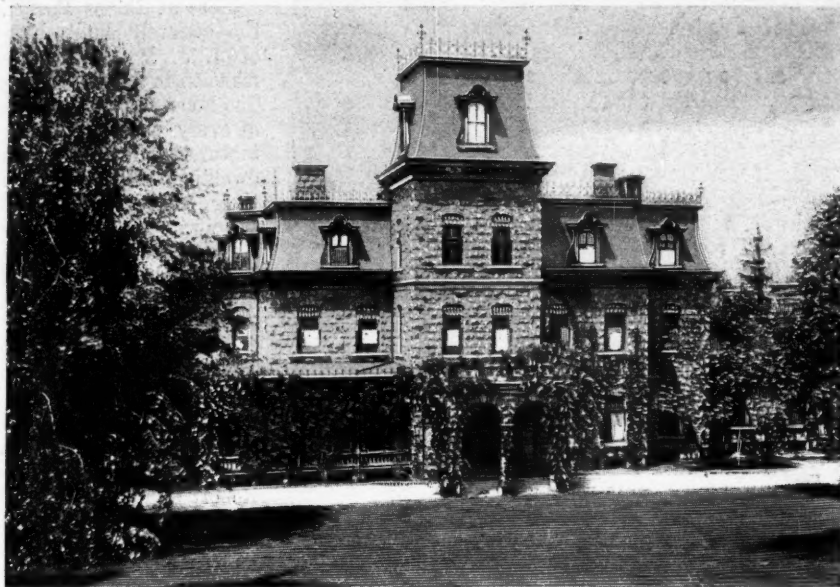
MR. HENRY VILLARD'S HANDSOME AND COMFORTABLE SUMMER RESIDENCE NEAR DOBBS FERRY.

a workshop, and the surrounding country is gaining favor as a place of residence.

The banks of the historic Hudson claim the New Yorker first of all. Many of the estates along the stream are ancestral. The old Knickerbockers loved this land which the captain of the Half Moon saw and pronounced very good. The patroons had country homes along the Hudson centuries ago, and the settlements still ring with the names of Livingston, De Peyster,

inal sons of the glebe have been driven steadily back from the banks of the Hudson. The farm house has given place to the modern castle, and the dingy barn to the breeding stable of the gentleman farmer.

It is in midsummer that the New Yorker who affects the Hudson thinks only of his place on the river. He hurries to the earliest possible train in the afternoon, and gladly plunges through



THE SUMMER HOME OF THE LATE DAVID DOWS, AT IRVINGTON ON HUDSON.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

and Roosevelt. There was a period when the seashore and the Sound held a greater charm for New Yorkers, but of recent years the popularity of the Hudson River country has been steadily growing.

Estates which were falling into decay have been purchased by citizens of Manhattan. The landscape gardener, under the supervision of the new owner, has brought out the old lines anew, and has laid out roads and graded the lawns on other levels. With the assistance of city architects, additions have been placed upon country houses, and the electrician, the plumber, and a host of other artisans have made the old dwellings homes of luxury. Acres of farming land have been transferred to city owners, and the orig-

the roaring, soot filled tunnel. The thoughts of a drive along smooth roads, of a game of golf, of a walk over the springy turf, make him feel at peace with all mankind. The city, with its dust and smoke and the ever present rattle and bang of street cars and trucks, is all forgotten. The New Yorker hastening up the Hudson sees only the little station of rough hewn stone where "she" has come to greet him and to drive him home behind a team of bays.

He who has a country seat along the Hudson may wield the putter on his own golf links, drive on his own roads, hunt in his own preserves, and go aboard his yacht from his own pier. His table is supplied from the richness of his own



A GLIMPSE OF THE HUDSON, AND OF THE CLIFFS OF THE PALISADES
BEYOND, FROM THE ESTATE OF JOHN D. FLOWER,
NEAR DOBBS FERRY.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

land. He is surrounded by a small army of retainers, to whom his every wish is law. Except for the drawbridge and the dungeon keep, his house is as much of a castle as any pile of stone erected by feudal barons on the crags above the river Rhine.

It is not until Yonkers is reached that the beauty of the Hudson River country is revealed. On the heights near this suburb stands old Greystone, celebrated as the home of Samuel J. Tilden. At Riverdale you may get a glimpse of the picturesque gateway which marks the entrance of the estate of Giovanni P. Morosini, who, in his country residence, has gathered what is probably the largest collection of arms and armor in the United States.

Leaving the train at Dobbs Ferry we find ourselves in the very heart of the region which New Yorkers have taken for their own. All the towns in this

neighborhood are alike as far as first impressions are concerned. A row of dingy little stores faces the railroad station like a line of grim and ugly sentinels at the gates of an Aladdin's garden. A drive of a few minutes brings us to the realm of waving woods, of sunlit fields, and of winding, shaded roadways.

Here at Dobbs Ferry is the squarely built house of J. J. McComb, a city mansion in a rural setting. The houses up this way are of every variety of architecture, and many of the dwellings still reflect in their style the ideals of the city. The house of Mr. McComb is surrounded by lawns and flower beds in brilliant colors.

On the heights a mile beyond is the residence of Amzi L. Barber, a perfect example of the architecture named after good Queen Anne. Yonder is the solid gray stone dwelling where Robert G. Ingersoll spends his summers. Where two square columns stand like

Termes at the entrance of a grove of Daphne is the beginning of the estate of Henry Villard. The road is marked by tall posts of wrought iron supporting incandescent globes by which the way to the house is illuminated at night. The home of Mr. Villard is a long, rambling structure with projecting wings. It suggests comfort and happy ease. A few hundred yards away, on a bend in the river, stands a rustic summerhouse which commands a view of the Hudson for miles. Here the owner could sit all day, if he would, and watch the ever changing surface of the river which flows in splendor between wooded headlands and the gray Palisades.

Further down is the home of John D. Flower, a brother of the late Roswell P. Flower. It was from a summerhouse on the Flower estate that the photographer was enabled to get a view of the river and the Palisades, partly obscured by the overhanging foliage.



THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN D. ARCHBOLD, NEAR TARRYTOWN—"A HOUSE OF LONG PIAZZAS AND COOLING SHADE."

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

The road leads towards Ardsley. A turn to the left brings us to the grounds of General Sam Thomas, where a square, comfortable house looks forth from a high plateau. Another byway descends to the old home of General Schuyler Hamilton, and then we emerge at the Ardsley Casino, surrounded by golf links and encircled by smooth roads.

And here is Irvington, a favorite resort of New Yorkers for these many generations. There is the house where David Dows lived for many years, and yonder the handsome residence of Charles L.

Tiffany. Men famous in the history of this country have made their home in this neighborhood. The house of Cyrus Field is still occupied. There stands the old home of the Mairs family. Beyond Barney Park Dr. Warner has built a modern castle of red stone.

We are in old Broadway, the old post road overarched by giant trees. Traps and smart road carts roll along where once was heard the rumble of stages and the shrill blast of the postilion's horn. We halt before Sunnyside, world famous as the home of the genial soul who gave

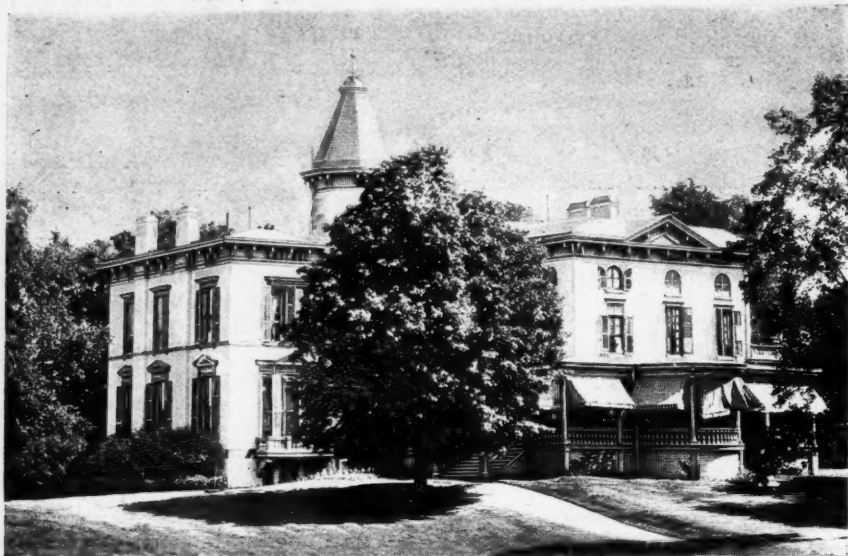
the name of Knickerbocker to the men whose descendants have come up from the city to possess this land. We have passed the home of Edwin Gould and of other New Yorkers whose names are well known in the history of finance and commerce. Now we are approaching Tarrytown, the place linked in the minds of all American school boys with the capture and the untimely death of the young British officer whose body lies in Westminster Abbey.



THE SOLID GRAY STONE DWELLING IN WHICH COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL SPENDS HIS SUMMERS, NEAR DOBBS FERRY.

Lyndhurst, the house of Miss Helen Gould, stands between Tarrytown and Irvington. It is a gray stone building resembling a Scottish castle. It is surrounded by stately linden trees, from which it derives its name. Miss Gould purchased the place from the Gould heirs several years ago, and has since made it her home practically all the year. Lyndhurst was designed by the late Jay

are raised. In the Spanish-American war many invalid soldiers were brought to the Tarrytown hospital at the expense of Miss Gould. Every morning a wagon from Lyndhurst was driven to the hospital with a load of butter, eggs, milk, and fruits from the farm. Woody Crest, a summer home for children conducted under the supervision of Miss Gould, stands near Lyndhurst's gates. The waifs



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S HUDSON RIVER RESIDENCE, FERNCLIFF, NEAR RHINEBECK.

From a photograph by Burger, Poughkeepsie.

Gould to be the most magnificent country seat in the United States.

A drive through this estate is like a journey through the forest of Arden. On either side of the road are beds of brilliantly hued flowers gathered from every clime. The greenhouses of Lyndhurst are widely celebrated. There are seven of them, all connected by a large central dome. Each house is devoted to the culture of a particular class of plants. The dome is filled with palms; another house is given over to the raising of orchids, and another has beneath its glass roof nearly every known variety of ferns. Next to the river is the garden proper, consisting of stretches of green lawn diversified by winding walks, flower beds, groups of trees, and flowering shrubs. Divided by the highway, is the farm part of the estate, where fruits and vegetables

from the city may wander over this lovely estate at will.

Miss Gould makes her house the headquarters of her varied philanthropic labors. She and her secretary are busy several hours a day in arranging the affairs of the numerous charities in which she is interested. Lyndhurst is the home of a modern Lady Bountiful.

"Majestically plain and substantially good" some one has described Rockwood Hall, the Tarrytown home of William Rockefeller. It is situated north of Tarrytown in the midst of a tract of one thousand acres of fertile land. The splendid house stands on the site of the mansion of General Aspinwall, which was torn down to build lodges for the keepers. Rockwood Hall is constructed of stone taken from the Hastings quarries, not far away. It is as solid as a fortress, and



THE DURKEE HOUSE, NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE—"OVERLOOKING THE RIVER AND ENCOMPASSED BY VENERABLE TREES."

yet its squareness of outline is relieved here and there by softer lines and by its sloping roof of red tiles. The building and the land cost Mr. Rockefeller two million dollars, and the furnishings are said to represent an expenditure of a million more. Much of the estate is a

forest preserve, teeming with game. Here are squirrels and wood pigeons by the thousand. Hidden among the trees is a lake two acres in extent, stocked with trout. Down on the river bank is a handsome boat house.

John D. Rockefeller has a villa at Po-



MR. A. C. FIELDS' RESIDENCE, ON CLINTON AVENUE, DOBBS FERRY—A TYPICAL MODERN COTTAGE OF THE HUDSON RIVER REGION.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

cantico Hills, two miles distant, and his Hudson River estate is almost as extensive as that of his brother. The house

its white pillars gleaming against a background of forest. The soul of an artist would take delight at the sight of the



SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON IRVING'S OLD HOUSE AT IRVINGTON—"WORLD FAMOUS AS THE HOME OF THE GENIAL SOUL WHO GAVE THE NAME OF KNICKERBOCKER TO THE MEN WHOSE DESCENDANTS HAVE COME UP FROM THE CITY TO POSSESS THIS LAND."

stands on a steep hill, and on the ridge above is a tall observation tower from which may be seen miles of forests and farms. Not far from Tarrytown is the home of John D. Archbold, a house of long piazzas and cooling shade.

Going five miles further north we reach

Pompeian gardens within a short distance of the dwelling. Here stand groups of classic columns around which are arranged beds of flowers in dazzling colors.

Brayton Ives, the banker, has recently purchased the old Moore mansion, a mile from Sing Sing, and is remodeling it. The



THE HANDSOME, OLD FASHIONED COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. EDWIN GOULD, AT IRVINGTON.

the country home of Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, near Scarborough. The house, a mansion in the Colonial style, stands on level ground, on the crest of a hill, with

property was once the home of Dr. Clement Moore, author of "The Night Before Christmas." The Moore family were a race of amateur horticulturists and



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. J. J. MCCOMB, ONE OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS PLACES AT DOBBS FERRY—"A CITY MANSION IN A RURAL SETTING."

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

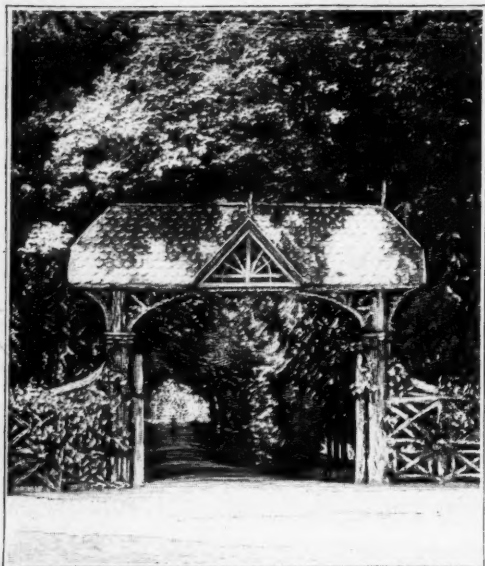
botanists, and on the estate are plants and trees from every clime under the sun.

Perched on the hills about Garrisons, New York, are summer homes reached by winding roads, the construction of which was a herculean task. Across the river,

near Newburgh and West Point, are scores of handsome villas. John Burroughs, the naturalist of the Hudson, has a handsome residence on the river and a den in the woods near West Park. Returning to the east side of the river, we are in a land of flocks and herds. The New Yorker be-



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLARD PLACE, NEAR DOBBS FERRY—"A RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE WHICH COMMANDS A VIEW OF THE HUDSON FOR MILES."



A RUSTIC GATE AT THE ENTRANCE TO MR. CHARLES L. TIFFANY'S GROUNDS, AT IRVINGTON.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

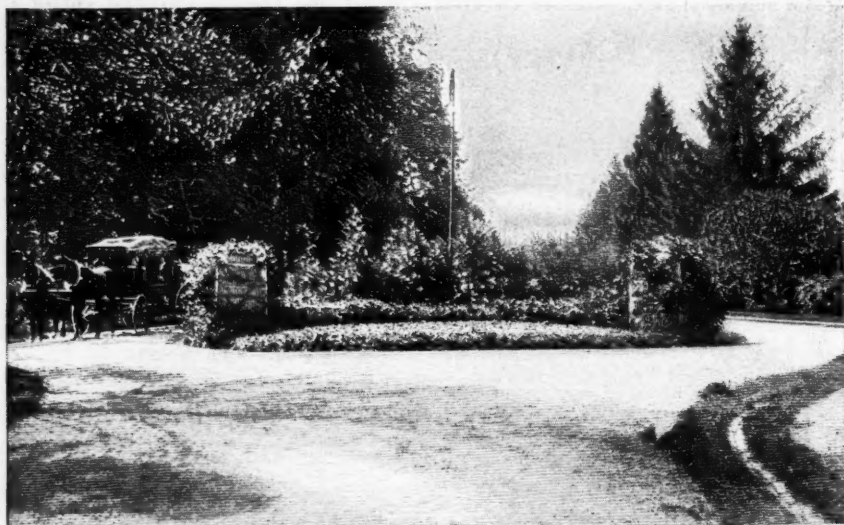
comes a real farmer up Dutchess County way. The banks of the river are the boundaries of fertile estates assembled about imposing country mansions.

Fair Ellerslie, the home of former Governor Levi P. Morton, is situated at

Rhinecliff, fifteen miles from Poughkeepsie and two miles back from the Hudson River. Here are one thousand acres of pasture, forest, and closely sheared lawn. At one time Mr. Morton devoted much attention to the raising of cattle. The greenhouses and the gardens of Ellerslie are among the show places of the neighborhood. Mr. Morton and his family are extremely fond of country life, and it is to Ellerslie that they go each year to spend the spring and summer.

When John Jacob Astor came back from the war a colonel, he went as soon as possible to his country home, Ferncliff, near Rhinebeck. Here his faithful retainers came forth to greet him and caused the bells to ring with the music of their own brass band. Ferncliff was purchased more than forty five years ago by William Astor, the father of the present owner. It consisted originally of fifteen small farms. The estate now extends a mile and a half along the Hudson and as far back into the country. It comprises about fifteen hundred acres.

The entrance to the grounds is guarded by a porter's lodge of gray granite. A driveway twenty feet wide and overarched



DRIVEWAY AND GATE POSTS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLARD PLACE, NEAR DOBBS FERRY.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

by elms leads to the house. Set in niches in the foliage and shrubbery along this avenue are classic statues which stand out vividly from the living green. In front of the house is a great flower bed.

The comfortable country home of the Astors stands on a plateau, and from its windows may be obtained a view of Rondout Creek and of the distant Shawangunk Mountains. The dwelling is built in the

vators of rare flowers, and as patrons of everything which pertains to turf, field, and farm. In the summer time and in the autumn there are fairs and flower shows at which the New Yorkers are recognized as judges and as experts. Who does not remember the glories of the old Dinsmore estate, the owner of which was known as a horticulturist? His name lives in the Dinsmore rose, and



THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF DR. WARNER'S RESIDENCE, ONE OF THE FINEST PLACES AT IRVINGTON.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.

Italian style. The entrance is a great vestibule sixty feet in length. The hallway is decorated with Persian rugs and hangings, with deer heads and other spoils of the chase, and with oil paintings of famous race horses which Mr. Astor has owned. You could easily imagine yourself in the home of a fox hunting English country gentleman.

Dutchess County and all the region around Poughkeepsie is preëminently the place of country seats. On every road leading from the placid Hudson may be seen the high stone posts which mark the entrance to lordly estates. Here many New Yorkers live practically all the year round. It is a land where they become enthusiasts as breeders of cattle, as culti-

every man in the county who is interested in horses and cattle of fancy breeds will talk of "The Locusts," the country place of the Dinsmores.

Ogden Mills has built in this neighborhood a splendid house fashioned on classic lines. Its white and shining front can be seen for many miles. It is one of the most beautiful country houses on the continent. Then there are the substantial homes of the Durkees and the Merritts, fine old country homes overlooking the river and encompassed by venerable trees.

Frederick W. Vanderbilt has acquired a country seat at Hyde Park. An army of workmen has for several years been remodeling the old estate, laying out

roads and regrading the lawns. The house, which stands on a double terrace, has been practically rebuilt under the supervision of a well known firm of archi-

To conduct such an estate, the services of farm hands, gardeners, laborers, teamsters, stablemen, coachmen, and grooms are required. Many of the New Yorkers



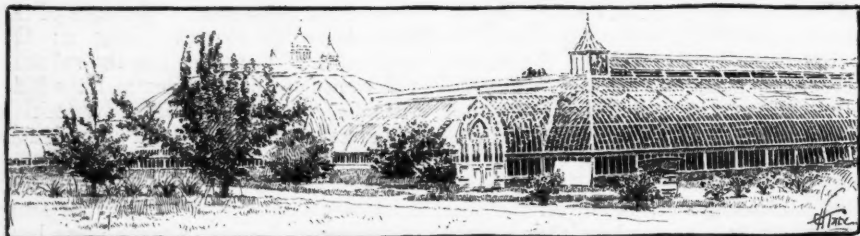
BROADWAY, THE HISTORIC HIGHWAY THAT RUNS NORTHWARD FROM NEW YORK THROUGH YONKERS, IRVINGTON, AND TARRYTOWN, PASSING MANY FINE COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

itects. The estate consists of about six hundred acres of fertile land, a large part of which is in the original forest.

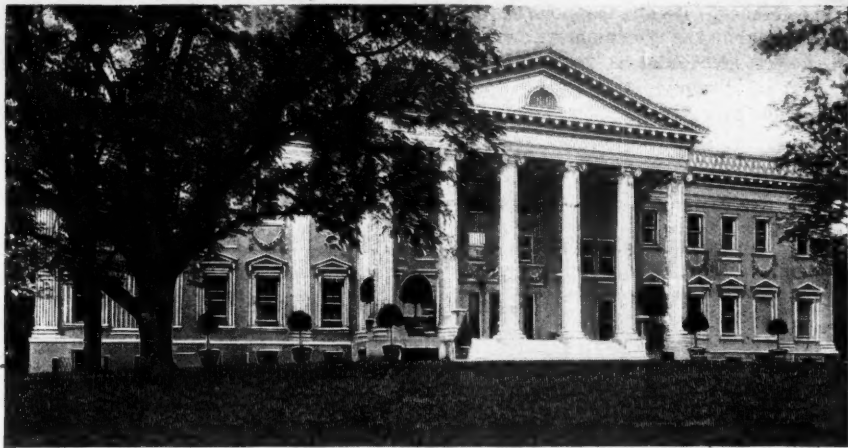
Most of the properties along the Hudson are divided into a "park side" and a "farm side." The division is generally made by a country road. A superintendent is employed who is responsible for the care of the entire establishment. The number of men employed on the average country place varies with the season and the amount of work to be done. It may be anywhere from ten to two hundred.

who have purchased country places that have been neglected for years find it necessary to build roads, establish grades, cut down dead trees, and completely change the face of the landscape.

The care of the ten or fifteen acres of lawn which form a part of most estates requires the constant attention of five or six men. On one place as many as thirty three men have been seen groping on their hands and knees upon the grass, laboriously pulling out small weeds by the roots and replacing them with a few



THE CONSERVATORIES AT LYNDBURST, FAMOUS FOR THEIR WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF RARE FLOWERS.



THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. OGDEN MILLS, NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE—"ITS WHITE AND SHINING FRONT CAN BE SEEN FOR MANY MILES."

From a photograph by Burger, Poughkeepsie.

grass seeds taken from a little bag which they carried. These lawns must be carefully mowed every day or so, and along the edges of the driveways the grass must be neatly cut with shears. To keep the verdure fresh and green the use of the hose and the automatic sprinkler is constantly required.

The construction of the driveways represents thousands of dollars. One of the first things which the New York owner does is to build a road that will not wash out. He digs down to the depth of about four feet and places a layer of stone in the trench. Upon this are placed glazed drains on either side and a smaller porous drain in the middle. Then loads of cobble stones are dumped upon the drains, and the whole is thickly covered with broken stone, which is thorough-

ly rolled. Such a road as this costs from three dollars and fifty cents to five dollars a yard. By the time a few miles of these costly pathways have been built, the New Yorker finds that it takes money to maintain a Hudson River estate.

Next to the superintendent, the most important man on a country place is the



LYNDHURST, THE "GRAY STONE BUILDING RESEMBLING A SCOTTISH CASTLE," BUILT BY THE LATE JAY GOULD, AND NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MISS HELEN GOULD.

head gardener. He directs the operations of the men in the greenhouses, lays out the flower beds, and is responsible for information replied by saying, "How high is a tree? How many persons can you put on a yacht?" The cost depends

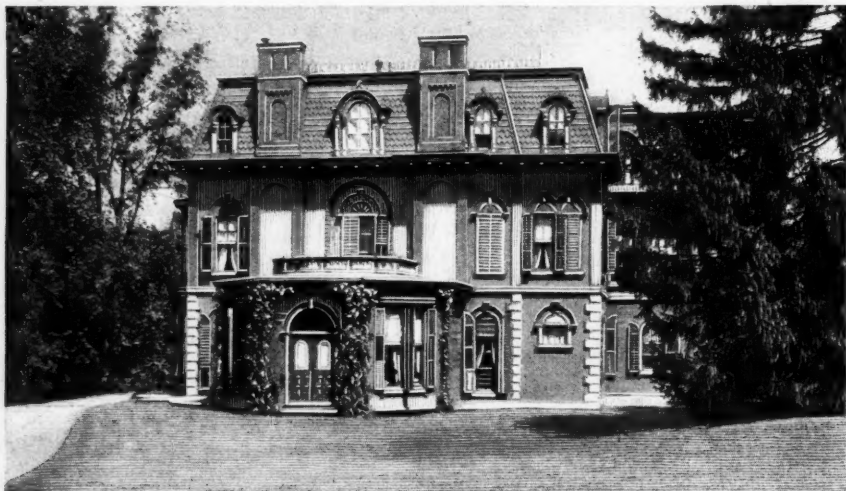


ELLERSLIE, THE COUNTRY HOME OF EX VICE PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON, NEAR RHINECLIFF—"HERE ARE ONE THOUSAND ACRES OF PASTURE, FOREST, AND CLOSELY SHEARED LAWN."

the care of the lawns. Every morning at six o'clock the superintendent calls the roll and sends the various employees to their posts of duty. It requires as much bookkeeping and management to conduct one of these country seats along the Hudson as it does to direct the affairs of a business house.

It is a very natural question, "What is the cost of conducting such a place?" That is an inquiry which it is difficult to answer. One man to whom I applied for

entirely upon the tastes of the owner. On one estate not far up the Hudson about thirty laborers are employed, whose monthly wages are thirty five dollars each. A competent superintendent may be obtained for a thousand dollars a year, and the salary of a first class gardener is six hundred dollars. You must add to this the wages of the stable force, usually ten men in all, and the household servants, who number half a score. Here are fifty or sixty retainers whose



ARDSLEY TOWERS, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF THE LATE CYRUS W. FIELD, AT IRVINGTON, NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. BELTZHOVER.

wages amount to nearly twelve thousand dollars annually. A country place, taking into consideration its extent and the tastes of its owner, may cost anywhere from ten thousand dollars to fifty thou-

honored by the electors of Rhinebeck. And like the lordly estates that are the pride of rural England, the country places of the Knickerbockers are usually opened to the public, provided the public



THE RESIDENCE OF AMZI L. BARBER, NEAR DOBBS FERRY—"A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE ARCHITECTURE NAMED AFTER GOOD QUEEN ANNE." ITS WINDOWS COMMAND A VIEW OVER A WIDE STRETCH OF PICTURESQUE COUNTRY.

sand dollars a year. We read much of the poultry, the eggs, and the milk which come to the market from the "farm sides" of some of these estates along the Hudson. In spite of these sales, the gentleman farmer generally finds that his agricultural operations are on the wrong side of the ledger. Next to maintaining a first class steam yacht the most expensive pursuit is conducting a country seat.

Most of the New Yorkers who live along the Hudson in the summer take an interest in the affairs of the community in which they dwell. They attend the churches, contribute to the fairs, and some of them even hold offices. Colonel John Jacob Astor has several times been

comes in carriages. The pedestrian and the bicyclist, as a rule, are not especially welcome visitors.

The principal amusements of the Knickerbocker at his Hudson home are golf, yachting, and driving. He takes delight in being in the open air and in drinking in the prospect of the waving forests and the ever changing river. Often he comes up from the city on his own yacht, and reaches a club station or his own pier in the twilight. He finds pleasure in driving the white rubber ball, and in raising a thirst for oatmeal water, and perhaps for Scotch whisky, as he tramps over the links. Whatever he does, this Hudson River country makes him a happier and a freer man.

THE HESPERIDES.

THE world is wondrous wide and fair
Since I have slain the dragon Care;
The rich Hesperidean fruit
At last is won, through long pursuit;
I pluck at will from boughs low bent
The golden apples of Content!

Clinton Scollard.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN MANAGER.

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY, HIS POSITION IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE, HIS UNIQUE PERSONALITY, AND HIS VIEWS OF HIS PROFESSION.

I.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE DEAD MANAGER BY
A FORMER BUSINESS ASSOCIATE.

THE sudden death of Mr. Augustin Daly has created a vacancy in the managerial field in New York which will, in all probability, never be filled. Mr. Daly was a unique character, both as a man and as a manager. His methods were peculiar to himself, and resulted generally in achieving results such as no other man could have attained. Starting his career as a manager with no backing except his own genius as an artist, he founded and established a theater which is to this country practically what the Comédie Française is to France, and he did this solely through the force of his own energy, unaided by anything else. A century produces few such men, and when they are taken away their place is seldom filled.

The great power of Augustin Daly in his chosen field of work was his own individuality. He stood by himself, outlined his own plans and carried them through to a successful issue with help from nobody. The theater which bears his name, and whose reputation is world wide, is a simple monument to his own individuality. He was a stage manager and business manager combined, and not a single detail in either line was carried into execution until it had been passed on and decided by himself. There are few men capable of that wide range of energy which to him was so easy. His abilities were of a complex character, and he was able to decide promptly upon any course of action relating to any department of his enterprises. I was engaged by him as the business manager of the original Fifth Avenue Theater, in West Twenty Fourth Street, now the Madison Square, thirty years ago, and my experience with him then was indicative of his character, as it remained to the day of his death.

In my position it was part of my duty to prepare the advertisements and deliver

them to the papers. Mr. Daly was at that time about thirty years old, and I was considerably younger. I was ambitious, and one day it occurred to me to astonish my employer by an exhibition of my smartness. I prepared a display advertisement, the main feature of which was the printing of the name of the play in the form of a large star. I thought this a beautiful idea, and carried it into execution without previously taking counsel with Mr. Daly. The next morning when the papers appeared I received a hurried call from the office of the manager. I answered it beaming with pride and expecting to receive great compliments for what I considered a praiseworthy achievement. I found Mr. Daly, his eyes blazing with rage, a copy of the advertisement in his hand. He treated me to a lecture, the words of which I have forgotten, but the effect of which will never vanish from my mind. I was as spirited as he, and declining to submit to his strictures, I promptly resigned. That action probably saved me from an ignominious discharge.

It was some ten years afterward that I next met Mr. Daly. I had purchased two matinée seats for his theater, then the present house at Broadway and Thirtieth Street. As I entered the theater for the performance I noticed that Mr. Daly stood near the door. I had no notion that he would remember me, but he did, and stepping forward asked to see my seats. He looked at them, and saying he would secure me better ones went away to the box office. On returning he handed them back, with the remark that they were the best left, and with three dollars, the price I had paid for them. From that time until his death Mr. Daly and myself were on intimate terms, and our business relations were many.

Mr. Daly's great characteristic as a manager was his firm devotion to discipline. The actor who became attached to his company soon learned that there was but one authority in the theater, and that authority was Daly. There was no

chance for argument on this point. When the Daly fiat had once gone forth the only thing left was to obey it. Hundreds of actors and actresses, galled by this state of affairs, have been driven from the ranks of the organization after a short experi-

pany which had no superior in this land, if indeed in the world. No higher testimonial could be asked for an actor seeking an engagement than that he had at some time or other served under Mr. Daly.

That was a famous old company which



AUGUSTIN DALY—DIED JUNE 7, 1899.

From the last photograph taken before his death—Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.

ence, and few of them have been heard of afterwards. Hundreds of others have submitted to the strain, and most of these, if they possessed any real talent, are today blessing the galling discipline of Augustin Daly. For that discipline, hard as it may have seemed to bear, has brought forth wonderful results. It organized a com-

began the Daly régime in the little Twenty Fourth Street home. There was the late E. L. Davenport, one of the best actors this country has produced; the late Fanny Davenport, May Davenport, Agnes Ethel, the late James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert. George Clarke, William Davidge, the elder Holland, and a score of other well known

names, the like of which we shall not see again. Miss Davenport was the first of them to launch forth as a star, but many of Mr. Daly's people in after years became stars, including Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, and John Drew. It was a hard struggle during the first season. Salaries were high, and patronage was meager. Mr. Daly had much to fight against, his chief difficulty being the high popularity of Lester Wallack, who at that time was the rage in New York. The Wallack Theater in Broadway was then the great first class place of amusement, and it had a large and regular clientele, which it was extremely difficult to dislodge. The enterprise of Daly was scoffed at by the Wallack clans, who gave it six months at the utmost to continue. But the Wallack scoffs did not disturb Mr. Daly. He had gone into the business with well laid plans, and determined to succeed. Salaries were paid promptly, and the theater was kept open, with frequent changes of program, until "Frou Frou," the first great popular success of the house, was produced. Then things began to look rosy, and from this time on progress was steady and continuous.

On the first Christmas eve of the first season, Mr. Daly gave his company a lunch on the stage after the performance. It was a very modest lunch, sandwiches and champagne forming the principal in-

gredients. After the toasts had been honored, Mr. Daly made a brief speech to his friends, in which he stated his plans. In that speech he said in substance, "They are laughing at us over at Wallack's, and they predicted that we would be closed by Christmas. Well, we are still

here, and I tell you that we shall be here when Wallack's as Wallack's has passed out of existence." It was a prophetic address.

To detail the history of Daly's Theater would absorb too much space, especially as it is so well known to present playgoers. The manager constantly extended his field until it included London, where a theater to bear his name was built, and at times Paris and Berlin, his being the only American company that has ever played in those two foreign cities. The Daly success inspired the projecting of other first class theaters, and it is largely owing to his work that New York is now so amply provided with creditable dramatic productions. Daly's was the entering wedge, and it has been followed by a great wave of dramatic progress. How much the stage of this land owes to



ADA REHAN AS "LADY GAY SPANKER" IN
"LONDON ASSURANCE," ONE OF MR.
DALY'S EARLY PRODUCTIONS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Augustin Daly will never be fully told; but the great mass of intelligent playgoers appreciate the work of his genius, and history will rank him as a master spirit in the dramatic field.

To Mr. Daly, too, is to be attributed

much of the rise in the repute of American playwrights, which has made their profession such a profitable one. It was he who produced the earliest comedy by Bronson Howard, "Saratoga," and gave an impetus to dramatic work in this country which it sadly needed. He made a

required from others. He was always at his post, and his best friends have always said that he would work himself to death. Seven o'clock in the morning was his usual hour for appearing at the theater, and he seldom left it before one or two o'clock the next day. His time was spent



ADA REHAN AS "PORTIA" IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," HER LAST APPEARANCE IN SHAKSPERE UNDER MR. DALY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

fine allowance to Mr. Howard in the shape of royalties, and from that time began the practice of paying American dramatists well for their labor. Mr. Daly was an author himself and understood thoroughly what encouragement they needed to spur them on.

Mr. Daly was an indefatigable worker, and this may account for the work he

in ceaseless labor, and it was hard to see when he slept at all. At rehearsal he was earnest, almost frigid, in his deportment, and things had to go his way before the ordeal was over. As has been said, he sometimes appeared harsh, and even unreasonable, but the result was that he turned out a body of actors who were a credit to the stage and to themselves.

He was probably the strictest stage manager in the world.

Mr. Daly was a sincere and earnest Catholic, and that church has received many benefits at his hands. He was always ready to give benefit performances for any of its charitable institutions, though his actors were not allowed to appear in any other benefits. He gave largely from his own means also, and for

New York theater bearing his name. This house was opened Wednesday, September 17, 1879, with a double bill, the main feature of which was a musical comedy adapted from the French of "Niniche" and entitled "Newport; or, the Swimmer, the Singer, and the Cipher." The swimmer was Hart Conway and the singer Catherine Lewis, who also appeared in the last musical comedy produced under Mr. Daly's



MAY IRWIN AND MRS. GILBERT IN "A NIGHT OFF," PRODUCED BY MR. DALY IN 1895.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

years Christmas has been a busy season for Richard Dorney, his manager, on this account. His was the only house in New York where priests and prelates could be found in the regular audience.

W. W. Austin.

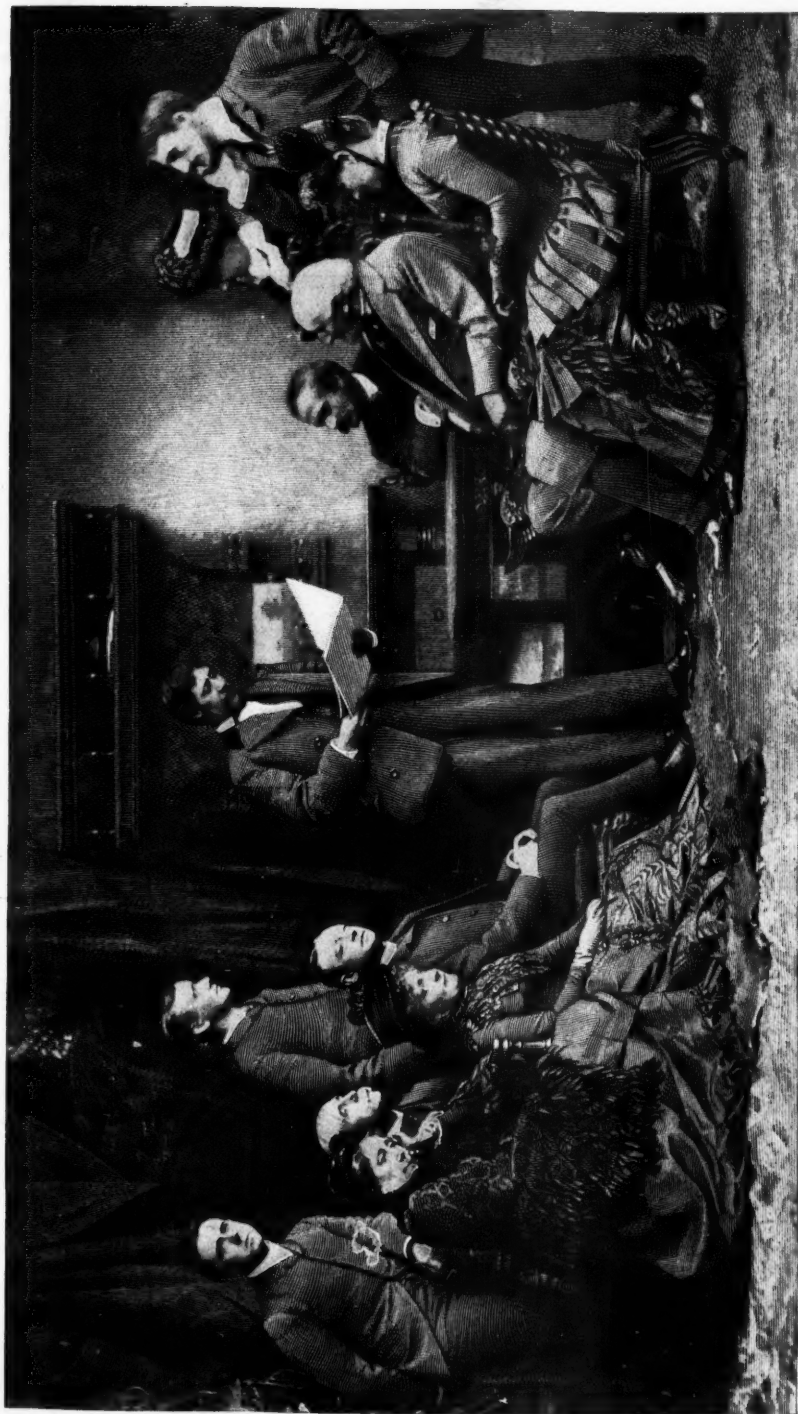
II.

LANDMARKS OF MR. DALY'S CAREER, AND HIS WORK FOR THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Mr. Daly was sixty years old at the time of his death, which occurred just at the close of the twentieth season of the

direction, "A Runaway Girl." John Drew was billed as "Tom Sanderson, a master bather with an overmastering secret." The curtain raiser was a comedietta, also with music, in which Ada Rehan appeared as *Nully Beers*. We find Miss Rehan again in musical environment in the second season, when a comic opera, written by Augustin Daly after the German of Genée and entitled, "Zamina; or, the Rover of Cambaye," was produced and ran for something short of a month.

The first Shakspeare performance was not given until the seventh season, when



George Clarke

Mrs. Gilbert

John Moore

William Gilbert

May Fielding

James Lewis

Augustin Daly

MR. DALY READING A NEW PLAY TO HIS COMPANY.

Charles Leclercq

Ada Rehan
Charles Fisher

Virginia Dreher
John Drew

on January 14, 1886, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was set forth, with Ada Rehan as *Mistress Ford*, Virginia Dreher as *Mistress Page*, and Edith Kingdon (Mrs. George Gould) as *Anne Page*. John Drew played *Ford*; Otis Skinner, *Page*; Charles Fisher, *Falstaff*, and James Lewis, *Slender*, with Mrs. Gilbert as *Dame Quickly*. The next winter came "The

Of particular interest just now are certain opinions of Mr. Daly with regard to the theater, expressed in 1896 at a dinner given in his honor by the Shakspeare Society. His idea of what a playhouse should be was tersely expressed in the words: "A place where the most thorough entertainment can be had while distinct encouragement is given to the



GEORGE CLARKE ("CAPTAIN DURETETE") AND KITTY CHEATHAM ("BIZARRE") IN "THE INCONSTANT," PRODUCED BY MR. DALY IN 1889.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Taming of the Shrew," and in 1888, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

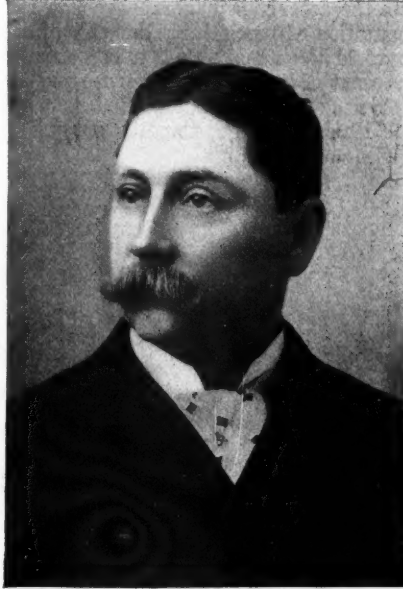
The old comedy, "The Inconstant," from which two views are herewith reproduced, was first presented in 1889, with John Drew as *Young Mirabel*; Ada Rehan as *Oriana*; George Clarke as *Captain Durete*, and Kitty Cheatham as *Bizarre*. "Seven Twenty Eight," the most successful of the long list of comedies from the German, had its premiere in February, 1883, and "A Night Off," ranking next in popularity, was brought out in March, 1895.

highest literary and artistic efforts." He declared that from his earliest recollection his preference was for plays as distinguished from shows. "I had the good fortune," he added, "when a boy to see Burton's and Wallack's theaters in their prime, and from those stages drank in my first drafts of Shaksperian nectar, and understood then and from them what a dramatic company truly meant and what a real manager must be." This led him to express the hope, which at this time is echoed in the mind of all true lovers of the stage, that "if I have kept alive in

this country the flame of a pure love for the highest forms of theatrical representation, some ardent votary of the theater may find in my theater the inspiration which will enable him to carry on the good work into the next generation."

Mr. Daly drew an interesting comparison between the magazine and the theater in their dependence upon public support. "I regret as much as any one," he said, "that after you have established a theater in popular esteem, you cannot rely upon its continuing at least for a generation with the same patrons, as in the case of established newspapers or magazines and their subscribers. One reason is that it costs neither time nor effort on the part of subscribers to support a magazine or a paper. But in the case of a theater, your patronage means your personal attendance, and the theater has to compete with every form of social engagement for the honor of your presence. It has come to this in the crush of the social season in New York, that people have to be dragged to the theater by something irresistible."

This is Mr. Daly's tribute to the actor: "And what a debt does the manager



RICHARD DORNEY, WHO HAS BEEN MR. DALY'S BUSINESS MANAGER SINCE THE OPENING OF THE PRESENT DALY'S THEATER IN NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



JOHN DREW ("YOUNG MIRABEL"), CHARLES LECLERCQ, AND ADA REHAN ("ORIANA") IN "THE INCONSTANT."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

owe the actor! Managers have not the reputation of recognizing this obligation. It would be entirely unjust to complain of the want of it in the janitor manager, for he is not expected to know what an actor is. He deals with combinations only, and

who exults in seeing his company play to great audiences, not because it means so much profit, but because it shows the highest public appreciation of his work."

Mr. Daly's whole existence was rounded by his profession. His theater was his



EDITH KINGDON (NOW MRS. GEORGE GOULD) AS A MEMBER OF MR. DALY'S COMPANY.

From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago.

may know as little of their component parts as he does of the parts of his watch. It is sufficient for him that they go. I speak of the manager who has trained men and women to the higher walks of the drama, who has been more pleased to see the first dawn of promise in a beginner than to see growing houses,

work, his pleasure, his constant thought. Night after night he was to be seen seated in a stage box, watching the performance, whether it were melodrama, musical comedy, or Shakspeare, studying to improve the acting, or, at the very least, to shorten the intermissions.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE REAL CONEY ISLAND.

BY WALTER CREEDMOOR.

THE SEASIDE RESORT WHICH WITH ALL ITS VULGARITIES IS THE MOST FAMOUS, POPULAR, AND CHARACTERISTIC OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES—ITS MEMORIES OF THE PAST, ITS STRANGE HUMAN PANORAMA OF THE PRESENT, AND THE PROPOSAL TO TURN IT INTO A PUBLIC PARK.

I HAVE often thought that if all the would be reformers in the land could be induced to work together and with some practical aim in view, such as turning a big wheel, for example, they could generate as much power as the harnessed falls of Niagara. This, however, is merely the vainest and idlest sort of speculation, as everybody knows that there would be no unanimity among them in regard to the direction in which the wheel ought to turn.

Just now a good many of these reformers and humanitarians and representatives of what they themselves usually term the "Better Element" are crying aloud to have the most picturesque and popular summer resort on the continent turned into a public park. The enthusiasm with which this proposition has been seconded and approved by everybody who does not know anything about the subject whatever leads me to fear that our municipal authorities, who are notoriously prone to lend an ear to the clamor of ignorance, may succeed in establishing this park on a site where nothing higher than a currant bush will grow, and I therefore venture to raise my voice in mild protest. The fact of the matter is that Coney Island has had a park for twenty five years and no one will visit it, because it is a barren and dreary spot and one that is in no way comparable with the great region of merry go rounds, chowder pots, variety shows, lung testers, and cane boards, in which the human heart finds recreation and relief on hot afternoons.

The places of amusement which the humanitarians who have never visited them call "dives" are for the most part pavilions or open air theaters which offer a great deal of amusement of a cheap kind for a very little money. They are liberally patronized by those who constitute what we call "the masses," meaning

thereby persons whom the humanitarians and reformers would like to house in whitewashed barracks, and who possess a sense of the picturesque that I commend to the careful consideration of their would be benefactors. The "masses" love Coney Island as it is, and although they will probably bear with dumb resignation any attempt to transform it into a region of asphalt walks and patches of scorched "keep off the grass" sward, they will certainly turn their backs upon it in its new form and seek their summer recreation elsewhere.

And yet the metropolis has no popular summer breathing place that is better placed than Coney Island, which is, as nearly all of us know, a narrow strip of sand east of the mouth of New York Harbor, facing the Atlantic Ocean. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow creek, in which scores of men in boats are always to be seen fishing for crabs. There have been fishermen there every day during the crab season since the memory of the oldest Long Islander begins, and there are apparently just as many crabs in the creek now as there were fifty years ago.

Before the war Coney Island was a peaceful beach to which the citizens of Brooklyn came during the warm weather for a dip in the salt water, an afternoon's sport with the crabs, or a fish dinner in one of the old fashioned taverns that flourished in those days, and of which only that one known as Thompson's Hotel is still open. During the war the extreme western end of the island, until quite recently called Norton's Point, became the resort of the lawless New York classes, who gave the whole length of beach such an unsavory name that when, in the early seventies, commerce claimed the eastern end in the name of respectability, it became necessary to bestow upon

it the names of Manhattan and Brighton Beaches and Oriental Point. Today the homes of respectable and well to do people stand on the property that was once given over to rowdiness, and between that and the big hotels at the other end of the island lies West Brighton. It is on this scant mile of beach that we find all that is left of the real Coney Island of song and story, and it is here that we can enjoy it in its full original flavor.

To the average visitor it is nothing more than a pandemonium of merry go rounds, variety shows, liquor saloons, bath houses, photographic tents, hot corn and chowder pots, cane boards, rifle galleries, and catchpenny devices of every imaginable sort. An amusing place it certainly is for an occasional afternoon visit, and many are the New Yorkers who go down at least once every summer to look upon its innumerable picturesque and comical phases.

There are probably very few of these visitors who ever think of this resort except in the way that I have described, or to whom the thought occurs that there is perhaps another and more human and serious side to the life there than appears on the surface. This is because we do not take seriously those who do not take themselves seriously, and it is hard to imagine the proprietor of a chowder pot, or the "barker" in front of a variety show, taking himself seriously or indeed having any serious motive in life.

There is, however, a serious side to Coney Island. Upon its wave washed shores the flotsam and jetsam of the great city at whose outer gate it lies is tossed with every tide, and many is the choice bit of wreckage that rewards the vigilance of the early morning beach comber. Human bodies are cast up there, too, the remains of unfortunates who have sought release from suffering in the dark waters of the East River, or of the victims of man's rage or cupidity who have been made away with and then dropped off the end of a pier into the outgoing tide. In the same way the island has become a haven for living human wreckage, to whom its glare and noise and bustle offer an irresistible attraction. There is scarcely any variety of human flotsam and jetsam that is not represented in its permanent population. In the summer time this noisy resort seems to beckon to every default-

ing cashier, every eloping couple, every man or woman harboring suicidal intent, in fact to every one capable of furnishing a sensational newspaper story, and these come flocking to it from every part of the land.

It possesses also a strange fascination for almost every variety of that enormous metropolitan class characterized as "old timers," and especially for those whose lives have been spent in dishonest or disreputable pursuits. It is here, for example, that one can find a few survivors from the ranks of those who used to keep the underground establishments along Broadway and the Bowery that were known rightfully as "dives." In his day the New York dive keeper was a character of no small influence and importance in the affairs of the town. He has been crowded out long ago, and, save the two or three of his species who still do business on Coney Island, has disappeared entirely from mortal ken.

Like nearly all "old timers," these men—softened now by age and adversity—are full of cheerful reminiscent talk of days gone by. It is interesting to hear them speak in tones of pathetic regret of what they look back to as the "palmy days" of the city's history, when New York was full of bounty jumpers rich with the fruits of a dozen fraudulent enlistments, contractors who were selling shoddy clothing or uneatable beef to the nation for the soldiers who were fighting its battles, and farmers who had grown wealthy over night through petroleum wells. In this golden era of prosperity, according to these reminiscent veterans, cheap brands of fermented cider sold readily for five dollars a bottle, under the name of "wine," drinks and cigars for a quarter of a dollar apiece, and although open robbery was frowned upon, nevertheless it was not deemed unprofessional to roll an intoxicated visitor over a counter until his watch and whatever money he had not had time to spend dropped out of his pocket.

Since the beginning of the Civil War a strong affinity has existed between Coney Island and political New York.

Norton's Point was always a resort of the corrupt politicians who ruled New York thirty years ago, and it was there that Tweed lay hidden after his escape from Ludlow Street jail. It was from this

western shore that he embarked one night on the vessel that bore him to Cuba. The house in which he lived was burned down some years ago, but the friend who sheltered him is still a resident of the island. Such was the sympathy for the fallen ring boss that although his presence on Coney Island was generally known to the inhabitants no one attempted to reveal his whereabouts to the authorities of New York.

The late John J. O'Brien, in his time the Republican leader of the old Eighth Assembly District, which lies to the east of the Bowery, had his summer home in Coney Island, and thus brought about intimate relations between that watering place and the district in which he lived, and which was a veritable hotbed of what is termed "practical politics." To this very day there are a great many men who work on the Bowery or Grand Street during the winter, and who are to be found on Coney Island throughout the summer engaged in tending bar, cooking chowder, or enjoying prominence in other of the island's most famous industries. When John Y. McKane ruled the island with imperial sway he enjoyed a close intimacy with a great many New York politicians of the O'Brien stamp, and very likely made a close study of their methods. McKane's rule was not a harsh one, as it applied to the people who made their living on the island, and the fallen chief certainly deserves credit for the skilful manner in which he policed the whole place. With a very small force of men under his command he preserved order among the thousands of Sunday visitors, many of whom were of the most lawless class, and preserved such excellent order, too, that serious affrays were almost unknown during his term of office as chief of the local police.

McKane administered what might safely be termed a "paternal" form of government, ordering disreputable people off the island, settling family disputes, and closing up objectionable places by the simple giving of his personal order. The island at that time numbered among its inhabitants a great many professional criminals of high and low degree, not one of whom was permitted to pitch his tent except on a distinct personal understanding with the "chief," as McKane was termed by his followers, that he would

not indulge in any nefarious practices there. This criminal colony included pickpockets, sneak thieves, and shoplifters, together with one or two who enjoyed distinction in the higher walks of crime. One man had had a hand in the Manhattan Bank robbery, which in New York's criminal circles is equivalent to having charged with the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

There is still standing on the desolate marsh land that lies just back of the busiest and most brilliant part of the island a small cabin which possesses a certain historic interest for old New Yorkers, for it was there that a woman who had once placed herself prominently in the public eye by a deed of signal heroism and devotion passed the last days of her life.

About twenty years ago one of the best known criminals of the day was locked up in Ludlow Street jail with a prospect of a long term of imprisonment before him. His lawyers had done their best to save him, but his crime was a serious one, the evidence was against him, and his chances of escape seemed to grow smaller and smaller every day. His wife, a shoplifter of some local renown, came to the front at this juncture with a plan of her own which she put into execution without much waste of time. Having located the exact position of his cell, she hired the abutting tenement in the building next to the jail, and with her own hands set about the task of digging through the two walls. She worked by day, it is said without assistance from any one, and at night carried out the debris of brick and mortar in a bag. One morning her husband's cell was found vacant, but there was a big, jagged hole that showed how he had been dragged through into the tenement next door. Then the whole city of New York rang with the fame of the woman who had done the deed.

In the course of years the man died and his widow moved down to Coney Island, attracted by the same mysterious force that has drawn so many human outcasts there. For a time she contrived to make a living by keeping a small saloon, but at last sickness and poverty came, her mind began to give way, her little business failed, and the authorities were on the point of removing her to a public institu-

tion when a retired pickpocket came forward and offered to give her shelter in his little cabin on the marsh. Hither she was taken, this gray haired, palsied woman who had been the heroine of New York once for a few days, and there one night, with the retired pickpocket and his wife soothing her last moments, and the cold mists sweeping pitilessly across the marsh, her troubled life reached its peaceful end.

The house is still there, and because of what has happened within its walls there clings to it in the minds of such of us as know the story something of the tragic interest that we might look for in the scene of one of Dickens' novels.

The Coney Island fakir is a migratory bird, who comes to the island in the early summer, and at the close of the season departs with his paraphernalia for the various county fairs; afterwards making his way to Florida for the winter, or perhaps to New York, which is a veritable paradise for fakirs of every description. As a man of travel and observation the fakir is always up to date, and whatever sensational form of amusement is seen in New York during the season is certain to be reproduced in Coney Island the next summer; and, for that matter, during several successive summers, for the sea air is a good preservative for sensations. "The Streets of Cairo" has long since become a permanent institution there, and within three days after the declaration of war the cats and owls which formed the targets in the shooting galleries had been replaced with figures of Blanco, Weyler, and soldiers in Spanish uniform. One restaurant displayed a large sign bearing the highly patriotic legend, "No Spaniards served with meals in this establishment," while in many places of amusement the flag of the Cuban republic, entwined with the Stars and Stripes, appeared in the decorations.

The fakirs have one custom which I believe is peculiar to the island. In the fall of the year, whenever one of them packs up his possessions and starts for the train, he is followed all along the route by cries of "Sneak off! Sneak off!" Sometimes, when the departing one is a fakir of prominence the others lie in wait for him and escort him to the depot with fife and drum, giving him a final salute as the train starts.

And as the present is essentially an age of conversational bluff rather than of achievement, so is the "barker" who stands outside the door of a Coney Island pavilion a far more important personage than the so called "artist" who performs on the stage within. The "barker" not infrequently possesses distinct originality and humor, and may be said to stand in the same relation to the entertainment he advertises that the New York press agent does to the theater that gives him employment. In the professional circles that form such an important part of the island's summer population, the "barker" enjoys the same high standing that a dramatic critic does in the city, because he can certainly do a great deal for any artist whom he desires to befriend. For example, by shouting persuasively and significantly to the passing throng: "Seats all free, ladies and gentlemen, and remember that Posie Piper comes on next," he can greatly increase the prestige of Miss Piper, not alone with the public, but with the members of the profession which she adorns.

Many visitors have been surprised at the fluency and clearness of diction which characterize some of these barkers, and also at the vocabulary which gives them such a wide range of language. The fact is that a great many of these men are actors in hard luck, were obliged to do something for a livelihood during the summer, and find employment of this sort easy to obtain and well within the range of their abilities. Many of the actors who appear in these outdoor theaters are seen also in legitimate playhouses during the amusement season, and once in a long while I see conspicuously on the dead walls a name that was in other days well known along this ocean beach.

Of such was the kingdom of John Y. McKane, and I doubt if civilized America has ever seen a more interesting or more picturesque form of feudal government than that which that since fallen statesman instituted and carried on during the era of his greatness. A great deal might be written on this subject, but I will confine myself to the brief relation of a few characteristic examples of his method that happened to come under my personal observation.

One afternoon I encountered a friend who was strolling with watchful eye up

and down the beach, and scanning the faces of the passers by as if he were looking for some one. He explained to me that a boy whom he had taken into his family and treated with great kindness had disappeared after stealing a watch and a large sum of money, and that he believed he had made his way to Coney Island.

"You had better see the chief at once and he will tell his men to look out for him," I advised, and so we went together to McKane's office. The chief listened for a moment, and then commanded one of his henchmen to go down stairs and bring up that boy. In another minute the lad was confronted by his benefactor.

"How did you come to arrest him? Did he do anything wrong here?" inquired my friend.

"No," rejoined McKane; "but we thought he was carrying too fine a watch and spending too much money for a boy of his age. I knew some one would come along and claim him in the course of the day."

In politics McKane ruled the island absolutely. I once attended a political meeting held in the early part of October for the purpose of discussing the merits of the different candidates. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee to call on McKane at his office and ask him to tell them how to vote. The committee departed and returned within ten minutes with the answer that the chief would give them instructions on the morning of election day, and this reply was received with an outburst of applause.

It was this very fealty among his followers that enabled McKane to play such an important part in the election that defeated Cleveland and elected Harrison to the Presidency. It will be remembered that the Democratic defeat was due largely to what was termed "the defection in Kings County," and this defection was caused chiefly by the enormous Republican vote that was cast in the opera bouffe land of fakirs called Coney Island. There was also an enormous registration that fall, which was owing to the fact that almost any man who did a day's work on the Coney Island streets in the summer was allowed to claim Coney Island as his place of residence, and register and vote there. Whether these men voted also in

New York or in Philadelphia, or in both cities, was something that neither McKane nor his followers concerned themselves with.

Coney Island, that is to say the real old fashioned, noisy Coney Island, is likely to retain its present characteristics for many years to come, partly because it serves as a natural vent for the exuberance of the city's population.

I sincerely hope that some of the well meaning persons who are clamoring so vigorously for a Coney Island park will take the trouble, before they say anything further on the subject, to visit the place and see for themselves precisely what manner of "dives" and places of vicious resort are maintained within its limits. If they investigate the place honestly and in the interest of truth, and not of prejudice, they will find that it is precisely what I have said it is, a resort which gives people of moderate means a great deal of vulgar but harmless amusement for a very little money.

If we need any more parks within the limits of Greater New York let us tear down one or two of those gaudy fashionable hotels which do so much to shelter and encourage vulgarity in every form and to create for the rising generation of Americans standards of taste that are not only false but vicious. We can well spare one of these hotels, but we cannot afford to rid ourselves of one of the few characteristic New York resorts that the march of reform and progress has as yet left untouched.

For my own part, I sincerely hope that Coney Island, that is to say the real old fashioned, noisy Coney Island, will remain precisely as it is for many years to come; if for no other reason than that it affords a natural vent for the exuberance of the city's population. And if it is not turned into a park it is not likely to change, because the fakirs and keepers of cane boards, variety theaters, and other similar enterprises pay such high rents for the space they occupy that the property owners along the beach are not anxious to try any experiments in the way of costly buildings.

And so long as it exists in its present bizarre form this strange metropolitan resort will continue to serve as an attraction to every variety of human being that the country can boast of.

OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE ELEVENTH AND LAST INSTALMENT NARRATES THE CAPTURE OF MANILA AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE.

AFTER the night encounter of July 31, General Greene kept his men at work extending their intrenchments, to secure the American right against the possibility of an attack in flank. Before the final advance upon Manila, a strong line of works had been completed, about twelve hundred yards in length, its left coming down to the bay, while its right extended across the Calle Real and rested upon a practically impassable rice swamp just beyond a parallel road further inland, running into the city from the village of Pasay. To construct and hold this line was a task of no small difficulty and hardship. Any exposure drew the enemy's fire. Tropical rains were incessant, and shelter from them impossible. The soil was so wet that it could be held in place only by bagging it, and the mud so deep that shoes were ruined and many men perforce went barefoot. One storm left two feet of water in part of the trenches.

Almost every night the Spaniards fired upon the American works, generally with both artillery and musketry. Greene's instructions were to make no reply unless they actually came out to attack him; but with raw troops posted close to the enemy's lines, and under fire for the first time in the darkness and rain, it proved impossible to enforce such an order strictly, and in four of these resultless nocturnal skirmishes a hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition were expended. Almost every night, too, a few men were killed and wounded. It began to appear that though Greene's forward move was in accordance with the spirit of his orders, it was unfortunate that he had taken up so advanced a position so long before the besieging

forces were prepared to strike a decisive blow.

DELAYING THE FINAL MOVE.

For though General Merritt was anxious to end the army's discomfort by an immediate attack, Admiral Dewey now declared himself not quite ready for the final move. It may be remembered that in May and June the admiral had repeatedly reported that he could take Manila at any moment.* Since then he had been strengthened by the arrival of the Charleston, while the Spaniards had been weakened in numbers and morale by the long siege, by their losing fight with Aguinaldo, and by the growing hopelessness of their position between the American fleet and army and the insurgent forces. It is possible that the prolonged strain of an anxious situation had lessened Dewey's confidence and increased his caution; it is possible that he dreaded political complications. To put into words what the admiral probably refrained from putting into words, if he should summon the Spaniards to surrender or stand his fire, and if one or more of the foreign squadrons should protest against a bombardment, he would find himself in a situation of great embarrassment, perhaps of humiliation. He had five cruisers, none of them armored or very heavily armed; two monitors—the Monterey and the Monadnock—were on their way across the Pacific. The ten and twelve inch guns of these formidable fighting machines would give him a trump card in any game he might be called upon to play; and he

* "I control bay completely and can take city at any time," he said in his despatch of May 4. Again, on May 13: "I can take Manila at any moment;" and on June 3: "This squadron can reduce the defenses of Manila at any moment."

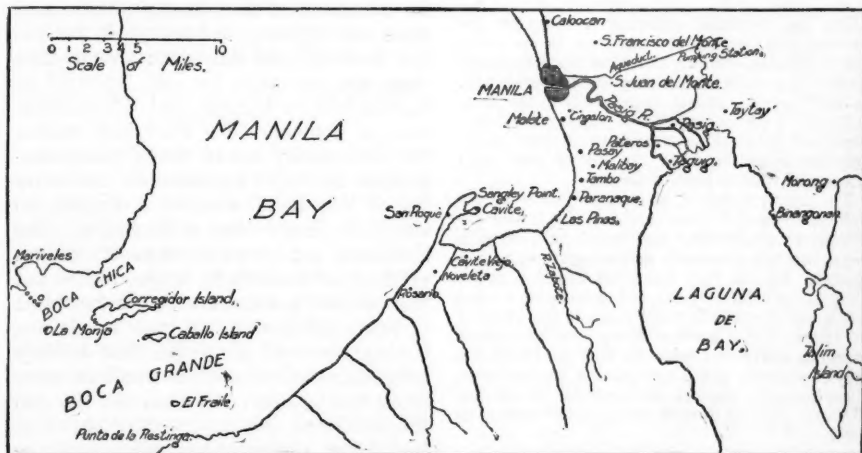
wished to wait for them, or at any rate for one of them, before taking action.

On August 4 the Monterey came into the bay fifty four days from San Diego—a remarkable voyage for a coast defense ship, even though she was towed most of the way by the collier Brutus. On the 5th General Greene went to General Merritt, who had remained on his transport, the Newport, and reported the situation at the front. Merritt sent him on to Dewey, who explained his wish for a little further delay. To silence the

launches took into Manila the following joint note to the captain general, Fermin Jaudenes, who had superseded General Augustin on the 4th:*

SIR: We have the honor to notify your excellency that operations of the land and naval forces of the United States against the defenses of Manila may begin at any time after the expiration of forty eight hours from the hour of receipt by you of this communication, or sooner if made necessary by an attack on your part.

This notice is given in order to afford you an opportunity to remove all noncombatants from the city.



SKETCH MAP OF MANILA AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Spaniards' heavy guns without risk of loss, he needed the Monterey to engage the city batteries; but she required time for slight repairs after her long journey. If the troops could not be withdrawn from the first line of trenches—which Greene naturally regarded as impossible—he would stand ready to aid them, if they were hard pressed, whenever they signaled to him from the beach; but he would prefer not to use his guns, except in case of necessity, as he did not desire to bring on a general engagement. Besides—although this is not mentioned in General Greene's narrative—he was negotiating through the Belgian consul, M. André, for the peaceful surrender of the city.

DEMANDS FOR SURRENDER.

Next day (August 6) Dewey and Merritt had a further conference, and on the morning of the 7th one of the navy

General Jaudenes replied promptly, thanking the American commanders for their "humane sentiments," and saying that as he was surrounded by the insurgents he was "without places of refuge for the increased number of wounded, sick, women, and children now lodged within the walls."

As a result of the notice thus served upon the Spanish captain general, there was no further firing, either by night or by day, upon the American trenches. Not another shot was exchanged between the opposing forces, until the last day of the campaign and the war.

At noon on the 9th the forty eight hours had expired, and Manila expected an immediate bombardment. White cross flags were hoisted on

* The change is said to have been made under orders from Madrid, for the reason that Augustin had requested permission to surrender without further resistance. The orders must presumably have been sent through one of the foreign squadrons at Manila.

buildings containing sick or wounded men. Boats came out of the Pasig carrying foreign residents, and the neutral squadrons steamed out of range. It was noted as a significant fact—though perhaps its meaning was exaggerated—that the British and the Japanese vessels took up a position beside Dewey's, off Cavite, while the fleets of Germany and France moved away northward into the bay. But there was no bombardment. Instead, another joint note was sent to Jaudenes, formally demanding a surrender:

SIR: The inevitable suffering in store for the wounded, sick, women, and children, in the event that it becomes our duty to reduce the defenses of the walled town in which they are gathered, will, we feel assured, appeal successfully to the sympathies of a general capable of making the determined and prolonged resistance which your excellency has exhibited after the loss of your naval forces, and without hope of succor.

We therefore submit, without prejudice to the high sentiments of honor and duty which your excellency entertains, that surrounded on every side as you are by a constantly increasing force, with a powerful fleet in your front, and deprived of all prospect of reinforcement and assistance, a most useless sacrifice of life would result in the event of an attack, and therefore every consideration of humanity makes it imperative that you should not subject your city to the horrors of a bombardment. Accordingly we demand the surrender of the city of Manila, and the Spanish forces under your command.

The captain general replied with a refusal to surrender, but offered to refer the question to Madrid if time were granted him to send and receive a message by way of Hongkong. As this would involve a delay of several days, Dewey and Merritt declined the proposal, and made final arrangements for an attack. At the same time, almost up to the last moment, they continued their negotiations through the Belgian consul. M. André's mediation would no doubt have been entirely successful had not the Spanish officers feared the disapproval of the home government in case they laid down their arms without a fight. As it was, though no such agreement was officially made or recorded, it was tacitly understood that nothing more than a show of resistance would be offered. Manila, with its two hundred and fifty thousand people, lay at the mercy of Dewey's guns; the insurgents had cut off its water supply, leaving it dependent upon the rains, and upon such food as was stored in the city; its garri-

son must have surrendered, before long, either to the Americans or to the more hated and dreaded Aguinaldo.

THE SINGULAR "BATTLE" OF AUGUST 13.

The reports of the army officers who commanded in the action of August 13 scarcely give a historical account of the events of the memorable day that saw the American flag hoisted over the capital of the Philippines. They relate the advance of their troops, the capture of the Spanish lines, the entry into the city, and its surrender, as if that told the whole story. As a matter of fact, though, there was some real fighting, and though it was not the fault of the American troops that there was not more, the land "battle" of Manila was a curious and Pickwickian sort of combat. The Philippine capital was practically taken when Dewey destroyed Montojo's squadron on the morning of May 1. The affair of August 13 was little more than a formality. The Spaniards had seventy pieces of modern artillery, of calibers up to nine inches, but they did not use them, with the exception of two small guns in the trenches, Dewey having promised M. André that if their batteries remained silent he would throw no shells into the city. Of Jaudenes' thirteen thousand men only a very small part contested the American advance, though he might have massed nearly his whole force to meet it. Five thousand were held behind the fortifications of the old city, where they stood, without firing a shot, to watch Greene's men march under the walls.

Had Dewey's fleet held aloof, had there been no besieging army of insurgents, and had the Spaniards resisted with all their power, Merritt's men would very probably have taken Manila; but the battle would have been an entirely different one.

The plan of attack was that Dewey should open fire upon Fort San Antonio, at Malate, seconded by Greene's artillery—seven of the Utah guns, and three lent by the navy and manned by men of the Third Artillery. When the bombardment seemed to have been effective, Greene's brigade, on the American left, near the beach, was to advance upon the Spanish works. MacArthur,* who had the Astor battery

* By an order dated August 1, Major General Merritt organized his forces into a division (the second division of the

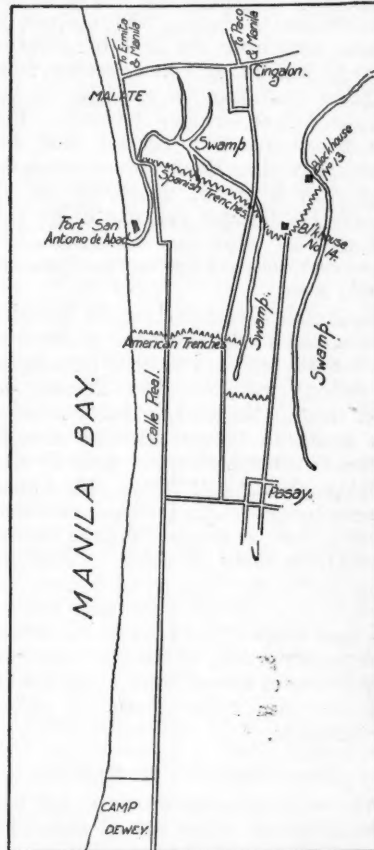
and one of the Utah guns, was to follow a similar program on the right, where the center of the Spanish position was a blockhouse marked as "No. 14" on the plan of the Manila defenses. The admiral was then to signal a demand for the city's surrender, and it was understood that this would be yielded, although it was not known just how much resistance would satisfy the Spaniards. The Oregon regiment was to come up from Cavite on a transport, in readiness to go ashore and take possession. The division commander, General Anderson, went over from Cavite to direct operations at the front; General Merritt did not go ashore, making his headquarters on the Zafiro.

GREENE AND MACARTHUR MARCH INTO THE CITY.

At half past nine the Olympia fired the first shot. The artillery on shore promptly followed suit, and the bombardment was kept up for three quarters of an hour, the Spaniards making no reply whatever. Then, Fort San Antonio having been heavily buffeted, and its magazine exploded, Greene sent the First Colorado forward along the beach, and signaled the navy to cease firing. As the Colorado men advanced, a few shots came from behind the Spanish lines. They volleyed in reply, forded the shallow channel in front of the fort, and entered its battered walls without opposition. The garrison had deserted it, carrying off the breech-blocks of the guns, and leaving behind a wounded man and two dead.

MacArthur's artillery, on the right, opened on the enemy's lines while Dewey was bombarding Fort San Antonio, the Utah gun firing upon Blockhouse Fourteen, from which no response came, and the Astor Battery, on the extreme right, engaging in a brief duel with a couple of field guns in the Spanish lines. These latter having ceased firing, a squad of the Twenty Third Infantry scouted forward

and found that the enemy's trenches were abandoned. The brigade then advanced, and the Thirteenth Minnesota occupied the blockhouse, where the American flag was hoisted about twenty minutes past eleven. Still pushing forward, no resistance was encountered till the Minnesota



SKETCH MAP OF THE SCENE OF GENERAL MERRITT'S CAMPAIGN IN JULY AND AUGUST, 1898.

regiment, leading the way, entered the streets of the suburban village of Cingalon.

Here, of course, the ground had not been reconnoitered. There was a blockhouse in the village, with emplacements—fortunately empty—for six guns. It was held by the rear guard of the retreating Spaniards, who fired into the Minnesota men at short range, causing them to fall back in some disorder. The position was a strong one, and it

Eighth Corps), under Brigadier General Anderson, whose headquarters were at Cavite. The division consisted of two brigades:

First Brigade (Brigadier General MacArthur)—Fourteenth and Twenty Third Infantry, Thirteenth Minnesota, First North Dakota, First Idaho, First Wyoming, and Astor Battery.

Second Brigade (Brigadier General Greene)—Eighteenth Infantry, First California, First Nebraska, First Colorado, Tenth Pennsylvania, Third Artillery, Utah Artillery, and Company A, United States Engineers.

The Second Oregon, the California Heavy Artillery, and a signal corps detachment, were stationed at Cavite, under the immediate orders of General Anderson, who remained at that point until August 13. General Merritt did not go ashore until Manila surrendered.

was obstinately held, though MacArthur brought up his force as rapidly as he could over the difficult ground. He was hampered by the necessity of moving along a single road, with thick timber and rice swamps on either hand. Only a small part of his brigade could be put on the firing line; and the check was so serious that General Anderson, who was now in Malate, sent over the field telegraph a message instructing him to retreat from Cingalon and make his way over to the left to follow Greene's advance. This was at twenty five minutes past one o'clock, but when MacArthur received the order—which is not mentioned in his report—the Spanish fire was dying out, and a little later the blockhouse was abandoned, leaving the way to Paco and Manila open.

Meanwhile Greene's brigade, entering Malate, had a brief exchange of fire with the Spanish positions further inland; but no serious resistance was offered, and after clearing the enemy's line of trenches the American troops marched steadily forward through Malate and Ermita, keeping close to the bay. The Callao, the captured Spanish gunboat, now commanded by Lieutenant Tappan, moved beside them along the shore. Occasional shots still came from street corners and from houses, though when they reached the open space of the Luneta—the water-side parade ground of Manila—and were in full view of the old walled city, a white flag was seen flying above its ancient fortifications.

THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.

The white ensign of surrender had been hoisted shortly after eleven o'clock, in answer to Dewey's signaled demand, and Lieutenant Brumby and Lieutenant Colonel Whittier, representing the admiral and General Merritt, had already gone ashore to negotiate terms with General Jaudenes. The surrender was of course complete, but Spanish honor was saved by the proviso that the garrison should "capitulate with all the honors of war." This enabled them to claim the privilege for which Toral pleaded so hard at Santiago—that of carrying their arms back to Spain. Merritt yielded the point—which would no doubt have been disallowed by his official superiors had he been in communication with Washington, as Shafter

was. For the rest, the articles—finally signed on Sunday, August 14, by a commission consisting of General Greene, Lieutenant Colonels Whittier and Crowder, of Merritt's staff, and Captain Lambertson, chief of staff to Dewey, and by General de la Pena and Colonels Reyes and Feliñ for the Spaniards—provided that the city, its defenses, and all public property, should be turned over to the victorious army; that Jaudenes' troops should be prisoners of war pending the conclusion of a peace treaty, the officers retaining their side arms, horses, and personal property; and that the question of their return to Spain should be left to the United States government.

The casualties in Greene's brigade, on August 13, were one man killed and six wounded; in MacArthur's brigade, four killed and thirty nine wounded. In the firing between the trenches, earlier in the month, Greene had fifteen killed and sixty wounded, making the entire American loss in action during the Manila campaign twenty killed and one hundred and five wounded.

FRICITION WITH THE INSURGENTS.

It appears that most of the fighting on the 13th, and most if not all of the few casualties to Merritt's men, took place after the white flag had gone up over the Manila walls. The order to cease firing may have been delayed in transmission to some parts of the Spanish lines, or may not have been promptly obeyed when received. Each army, it seems, blamed the other for the desultory exchange of shots that accompanied Greene's march into the city. At one point a body of insurgents, on the road from Paco, had fired upon the Spaniards, and the latter replied with a volley that killed one man and wounded two of the First California, the only loss the regiment suffered during the day.

Merritt had hoped, by closely following up the retreating Spaniards, and by holding the bridges on the roads entering Manila from the south and east, to keep Aguinaldo's men out of the city, where their presence could only be a serious embarrassment and a menace to law and order. Moreover, their exclusion appears to have been part of the understanding with the captain general. Unfortunately, during the blocking of MacArthur's ad-

vance at Cingalon, some two or three thousand of them made their way in from Paco and established themselves at several points in the suburbs. They are said to have looted some houses, among them the residence of a Spanish official in Ermita, where they broke open the safe and appropriated the funds it contained. Though they were held in check by the American troops, and though they afterwards withdrew from the city, the friction thus caused helped to precipitate the disastrous rupture that ultimately resulted.

By the evening of the 13th, except for the positions held by the insurgents, Manila was effectively occupied by the American troops. The Oregon regiment had come up the Pasig in boats and taken possession of the walled city, where Merritt made his headquarters in the *ayuntamiento*, or city hall. MacArthur's brigade was distributed through Malate, Ermita, and the Southern suburbs, while Greene held Binondo, Tondo, and the northern districts. MacArthur himself was appointed governor of the city.

And so, almost without a blow, the seat of Spanish power in the east was captured, with 13,000 prisoners of war, 22,000 small arms, 70 modern and several hundred obsolete pieces of artillery, and a public fund of \$900,000.

LATER DAYS OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADE.

After outlining the campaigns of Santiago, Porto Rico, and Manila, it only remains, in order to complete the military and naval record of the war, to chronicle several minor engagements that took place on the Cuban coast during the last two months of hostilities. The story of the blockade has already been briefly given (in MUNSEY'S for February last) up to the point at which the advent of Cervera changed the course of events. When the struggle centered about Santiago, and the main strength of the American navy was concentrated there under Admiral Sampson, Commodore Watson was left in command off Havana. At this time, it may be recalled, the blockade covered only a hundred miles of the island's northern coast, from Bahia Honda to Cardenas, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south; but it was proposed to extend it as soon as possible. To reinforce Watson's scanty fleet—composed

of small armed auxiliaries—vessels were drawn from Commodore Howell's squadron, patrolling the North Atlantic coast; and on June 19 Sampson sent word to Washington:

The President may declare immediately the blockade of whole southern coast.

Three days later Secretary Long telegraphed to the admiral:

It is proposed to proclaim the blockade on the east* side of Cape Cruz, Cuba, to Cape Frances, Cuba. When will you be ready?

And again on June 24:

Reports constantly received of provisions reaching Spanish forces via southern port of Cuba, and of preparation at Mexico, Jamaica, to forward further supplies; therefore the Department desires greatly to keep all blockade effective, to establish blockade from Cape Cruz, Cuba, to Cape Frances, Cuba. When shall you be ready for the latter to be proclaimed?

On the 28th the proclamation was issued, the port of San Juan, in Porto Rico, being included. This set the navy a difficult task. Sampson had telegraphed, on June 23, that the detachment of men of war for convoy duty with transports would

so reduce the available ships for blockade as to make it quite impossible to maintain strict blockade on the whole of Cuba. Vessels running blockade are smaller in size but greatly increased in number.

Watson had now been ordered to Guantanamo, to organize a squadron for a strategic move against the coast of Spain; and to take his place, on June 25, Commodore Howell was instructed to bring his remaining ships south. On July 1, when he reached Key West, Howell was put in charge of the blockade, his new command being designated as the "first North Atlantic squadron," and being still under Sampson's orders as commander in chief.

During June, the tedious routine of the blockade was enlivened by but little fighting. On the 13th the Yankee—ordered to Cienfuegos after her brief service with Sampson at Santiago, and specially commissioned to watch for the blockade runner *Purissima Concepcion*, which was afterwards destroyed at Manzanillo—had a brush with two Spanish vessels, the *Galicia* and a smaller gunboat; and though the enemy had the aid of shore batteries, her amateur gunners—the New York naval reserve men—drove their antag-

*This word should probably read "south."

onists into the harbor. Cubans with whom Commander Brownson communicated a few days later told him that the Galicia was so badly damaged when she retreated that she was beached to prevent her from sinking. The Yankee was not hit, though she had one man wounded by fragments of a shell that burst just outside a gun port.

A week later (June 20) she exchanged shots with another gunboat at Casilda, the port of Trinidad, forty miles east of Cienfuegos—as did also the Dixie on the 22d. On the 29th the Dixie, the Eagle, and the Yankton practised upon a body of Spanish cavalry at Rio Hondo, between Casilda and Cienfuegos.

THE FIRST ATTACKS ON MANZANILLO.

The chief Spanish strongholds on the south coast, west of Santiago, were Cienfuegos and Manzanillo. The first reconnaissance of the latter was made on June 30, by three auxiliaries of the "mosquito" class—the Hist, the Hornet, and the Wompatuck. This adventurous little squadron, two yachts and a tug, with Lieutenant Young of the Hist as its senior officer, steamed boldly into the bay—a wide, shallow sheet of water behind a line of keys. In the entrance it encountered a Spanish gunboat, which was speedily disabled and blown up. Nearing Manzanillo, quite a formidable array of defenses was found. Five gunboats and some armed pontoons were drawn up across the inner harbor;* behind them were several small batteries on the water front, and another in a fort above the town, while for two miles the shore was lined with soldiers.

Though the odds were heavily against them, the three little American ships steamed up within a mile of the enemy, and for an hour and a half a brisk fire was exchanged. The attacking vessels were repeatedly hit, but received no material injury till a shot cut the Hornet's steam pipe, temporarily disabling her, and

scalding three of her crew. She was towed out of range by the Wompatuck, and the squadron withdrew. The Spaniards had suffered far more severely. One of their gunboats and a sloop loaded with soldiers were sunk, and a pontoon burned; but it was clear, as Lieutenant Young reported to Sampson, that a much stronger force than his was needed to capture the place.

The Scorpion (Lieutenant Commander Marix) and the Osceola (Lieutenant Purcell) were to have joined in the attack on Manzanillo, but they did not receive their orders in time. Arriving on the following day (July 1), and missing the Hist and her consorts, they made an independent reconnaissance, steaming into the bay and opening fire on the Spanish gunboats. The return fire was so heavy and accurate that after a twenty minutes' engagement Marix decided to withdraw. The two ships remained outside, watching the port, and capturing some small prizes. The skipper of a British schooner, the Edmund Blunt, which came out carrying refugees to Jamaica, told them that the town was in great straits for food.

HOWELL IN CHARGE OF THE BLOCKADE.

On that same day (July 1) Commodore Howell arrived at Key West from the north, and took personal charge of the north coast blockade. As to the extent of this, there was some doubt and misunderstanding. For once, the clock-like workings of the Navy Department seem to have slipped a cog. Howell found no orders awaiting him at Key West, and to his request for instructions the only answer was a despatch saying that his duty was to be "that formerly performed by Commodore Watson as inspector of blockade." Taking his flagship, the cruiser San Francisco, to Havana, he found there only Watson's directions to the vessels on that one station. He therefore confined himself to patrolling the coast from Bahia Honda to Cardenas, the limits fixed by the President's proclamation of April 21.

On July 9, however, Sampson sent him instructions to blockade the whole north coast of Cuba, as far as his force permitted, and especially the part of it between Nipe and Nuevitas, to prevent communication between Havana and the Spanish troops in Santiago province.

* Lieutenant Young reports seeing a large torpedo boat, four gunboats, and four large pontoons. Lieutenant Helm, of the Hornet, observed "five to six armed vessels." Lieutenant Jungen, of the Wompatuck, saw a torpedo boat, three small gun vessels, an old steam cruiser, and a sailing vessel. Captain Barrera, the Spanish commander of the port, states that his force consisted of five gunboats—the Guantanamo, the Estrella, the Delgado Pareja, the Guardian, and the Cuba Espanola, the two last being disabled—the pontoon Maria, supported by the "few guns" that the city had. He reports his loss as two killed and seven wounded on the ships, and a few wounded on shore. On the other hand, the captain of the British ship Edmund Blunt told an officer of the Scorpion that an American shell killed thirteen men on the Maria.

Howell carried out the order as well as he could, though he reported that he needed fifty vessels—more than twice as many as he could muster* to do the work effectively. He also applied to the Navy Department for more precise information as to the status of the blockade; but the misunderstanding seems to have continued, for on August 8 he received the following despatch from Secretary Long:

By what authority are you blockading Sagua La Grande? It is not included in the President's proclamation. Sampson has not informed Department that he has blockaded it, and therefore no proclamation has been issued. Courts are releasing vessels captured. Claims for damages will be heavy. Protests from three Governments already received at State Department.

In reply, Howell informed the secretary of the directions received from Sampson, and stated that he had allowed the Nuevitas to Nipe blockade to lapse after the surrender of Santiago, but was patrolling the coast further west, between Cardenas and Nuevitas, in order to prevent the landing of supplies for Havana, which, he had learned, was being done on a large scale. Secretary Long answered by instructing him to restrict the blockade to its original limits, not molesting vessels trading with other ports, unless they were Spanish or carried contraband cargoes; and in compliance with this he withdrew his ships from the coast east of Cardenas.

FIGHTS AND CAPTURES IN JULY.

Though Howell's force was so small, it made two captures, in July, that seriously discouraged the business of blockade running. The victims were two Spanish Atlantic liners, vessels of five thousand tons each—the Alfonso XII, which, after showing her heels to the Eagle off the Isle of Pines, was run ashore at Mariel by the Hawk, and set on fire by shells from the Castine; and the Santo Domingo, which, pursued by the Eagle, met a like fate near Cape Frances, on the south coast. The latter vessel was armed with two five inch guns—which she did not attempt to use—and carried in her hold

two twelve inch rifles and a full cargo of provisions, intended for Havana.

The capture of Nipe Bay, on the 21st of July, was of importance because it secured another harbor of refuge for the blockading squadron and a half way station on the direct route to Porto Rico. It was executed by the Annapolis (Commander Hunker), the Wasp (Lieutenant Ward), the Topeka (Lieutenant Commander Cowles), and the Leyden (Ensign Crosley), under direct orders from Sampson. Cuban insurgents had informed Cowles that the place was held by eight hundred Spanish troops, the nine hundred ton cruiser Jorge Juan, and a gunboat, with mines and a shore battery to defend the entrance. Approaching the mouth of the bay, Commander Hunker, senior officer of the attacking squadron, ordered the Wasp and the Leyden to steam ahead and develop the enemy's strength. The young officers commanding the two small vessels were so eager for the fray that they raced forward at full speed,* the Wasp overhauling her consort and reaching the entrance first. The shore battery proved to be dismantled; the mines were there, as was afterwards found, but the daring little craft passed them without injury—probably for the same reason that made the torpedoes in Guantanamo Bay so harmless to the Texas and the Marblehead.† In the bay, quite unprepared for action—no doubt through misplaced confidence in the protection of the mines—lay the Jorge Juan, at anchor, with her awnings spread, her boats lowered alongside, and her firemen hurriedly attempting to get up steam. The Wasp and the Leyden promptly opened fire, which she returned with such of her guns—her main battery consisted of three six inch rifles—as she could bring to bear, being of course unable to maneuver. The Annapolis and the Topeka were within range a few minutes later, and in half an hour the Jorge Juan was sinking. A boat from the Leyden captured her colors just before she went down, and the Annapolis took off one of her small guns. Her crew, or most of it, escaped ashore.

* On August 3 Howell reported only fourteen vessels on the north coast blockade—nine off Havana, two off Matanzas, two off Sagua la Grande, one off Cardenas, none off such ports as Mariel and Bahia Honda—and added: "I desire to call your attention to the small number of ships with which I am supposed to keep up an efficient blockade of over four hundred miles of coast, and also to the fact that most of these ships are of low speed, light gun fire, and would be entirely at the mercy of a hurricane."

* Lieutenant Ward was so anxious to establish the fact that he was instructed to go in first that he submitted a special report citing the names of thirty five witnesses—members of his crew—who, he said, could testify that Commander Hunker authorized him to take the lead.

† MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for March, page 908.

The gunboat reported to be in the bay was not to be found. Insurgents afterwards told Commander Hunker that the Spaniards had taken her up a creek and sunk her, and had then abandoned the place, retreating to Holguin.

TWO MORE ATTACKS ON MANZANILLO.

Meanwhile, on the south coast, Lieutenant Commander Marix was still blockading Manzanillo, but had deferred another attack until an adequate force could be mustered. He sent word to Sampson (by the *Hist*, on July 11) that he was willing and anxious to assault, but that he considered it his duty—though it would probably place another officer in command—to recommend that a protected man of war should be assigned to the work. As a result the *Wilmington* (Commander Todd) and the *Helena* (Commander Swinburne) were detached to join Marix' squadron, and on the 17th these two gunboats rendezvoused with the *Scorpion*, the *Hist*, the *Hornet*, the *Wompatuck*, and the *Osceola* at Guayabal, twenty miles west of Manzanillo, Commander Todd being senior officer. Early next morning they were in the bay, where they lay for three hours deliberately firing upon the Spanish ships, opening at long range and gradually closing in, until nothing was to be seen afloat in the harbor. All the enemy's gunboats were burned or sunk, as was also the blockade runner *Purissima Concepcion*. The American ships, which were entirely uninjured, then withdrew, Sampson having ordered them not to engage the forts.

One of the navy's marvelously few casualties during the war occurred on August 2, when the *Bancroft*, which had been patrolling about the Isle of Pines,* sent a launch into Cortes Bay in pursuit of a schooner, and one of the boat's crew was killed by rifle fire from an ambushade on shore.

The last action on the southern coast of Cuba was the fourth and final attack on Manzanillo, on August 12. On the 9th the *Newark*—now commanded by Captain Goodrich, formerly of the *St. Louis*, Captain Barker having been transferred to the *Oregon*—and the *Resolute*, carrying Colonel Huntington's marine battalion, left Guantanamo for the Isle of

Pines; but as some smaller vessels, which were to have accompanied them, were not ready, Captain Goodrich decided, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Young of the *Hist*, to strike at Manzanillo while waiting. With a flotilla consisting of the *Newark*, the *Resolute*, the *Suwanee*, the *Hist*, the *Osceola*, and the *Alvarado*—the last being the gunboat captured at Santiago, now commanded by Lieutenant Blue—he entered the bay on the morning of the 12th, and sent in a demand for the surrender of the town and garrison, which was refused. Goodrich then began to use his guns. After half an hour's firing he saw, or thought he saw, a white flag, and ordered the *Alvarado*, also flying the signal of truce, to go in and communicate with the Spaniards. The latter, however, continued their fire, and the bombardment was resumed, and kept up until sunset, the *Newark* firing an occasional shell during the night.

At daybreak white flags were seen in the town, and a boat came out with the news that the peace protocol had been signed. The armistice robbed the navy of another victory, for it appears that the Spanish *comandante* had drawn up a formal document of surrender on the previous evening, and was intending to send it to Captain Goodrich in the morning.

The last shots of the Havana blockade were heard at dawn on the 12th, when the *San Francisco* went within range of the batteries, which fired on her, and a twelve inch shell from the Morro went through her stern, doing but little damage. The last of the war were exchanged between the *Mangrove* and two Spanish gunboats off Caibarien, in Santa Clara province, on the morning of August 14.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE.

In the early days of July, when Cervera's fleet had been destroyed; when the fall of Santiago was imminent, and the American troops were already preparing to move upon Porto Rico; when the last hope of relieving Manila was abandoned, and Spain itself was threatened with attack, the hopelessness of prolonging the struggle began to be evident even at Madrid. The air was full of rumors of negotiations for peace. Rumors became certainty on the 26th of the month, when

* It had been believed that provisions were being sent to Havana from the Isle of Pines, but Commander Clover reported that this was probably untrue, as food was very scarce on the island.

Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Washington, called at the White House and presented an informal but definite inquiry, on behalf of Sagasta's government, as to the terms upon which the United States would be willing to end the war.

He got his answer on the 30th, in a long interview with the President. The conditions offered were that Spain should renounce all claims to sovereignty in Cuba, and evacuate the island at once; that Porto Rico, with its dependent islets, and one of the Ladrões, should be ceded to the United States; and that the American forces should occupy the city and bay of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, by which the "control, disposition, and government" of the Philippines should be finally decided.

Sagasta's cabinet met on Monday, August 1, to consider these terms. It took several days for Spanish pride to swallow so severe a dose of humiliation; and it was not until the 7th that the minister of state, the Duke of Almodovar del Rio, replied. His note accepted the first two propositions; to the third it also gave a seeming acceptance, though in somewhat ambiguous terms. To remove all doubt, Secretary Day drew up a protocol stating clearly, and without the slightest modification, the terms already offered to Spain; and this document he sent to M. Cambon for signature. Its precise contents were:

Article I. Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

Article II. Spain will cede to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and also an island in the Ladrões, to be selected by the United States.

Article III. The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.

Article IV. Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and to this end each government will, within ten days after the signing of this protocol, appoint commissioners, and the commissioners so appointed shall, within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, meet at Havana for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and the adjacent Spanish islands; and each government will, within ten days after the signing of this protocol, also appoint other commissioners, who shall, within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, meet at San Juan, in Porto Rico, for the purpose of arranging and carry-

ing out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies.

Article V. The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to treat of peace, and the commissioners so appointed shall meet at Paris not later than October 1, 1898, and proceed to the negotiation and conclusion of a treaty of peace, which treaty shall be subject to ratification according to the respective constitutional forms of the two countries.

Article VI. Upon the conclusion and signing of this protocol hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

Once more, of course, a reference to Madrid was necessary; but acceptance was the only possible course, and M. Cambon was authorized to sign the protocol with Secretary Day. The formal act that ended hostilities took place in the cabinet room of the White House, at twenty three minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of August 12. It has already been told how the news reached Miles' army in Porto Rico just in time to stop a battle at Aibonito and another near Cayey; how it prevented the surrender of Manzanillo, but was too late to save Manila.

THE CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

On August 26 the President named the American peace commissioners—William R. Day, Secretary of State, chairman; Senator Davis of Minnesota, chairman of the Senate foreign affairs committee; Senator Frye of Maine; Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, and Whitelaw Reid, formerly minister to France. One of these, Justice White, declined to serve, and his place was taken by Senator Gray of Delaware, a leading Democratic member of the Senate. Spain's commissioners were Eugenio Montero Rios, president of the Spanish senate, chairman; Señor de Abarzuza, a member of the same body, and formerly his country's ambassador at Paris; Señor de Garnica, a justice of the supreme court; General Rafael Cerero; and Señor de Villa Urrutia, Spanish minister to Belgium.

The commission met in Paris, on October 1, the French government providing quarters for it in the foreign office on the Quai d'Orsai. Its conferences lasted ten weeks, the Spaniards fighting hard for concessions that would at least enable

their government to put the best possible face on the disasters it had brought upon itself. Cuba being dealt with first, they sought to free Spain from the huge debt that she had contracted in her maladministration of the island's affairs, urging that international law requires that the liabilities of a territory should pass with its sovereignty. The American commissioners declined to admit the principle in this particular cause, for the reason—a reason of indisputable equity—that the so called Cuban debt was not contracted in any sense for the benefit of Cuba, but was incurred by Spain in her ineffectual and costly efforts to subjugate the island.

The Americans also declined a proposition that Cuba should be ceded direct to the United States, the Spanish contention being that if Spain withdrew her authority, and the United States asserted none, the island would be left in a state of anarchy. This was a mere technical objection, perhaps a deliberate attempt at embarrassment, the Washington government having pledged itself before the world to leave Cuba to her own people.

A much more serious difference arose when the question of the Philippines was taken up, and the Spaniards were first informed (October 31) that entire possession of the great eastern archipelago was required for the United States. The demand was referred to Madrid, where it was answered by a flat refusal; and it actually seemed, for a time, that the negotiations might be broken off. It seems clear that the Spanish government regarded the protocol as leaving its sovereignty in the Philippines intact, and not open to subsequent challenge. In a despatch sent on August 7 the Duke of Almodovar del Rio declared that in assenting to the clause about Manila, his country did not renounce her title to the islands, but left it to the peace commission "to agree upon such reforms as the condition of these dependencies and the civilization of their natives may render desirable." But it is equally clear that the terms of the document have an

entirely different meaning. They express precisely what Secretary Day meant them to express—that the United States government had not decided whether it desired to annex the Philippines, and that their ownership was left for later settlement. "Possession" was the word in the original draft of the protocol; "disposition" was substituted at M. Cambon's suggestion, as a word less offensive to Spanish sensibilities.

THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE.

The Spaniards suggested arbitration as to the meaning of the protocol, which was of course refused, and no progress was made until November 21, when the American commissioners made a final proposition—practically an ultimatum, allowing a week for a definite reply. The demand for the archipelago was not modified, but it was promised that for ten years Spanish ships and merchandise should enter Philippine ports on equal terms with American traders, and that the United States should pay to Spain the sum of twenty million dollars. The money was offered as a repayment of such part of the Spanish government's past expenditures in the islands as represented actual betterments; but it was generally understood to be practically a *douceur*, very opportunely given to facilitate the desired agreement. In the treaty, as finally drawn, no reason or consideration for the payment is specified.

On the 28th, the day by which an answer was required, the Spaniards signified their acceptance, coupling it with a formal and of course ineffectual protest. Recognizing the impossibility of resisting their powerful antagonist, they declared, and to avoid still greater loss and suffering to their country, they could do nothing but yield to the victor's terms, however harsh. And so, on the evening of December 10, the commissioners met for the last time to sign the treaty that freed Cuba and transferred a colonial empire from the ancient monarchy of Spain to the young and mighty republic of the west.

THE END.





THE WAITER'S STORY.

"MAYBE you'd find something in that table over there to make a story out of, sir. It's just the outlines of it I can give, but if you could write up my talk so as to make interesting reading in the Sunday papers last summer, I guess maybe you could write a novel about that. I sit and think and study over it till I can't stand it any ways for the heartache it gives me. You'd like to hear it, sir? Then, I'll bring you your coffee and cheese now, as you're so nearly ready for them.

"It began—my noticing of it—five years ago. Five years ago, sir, tomorrow

morning, a young couple sat at that table, as nice and well behaved a pair as you'd wish to see. He was tall and fine lookin' any way you'd sight him, and she was as pretty as a bobolink, or flowers, or spring, all rolled into one. She had brown eyes like a bird's, and the way she looked at him that morning—of course we'd all spotted them as a bridal couple the minute we first saw 'em. I took their order for breakfast, and it was all I could do to keep from smiling when I saw her smile, kind of catching-like it was. And every while she'd straighten up and get sobered all over and try to keep down the



"IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP FROM SMILING WHEN I SAW HER SMILE, KIND OF CATCHING-LIKE IT WAS."

dance in her eyes, but every time she looked over at him she'd have to give it up. And him—he was just as bad. No use at all of her traveling dress that had been worn before, nor of his reading the paper before she'd had a peep at it. If everything else had been all right, his asking her whether she liked her steak rare or well done would have queered 'em. And the funny thing was they didn't notice the slip.

"Well, sir, that morning they kind of got in to my heart. What's that thing you said one day?—'Everybody loves a pair of sweethearts,' or something like. I never thought of putting it that way, but it's quite true, come to think it over.

the right fellow, and I'm sure there's nothing wrong about it with your husband. That's one reason why I was so sorry to see she didn't have them half shy, half daring looks any longer. One year seems an awful short time to stop 'em off entirely, doesn't it, sir? She was harder-like now, and she had a sort of tiredness about her face, and as if she was dissatisfied with everything, and he—well, sir, cold lookin' about expresses him. Still they talked to each other, but it was like the sun shinin' on a rock in the winter time; the hardness was there, and the cold, no matter what.

"They both of 'em recognized me—my gray hair, I guess, sir, and my long face



"ONE YEAR LATER THEY CAME BACK AND ATE BREAKFAST AGAIN AT THE SAME TABLE."

Any ways, she was so pretty, and they were both so young, that I noticed them quite a good deal that morning, and so a year later it was quite easy for me to recognize them again. Yes, sir, one year later, four years ago tomorrow, they came back and ate breakfast again at the same table. And, sir, there was a difference. They seemed happy enough on the surface, I suppose, only there was the difference that makes you set some people down in spite of yourselves as bridal couples and others as old married folks.

The new was worn off. Nothing showed so plainly that a year had gone as the absence of those looks and the tiltings of the head, just like a sassy wren, and the smiles and blushes. I like to see a girl flirt like, sir, providin' she does it with

that you've noticed makes folks remember me—and he spoke to me. Then he ordered their breakfast—the same they had the year before, and it was silly of me—but I can't tell you, sir, how I missed that question of his about the rare or done steak. It seemed a pity that he knew by this time her little likes and dislikes—knew so well that she wanted hers rare. Sometimes there's a deal of romance in a steak if he cuts it, or in a cup of coffee if she pours it out, and I can't tell you the pity of it to me when that romance is gone. Because, sir, when the little things get commonplace, the big ones are pretty apt to get colored the same way.

"Well, sir, they talked pretty steady through the meal until near the end. Right at the last I was refilling their glasses, and all of a sudden he spoke out. 'Well,' he said with a laugh that sounded hard, but that had an ache in it that made



STORIETTES.

her eyes wet, 'it has been an experiment that has failed, hasn't it?' She kept quiet for a minute, then she looked straight at him, tired and worn looking, and her voice as quiet as death. 'It is as if that first breakfast had been kept for us all this year and then—warmed over! Come! It is a pity to have spoiled whatever sentiment there was a year ago for a sentimental whim.' She pushed back her chair, and the man helped her into her coat as if he was trying it on a model, and then they walked out, she with her head up high and eyes that looked straight ahead, and him following with head higher and eyes straighter, if anything. And some way, sir, I felt as if I'd been standing by a grave and seen something I loved buried in it, and I never expected to see it again. And no more I haven't.

"No, sir, they've never come back.

The next year, awful late in the morning, he came in and walked over there and sat down, but he didn't stay but a minute, then he got up sudden-like and left. That night, though, he came back for dinner and sat there till people stared to see him, and then he went away. And, sir, I'm not a believer in ghosts, but it made me feel as if the spirit of that dead thing that I'd seen buried the year before had been walking in the room. I had that sensation for a week, and it made me feel queerish-like. I worried about him quite a good deal, and I worried more because I noticed particularly that he wasn't in mourning—what's that, sir? Yes, sir,

death isn't the hardest or worst thing in the world.

"That's the end of it, sir, as far as I know. For a week beforehand the next year, and then again last year, I waited for the queer anniversary to come round, but he never came back, and I truly hope that tomorrow will get itself through with in quick time. It makes me quite nervous, sir."

When I saw William the next evening I knew that his story of the evening before had another ending, and one look of question and sympathizing inquiry was enough to start him off.

"Well, sir, they both came back. Yes, sir, and I was that pleased, you may say. Yes, sir, she was just as pretty, but quieter and sweeter and shyer, sir. It was all quite like the morning five years ago. I'm an old fool, and I'm proving it when I tell this on myself, but when I heard him say, 'Louise, it must always be rare, mustn't it?' I felt myself choke up, sir. Yes, I'm getting old and foolish. And her—she looked at him so straight and

"IT MADE ME FEEL AS IF THE SPIRIT OF THAT DEAD THING HAD BEEN WALKING IN THE ROOM."

happy and said, 'Have you remembered that all these years?' He never said a word in answer, but, sir, sometimes you don't need words to talk. And his silence made her flush prettier than all his compliments and love makings five years ago. There was just a little more I heard, snatch words about 'Europe' from her and 'South America' from him, and then talk that sounded like they were going to settle down here in Chicago to



live. But just as they got up and he was putting her into her coat—and he'd lost all idea, I observed, of her being just a cloak model or a marble statue, sir—she said real soft, 'The first breakfast wasn't so happy as this, dear.' He bent down so low I was afraid he was going to—not that I'd blamed him, only it seemed a pity

"Well, sir, I'm looking forward to next year with a good deal different feeling than for four years past. I never realized till this morning that I'd worried so constant and heavy over that young couple. Here's your dinner, sir, come at last. I think that venison will just suit you. What's that, sir? A good story



"I HOPE I'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ATTENDING YOU HERE NEXT YEAR—YOU AND YOUR LADY."

for them both to be laughed at. But I guess he thought of that, or else he caught me looking at them; at any rate, when he did see me, I stepped forward, because I couldn't stand still, and said, 'I hope I'll have the pleasure of attending you here next year—you and your lady.' He looked surprised, but she remembered me right away, and if she's that sweet always as when she answered me, it's no wonder that he had to have her again.



and well told! Oh, no, sir, I've just filled it in for myself at odd times of thinking about it. I don't know any of the hows and whys, and I don't care to know them."

Edna B. Kenton.

THE MEETING OF THE NOMS-DE-PLUME.

"Oh, dear, you look dreadfully busy!" he said from the doorway. "Can't I come in?"

She glanced dubiously over her shoulder, biting the end of her pencil.

"I'm afraid you must not," she said regretfully. "I'm expecting all my noms-de-plume this evening, and we shall have to work like anything;" and she turned back to the mass of papers in front of her. He came and leaned against the desk.

"Do let me stay to meet them," he urged. "I won't interrupt, truly."

"I don't know how you'd get on with them," she hesitated, tipping thoughtfully back in her chair. "I'd have better aliases if my work lay in a higher sphere. This newspaper crowd—well, I don't know about mixing them with a young person who has an office on Wall Street."

rather like him," she interrupted. "Bennington's really a nice fellow. He's 'Observed About Town,' you know."

"To be sure: rides around in cable cars having things happen to him and taking statistics on how many women say 'Thank you' for seats; walks behind country couples who visit art galleries and hears them make naïve comments; guys women's clubs and clothes—a small minded, cheaply witty, gossiping old maid



"I'M EXPECTING ALL MY NOMS-DE-PLUME THIS EVENING, AND WE SHALL HAVE TO WORK LIKE ANYTHING."

"But I'm only my father's office boy down there. Besides, I'm very democratic."

"Not the way I am. I meet my noms-de-plume on perfectly equal terms while I'm working with them. Of course I never see anything of them socially; but I'd be sorry to have them realize that and think I was secretly stuck up. I'm afraid you might hurt their feelings in some way."

"Truly, I wouldn't," he promised. "The very fact that they worked for you would dignify them. Why, if I could work for you—"

"There's Bennington Stoker: you might

in a frock coat and a neatly parted mustache."

"No such thing," she protested warmly. "Bennington's the very nicest of my noms-de-plume, and I won't have him run down. He's a very bright, attractive fellow, though I say it that shouldn't. I don't know what the Page would do without him."

"Oh, well, if you like that sort of fellow—one who does his daily life up into paragraphs like a druggist making capsules—" he shrugged. "I suppose he gets up your society notes, too."

"No, that's Claudia Fribble—little

beast!" she broke out. "Oh, if I could cut that nom-de-plume from my staff, I'd die happy. I can't bear her."

"Bet you're jealous," he said, brightening up.

"Jealous—of a society writer! It's



"I'VE A NEW NOM-DE-PLUME ALL READY FOR YOU."

likely. She's always late with her fashion notes, and then the Sunday editor jumps on me. And when I tell him it's Claudia's fault he only laughs. There's no justice in a newspaper office. I can't make her prompt, if she is my nom-de-plume."

"She must be a dear little curly, feminine thing," he mused. "I rather like that kind. They always drop things and lose their hairpins and trust implicitly in your strength and wisdom."

"Oh, that's the type you like, is it?" she said indifferently, picking up a strip of proof and frowning down it.

"No; but they're the only kind that can find time for me," he suggested in a lonely tone.

"Um," she murmured absently, blue penciling the edges of her proof with strange symbols.

"Who else is coming?" he asked presently.

"There is only one other, Aunt Plenty (don't you smell the gingerbread?) She's come to chaperon; her work's always in early, dear old thing. I have to toil for the other two, but I think she could do her column while I was asleep! She's my comfort—and she takes up such a lot of space."

"Is she so portly?" he asked.

She laughed.

"I meant on the Page," she explained. Then she stretched her arms over her head with a sigh. "Oh, me, I'm tired,"

she said. "If that hateful little Claudia would only do her stuff early in the week! But I always have to sit up nights with her. Bennington is pretty good. He only needs two inches more for his column this week. Do help him; he's tired, too. Haven't you observed something about town; two inches' worth?"

"As I dropped in at the club the other day," he began pompously, "I found Cholly Van——"

"N-n-no!" she interrupted. "That's no good."

"Well, then; I was going up to the Knickerbelts, and as there wasn't a hansom about, I had to get on an ordinary tram car——"

"Bennington isn't that kind, not a bit," she broke in impatiently. "He doesn't do stuff like that."

"Well, let me help Claudia, then. I'm more interested in her, any way," he said good temperedly. "I know she's a sweet little girl and wouldn't do fashion notes for the world if she hadn't an invalid mother to support."

"You seem to know more about my noms-de-plume than I do," she said coldly.

"Well, I took to Miss Fribble the minute I heard her name." He was smiling into space. "I'm going to read the Page after this. Here's a paragraph for her: 'Oh, girls, I know of a perfectly lovely engagement, only I can't tell you about it till next week, for it's dead secrets. It's a sure thing, for I had it from

the man himself. He's strikingly handsome and talented, and not unknown on Wall Street, where his father—— What's that?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Oh, I thought you spoke. I hope you're taking all this down. To continue: 'And the girl—well, she's a good deal more closely connected with your Claudia than I dare tell you. She's handsome, too, in her way, and——' Say, don't you think this ought to make an impression on Claudia, my taking all this trouble for her?"

"I'm sure it will," she was intently drawing scrolls on her blotter. "Why, I know how I feel to dear Bennington when he helps me." She lifted her eyes with an evident desire to note the effect of this, and then they both laughed.

"I'll tell you what," he said, bending over her chair. "We'll marry Bennington off to Claudia and let Aunt Plenty go and live with them."



CLAUDIA FRIBBLE, SOCIETY WRITER.

"But I can't spare them," she objected with a frown. A fool might have feared to tread; but a wise man knows when to rush in.

"Oh, I've a new nom-de-plume all



BENNINGTON STOKER, "OBSERVED ABOUT TOWN."

ready for you," he said, drawing the pencil out of her fingers. "You'll like it so much you'll drop even your own name for it." And he wrote something on the edge of the blotter. But she hid her face against his coat and refused to see what it was.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE STOLEN SAINT.

THE magic light of the unshaded wax candles lay on the white robed table. They were placed in a dozen sticks of old silver and burned low and singly, and their pure glimmer, and the lilies which stood in silver vases, gave an air of holy mystery to this very worldly entertainment.

Marion Lamont turned to the man on her left. He was speaking.

"I feel like a nun," he said. He had an odd face of a uniform ruddy color, friendly eyes, and an expressive twist to his lip. "It isn't too white for you?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said she.

"It chills me," he said. "I like red

shades and a heap of roses. This wouldn't be bad at a hunt dinner with the men in pink, but tonight it's unearthly. There is only one man here who doesn't look a florid sinner."

She followed his eyes down the table, and they indicated a man of about thirty, whose profile alone was visible to them.

"He is very handsome," said Marion.

"And this really seems to become him,

"No," said he, "not black—only scarlet. And, after all, I would rather you believed nothing at all about me."

"Why?" asked Marion.

"Well," said he, "you are a débutante, and your illusions must not be shattered."

"If they are false?" she asked.

"Illusions are no more false than anything else," said he. "An illusion is like a woman or a rainbow—a beautiful vision set above a man somewhere between him



"THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN HERE WHO DOESN'T LOOK A FLORID SINNER."

just as it does you," her friend went on. "They are playing a 'Largo' of Handel's now! If this keeps up, Miss Lamont, I shall be confessing all my sins to you."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, with a pretense of stopping her ears. "Not to me, please. I am too young."

"Too young to be shocked, perhaps?" he asked, and laughed. Then he leaned toward her and looked along the table. "I suppose," he said, "your soul is just like that—a glimmering whiteness, with here and there your good works burning like little candles."

Marion laughed. "And you want me to believe," said she, "that yours is as completely black."

and heaven. It is intangible, but it is real; it fades, but the memory of it lasts, and, anyhow, it is good for him to look up."

Marion said, "I see you still have illusions, though you are not a débutante."

"No," said he, "not illusions, but theories. I live near the earth myself, and if I look up, it is through other men's eyes."

At least, he could look down very pleasantly. He smiled and said, "Miss Lamont, you remind me very much of a friend of mine. I haven't seen him for six years until today."

"We are alike?" Marion asked.

"It's just an expression," he answered. "When two faces wear the same look the

minds are relatives. Thinking of him has made me talk so much about illusions, and perhaps has made me so considerate of yours."

"Then, if it is a pleasure to be reminded of him," said Marion, "tell me something about him for a reward."

"You would rather hear it than a confession of my sins? I shall like better to tell you. Besides, you have the eyes that understand. Perhaps if I have an illusion left, it is that my intuitions are trustworthy."

"I rely on mine," said Marion.

"I should imagine that you do," he answered. "So did my friend. There wasn't an illusion he didn't enshrine in the lofty temple of his thoughts. When he was eighteen he was

so happy burning incense before his ideals that he wasn't good for much else. The next year a friend went back on him—forged his name, and disappeared.

"He forswore friendship, took up philanthropy, and went to work in a mission church, where he fell in love with one of the girls in the choir. Her mother kept a shop, but what did it matter? Not a bit to my friend. It brought about a quarrel with his father, though, who disinherited him and died. You can guess that the relatives kept the money and turned up their noses at the little saleslady. By this time most of my friend's illusions were gone. Experience is an iconoclast. The temple had been desecrated, and the sacred images had been thrown down. There was only one shrine left, and here he had placed a little golden figure of a saint. It was love he worshiped, and with that left he scarcely seemed to miss friends or father, money or position. After all, a chapel does as well to pray in as a cathedral. He was perfectly happy till his pretty chorister

went on the stage, took a boy's part in a comic opera, and married the tenor."

"He should have been glad to have escaped," said Marion.



A MAN OF ABOUT THIRTY, WHOSE PROFILE ALONE WAS VISIBLE TO THEM.

"I don't think he took that view. It wasn't that he regretted her; but you see, Miss Lamont, she had stolen his golden saint. For the hundredth time I congratulated myself that my mental bric-à-brac was inferior and dispensable. There was my friend with a long life before him and no taste for living. I think he would have ended it, only he has a great deal of persistency, hates to beg off, wants to carry out what he begins. So he pulled himself together, looked out for hard things to do, made life an intellectual gymnasium, cultivated a distaste for women, studied Russian, and buried himself in Siberia for six years."

He stopped and turned to Marion. "There," he said, "you have the history of the man with the lost ideal."

She looked at him rather strangely. "Is that all?" she asked.

"Not quite," he answered. "I met him again today, and I find that once more the altar is illumined and the service going on as before. Some one has restored his golden image."

"Why," said Marion, "that is the best part of the story."

There was a quiver in her voice, and a brightness like tears on her lower lids. She was looking down the table at the man they had noticed before, and his eyes were fixed on her face, adoringly.

"The candles are alight on the altar," said Marion's friend. He asked, "Then you know him?"

"Yes," she said. "We are engaged to be married. We met last summer in St. Petersburg."

Ann Devoore.

THE READING AT THE WALDORF.

SUSAN VILLARS, writer, journalist, literary hack, smiled across the table at her husband. His face showed heavy lines where sleeplessness had plowed.

"I'm afraid I'm becoming impregnated with Mrs. Pierce-Rollins' views."

"How so?"

"Why, here I am wavering again, whether to go or not. Yesterday I had fully decided that there was more than enough to keep me home, and now—what say you, Eric?"

"What's the occasion, and why go if you are not inclined?"

"Mrs. Pierce-Rollins' reading at the Waldorf is the occasion, and I suppose I ought to go just to keep in the swim—at least, that's her latest advice to me. There might be a good natured publisher around, or a literarily inclined dowager who'd enjoy being patron to a rising young genius like—yours truly."

Susan interrupted her light speech to call the maid. "There's no sugar in the bowl, Kitty."

"None in the house, ma'am."

"Oh, isn't there? No matter. I'll get some later. The milkman couldn't change my check, so I'm penniless."

"How about coal, Sue? If you can help with two dollars, I'll order a half ton."

Sue allowed her mental groan to escape. "It's deeply mortgaged already, Eric. Oh, if you only could get something to do!"

"Hush, girl, for God's sake. I'm doing my best, but things don't come my way, somehow."

Susan, helping

him on with his coat, smiled into his eyes.

"You'll have to leave me car fare—to see my swell friends; or," she called after him, "suppose I stay home altogether."

Villars turned round. "Didn't you say something about a publisher?"

"Well, that's not sure. Such things happen, you know, when you keep in the swim."

His answer was a look that tried to be smiling. Then the door closed. "Poor Eric!" However, time was too pressing for sympathizing monologues. Her belittled desk appealed to her. "No, I think I'll water the plants now; then on with my things."

Ten minutes later. "Kitty," she called, "I'll be back at one. Have a cup of tea for me, good and hot, will you?"

"No sugar, ma'am."

"Oh, that's so! Well, I'll see when I get back. Meanwhile, try to manage."

"I will, ma'am. Don't be catchin' cold, ma'am."

The functionaries guarding the tapestried chambers leading from the foyer of the Waldorf directed Susan Villars to a door before which stood two attendants. Each rolled his half door softly back, allowing her to pass into the apartment. She was late. Mrs. Pierce-Rollins, from the raised dais upon which she was standing, saw her and gave her a half veiled, recognizing smile. She was a tall, graceful woman, with a wealth of brown hair rolled back from an open, good natured face.

Sue sank into a white satin, lyre backed chair next Virgie Merriman. The softly shaded chandeliers, the exquisite tapestries and frescos, were reflected in the mirrored walls. A lamp beside the reading desk shed its rays upon the reader, while the strains of the poet whose literary greatness it was her special province to elucidate fell mellifluously upon the ears of her audience. Susan remembered their last conversation. Mrs. Pierce-Rollins' tone had been advisory and friendly, but grating upon the ears of an idealist.

"I made eight hundred dollars by my readings last year. I mean to double it this year."

"Do you need it very much?"

"No, not exactly, but it helps out my trip to Europe immensely. Why don't you do it? You're not a bit clever."

How these words had shattered Sue's notions regarding Mrs. Pierce-Rollins!

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"You could—so well, indeed, that I hesitated about having you hear me. What are you working for, any way?"

"Fame."

"Right you are, Sue. But she knows the world. Knows, too, that rich women dote on patronizing their superiors."

"I don't believe it," Sue had retorted hotly. "Rich women are not fools for all their good nature. I was one myself, and this sort of genteel begging never de-



THE READING OVER, MRS. PIERCE-ROLLINS SMILED HER SWEETEST IN ANSWER TO GENERAL CONGRATULATIONS.

"Nonsense! You really should cultivate Mrs. Vanburgh and Mrs. Dickson and—isn't Virgie Merriman your friend?"

"Yes; so is Alida Dickson."

"Well, you couldn't have better for the purpose. Some good names, then—'Under the auspices of'—then the names—a course of readings will be given at the Waldorf, Wednesdays, February 11, 18, 25, at eleven o'clock A. M. Tickets, five dollars.' Send them broadcast among your friends. Few are returned. Most answer by check."

Susan had shivered slightly, and subsequently, detailing the conversation to her sister, had asserted that she never could survive such patronage.

ceived me into a soul friendship or a hearty respect; and I'll never do it."

"Not even if you gave their money's worth?"

"No, there's the army of hard working professionals for that. One may be poor, yet self respecting: an honored member of society, giving, receiving, or declining favors or hospitality, as one chooses or can afford. But to be patted and patronized, to be a hybrid of society, neither lady nor professional, compelled to blush at one's methods, or to become hardened entirely—faugh!"

* * * * *
Virgie Merriman leaned forward. "She reads her lines monotonously, don't you

think so?" Susan followed critically. "That's a poor sonnet; she might have chosen better."

The reading over, Mrs. Pierce-Rollins smiled her sweetest in answer to general congratulations.

"So good of you to say so."

"I hope you enjoyed it."

"I'm sure I try to make them interesting."

"Delighted." This to Mrs. Broadacres,



"I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, OR I WOULD BUY SOME."

whose carriage awaited Mrs. Pierce-Rollins' pleasure.

On the way home Virgie Merriman coaxed hard for company to luncheon. "Do both of you come."

Susan, resting back among the carriage cushions, declined for that day. Virgie and Alida Dickson discussed a trip to Lakewood. "Can't you come, Sue, for a few days?"

Sue smiled and shook her head.

"It would do you a world of good," Alida ventured.

"It would, I don't doubt."

At the station Virgie Merriman leaned

out for the last time. "Won't you come, Susie? We haven't had a talk in months."

"Another time, Virgie. Now, dear, say good by, and don't bother."

* * * *

"Now, what have I gained by my trip?" soliloquized Susan, gazing out at the quickly receding city. "I am returning home embittered by the thought of that large sized check in Mrs. Pierce-Rollins' bank. My tiny check for ten times the work is still uncashed. I've not met the long desired publisher; am returning to the coldest of libraries in the most Byronic of moods, and—Ossa upon Pelion—no sugar for my tea."

* * * *

The door bell rang as Susan sat down to her tea, a dish of jam doing service for sugar. She sprang up, calling to Kitty, "I'll open the door."

A broad shouldered Irishwoman with a nubia about her head and a basket on her arm stood in the doorway. "Will you buy some soap?" The door swung slowly to.

"One cake, ma'am. I'm after burying a child yesterday, and there's five more waitin' home for summat to eat."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I haven't any money, or I would buy some."

A bitter smile crossed the woman's face. "God forgive me. I wish the rest of 'em wuz dead. I've been an office cleaner, but"—she shoved one foot heavily forward, and showed her hands gnarled and swollen—"since I wuz tuk with the rheumatiz, I can't scrub. I only wants to put bread into the childer's mouths."

Susan gazed piteously into the woman's eyes. It seemed heartless to send her away. "I'm sorry, so sorry. I haven't a penny, nothing except a check." She laughed hysterically as the woman eyed her incredulously. "Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thankee, mum—if it ain't too much trouble."

So Susan heard of the child's burial by the church and of the remaining children. "They're promised the asylum, but I hates to leave 'em go. It's hard getting them back once they're taken."

Susan gulped down something lumpy with her tea.

"An' the worse of it is, I lost the insurance of her that's gone. The child

was that strong, I put her in for only five cents a week. But we got so poor I let it run. When she died I borried the money and sent it to the office, tellin' Mamie partikler not to say anythin'. But they must 'a' ast her questions and found out she was dead 'bout an hour. So I lost the insurance

to yez. May the Lord bless yez with riches. It's you as'll do good to them as'll need it."

As Susan closed the door after the Irishwoman, the memory of that morning came back to her; the Waldorf, the tapestries and lyre shaped chairs; the crowd of smiling, cul-



SHE WROTE AN ARTICLE ON THE VALUE OF MAINTAINING IDEALS IN LIFE.

and all I paid in. It's the bad luck follis one, that tuk even the insurance." The woman sighed. "Excuse me, ma'am, for botherin' the likes of yer, as oughtn't to know trouble——"

"We all have our share."

"Yes, ma'am, rich and poor has their troubles. I always say that, but them that works for their bread has the hardest time."

"I work for mine."

"An' hasn't yer a husband?"

"Yes, but he's lost everything. I can hardly realize that I ever was able to be helpful to others."

"It'll come again, ma'am."

"Perhaps. There's always the comfort of knowing it could be worse."

"That's thrue, mum. I sez that the day Pat O'Shea was electrocuted. A terrible day 'twuz for the O'Sheas. God save us from the like! We'd nothin' to eat, an' I'd to pawn me shoes to git this soap. But me Jamie is a good boy an' doesn't loaf roun' corners or drink like the rest. An' we manages to keep together in our two rooms. I'm thinkin', ma'am, as I'll be goin' now. Good luck

tivated women, the heartaches and straining to keep up appearances, and Mrs. Pierce-Rollins accepting the plaudits of her patrons with the knowledge of the fifteen hundred dollar check stowed away for her trip to Europe.

"I think I respect the Irishwoman more, after all."

Then she sat down and with numb fingers wrote an article on "The Value of Maintaining Ideals in Life," for which the editor sent her a special line of praise but a smaller check than usual.

But Susan was happy, and in so far as happiness is the much sought after heritage of mankind, who shall say she was not blessed?

Frederick Marcy Dobbins.

"THAT BLESSED BOY."

TIMOTHY O'NEILL, known as "Puggy" among his colleagues of the messenger boy service, pursued his dignified way down Fifth Avenue. His nickname was not given to him for any abstruse reason, but for a natural cause on the surface of things, namely, his nose; and anybody

who particularly noticed Timothy's visage would feel that the fraternity could hardly have done otherwise. But there are many variations of the genus pug, and though Timothy's had a heavenward trend, it was not to be styled impertinent and did not look amiss in the midst of his face, for none of his features were classic.

as naturally as the sun draws water, but realizing his professional responsibilities, he shrugged his shoulders as if to shake off the magnetism, turned his face away, and passed on. A Fifth Avenue stage lumbered by with its low, inviting steps so near that Puggy was again obliged to draw upon his moral force and resign the tempting opportunity with a sigh. How



HER HORSE CAME UP NECK TO NECK WITH THE OTHER AND SHE REACHED FOR THE BRIDLE.

Puggy's progress was not to be termed fast, nor was it slow. It was moderate. While true to the traditions of the service, he was not without a natural sense of duty, which made him valuable to the company. On this occasion he was carrying a sheaf of roses from a bachelor apartment on Forty Fourth Street to a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue, just below Thirty Ninth. They were a birthday gift from a dutiful young man to his rich grandmother.

After one speculative sniff through the tissue paper, Puggy held the package carefully away from him and looked brightly about. At the corner of Forty Fourth Street some boys just out of school were "shooting craps"—this drew Puggy

many avenues of enjoyment are closed to those engaged in the sober performance of duty!

Puggy, in his own boyish fashion, began to reflect upon the monotonies of existence, even in a crowded city. He did more things than most people, perhaps, and his days were full of variety and change, but it was all impersonal. The errand was more important than the boy, and nobody noticed him except to observe that he was clothed in the uniform, the credentials of his service. It might just as well be any other of the nine hundred and ninety nine boys—no one would know the difference.

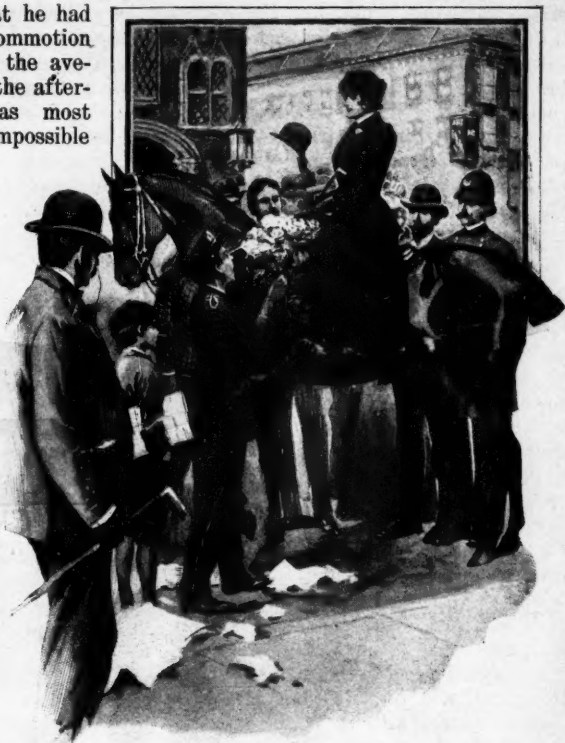
Puggy sighed. He had reached Forty Second Street, and had been so absorbed

in his unwonted reverie that he had failed to notice a great commotion several blocks farther down the avenue. It was at that time of the afternoon when the street was most crowded and when it seemed impossible that a runaway could go a block without bringing up short in a wreckage of broughams and victorias—but here was one followed by a swaying road cart, that seemed to be successfully eluding everything in its way. The horse had dashed in from a side street, and the cart had slued dizzily around behind; two hatless girls sat in it, clinging to the seat and to each other.

There were screams and shouts. At Forty First Street a policeman rushed out at the horse's head; he missed the bridle and was thrown back heavily. There was a congestion of cars, trucks, and carriages at Forty Second Street. Each one who looked on mentally marked that as the scene of the coming fatality.

The general attention was so rigidly enchained by the frantic horse and the two human beings that it was carrying to destruction that no one noticed—except Puggy—that the thunder of the hoofs was composite, that there were two horses going at breakneck speed; but as the other caught up from the rear and forged along beside the cart, those who looked on helplessly saw that a girl, a daring horsewoman, sat on his back, bending low, urging him forward.

Puggy will never forget the look on the girl's face as her powerful horse came up neck to neck with the other and she reached for the bridle. He winked his eyes hard and expected to see her torn from the saddle and dragged along the street. The runaway swerved violently away, but the girl held the rein and kept her seat. He slowed up and began to plunge. A dozen men rushed out to the cart and managed to lift down its frightened occupants. A dozen more



THE CROWD FOUND ITS VOICE IN A GREAT CHEER.

rushed for the horse's head. They finally held him. The girl on her great horse, hatless, with disordered hair, sat aloft in the midst. She drew the back of her gauntlet across her forehead and looked about for the first time, bewildered. Nobody had as yet acquired enough equilibrium to speak or to do anything. Every one still stood staring at the girl.

Puggy's feelings had been stirred to unusual depths. At the most critical moment his heart had ascended to the back of his throat, and he felt queer all over. Now every fiber of his being cried out in admiration for this deed of courage. To show how he felt was a physical necessity. Suddenly he started forward, and as he did so he tore the tissue paper cover and the card of address from the beautiful sheaf of roses.

He wiggled his way through the crowd like a gimlet, and reached the girl's side in a few seconds. With his left hand he caught the flap of the saddle and pulled

himself up so as to stand on the extreme tip of his toes, and handed her the roses with the other. The tension snapped, and the crowd found its voice in a great cheer, followed by another and another. Even the fashionably dressed women in the victorias stood up and waved their parasols and joined in the general shout. Each one forgot his identity in the common enthusiasm for a heroic deed.

The girl had mechanically extended her hand for the flowers, and then recollecting herself and wondering, looked down for the boy—but he was gone, and so she buried her face in the roses, and the crowd cheered again.

People now began to crowd around her with words of praise and of congratulation. Her groom, looking pale and frightened, had ridden up, and she turned to him with the word "Home."

Puggy belonged to the American, not the Roman populace, still he was an "honorable man." At first loftily treading, he was unconscious of the direction that he took; but as his heroic exhilaration died fitfully away, the reaction set in, and he became at first dejected and then miserable; for an unpleasant, a trying duty loomed ahead. He must return to the bachelor apartment on Forty Fourth Street and communicate the fact that he had appropriated the bunch of American Beauties with which he had been intrusted, and which had cost—oh, how much?

He turned uptown again and walked steadily along engaged in speculations as to how the gentleman would take it, and, like his millions of brothers and sisters under similar circumstances, he composed eloquent explanations and touching offers to make good the loss out of his salary. And of course when he presented himself before the gentleman, his inspirations de-

serted and he was left alone to blurt out the naked facts.

The young man heard him to the finish with evident interest. Then he observed:

"I suppose my card was still attached when you made the presentation?"

Puggy had certainly not unattached it; there was every reason to suppose that it was there. The young man smiled grimly at the humor of the thing and at the boy's added discomfiture. Then he said kindly:

"We'll let the flowers go for today. What's your name? Timothy?—Puggy for short. All right, Puggy, then, come back tomorrow at this time. I may have another errand—and here, go get some soda water as quick as you can."

So dismissed, Puggy retired to his office and sat on the bench between two other ordinary messenger boys waiting for a call. He did not speak of his romantic adventures, for he felt that there would be no responsive thrill in the bosoms of his colleagues; and though he sat next to them, physically brushing their coat sleeves, he was in reality in another world separated by infinite space.

The next morning the young man in the bachelor apartment received a note in a familiar hand which sent his blood tingling through his

veins and then speeding back again to his heart so that, as he opened it, he was pale. This is what he read:

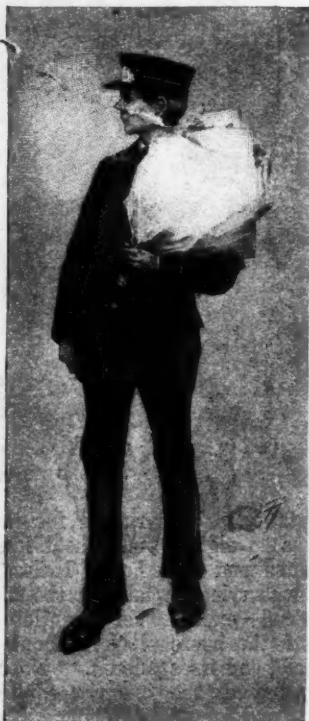
DEAR ROLAND:

Your roses, which seem to have dropped from heaven, have brought me literally to your feet. Forgive me for my pride and my cruelty. It was all my fault—and you are generous—but I will tell you that tonight if you will come. How did the messenger boy know me? Yours,

ALIX.

"That blessed boy!" murmured the young man. And of course Puggy was their Buttons.

Anna Northend Benjamin.



TIMOTHY O'NEILL, ALIAS PUGGY.

THE STAGE

THE NEW "JULIET" AND ANOTHER "ROMEO."

Faversham's great hit with his semblance of intoxication in "Lord and Lady Algy" recalls the fact that it was the tipsy scene in "The Masked Ball" that made Maude Adams famous in a night. It was in October, 1892, at Wallack's (then Palmer's), and she had been promoted from the part of the crippled working girl in "The Lost Paradise" to be John Drew's first leading woman.

She was born in Salt Lake City in 1872, and her father's name was Kiskadden. Her mother, Annie Adams, at present a member of the Charles Frohman forces, was a favorite player in the Mormon theater. According to a newspaper story printed at the time of the success of "The Masked Ball," little Maude appeared in her first part with J. K. Emmet when she was five years old. The mother disapproved of the idea, and the father declared, "I won't have the child making a fool

of herself." But Maude herself settled matters by gravely remarking, "I won't make a fool of myself, papa." And up to date she has certainly kept her promise.

Miss Adams' appearance as *Juliet* last spring awakened an interest in playgoing circles that is comparable with nothing but the stir created by the arrival of some great star like Bernhardt or Irving.

Portraits of Maude Adams in issues of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* still in print have appeared as follows: July, 1895; March and November, 1896; September, 1897; December, 1897, as *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," and April, 1898, in riding habit.

William Faversham is one of the most serious, grave, and reserved actors on the American boards. Born in England of good family, and with a university education, he came to this country something like ten years ago, and has since devoted himself sedulously



MAUDE ADAMS AS "JULIET."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "ROMEO."

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.

to rising in his profession. It was his success in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy" that brought him his engagement for the Empire stock, where he played juveniles in "Sowing the Wind" and "Bohemia," and villains in "The Masqueraders" and "John-a-Dreams," until Henry Miller's departure as a star made

thing of so little import to him that he treats it as if it were absolutely non-existent.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Comment has been made in this department on the hereditary tendency of stage talent,



GRACE ELLISTON (FORMERLY GRACE RUTTER), OF THE LYCEUM STOCK COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

him leading man. His first part in this position was *Gil de Berault* in "Under the Red Robe"; then came "The Conquerors," and in the past season "Phroso" and his big hit as *Lord Algy*, to say nothing of the honor of his selection by Mr. Frohman to enact *Romeo*.

Mr. Faversham is thoroughly domestic, finding his chief pleasures at home, his fad being the raising of bulldogs. The admiration he excites among the *matinée* girls is a

which in this respect differs decidedly from an aptitude for art or literature. In the present number we give portraits of a brother and sister who are carrying out the tradition for the Waldron family. The father, George B. Waldron, who died some sixteen years ago, was the first Gentile actor permitted to appear on the stage of the Salt Lake Theater, and it was under his direction that the mother of Maude Adams (Annie Adams) first trod the



GEORGIA WALDRON, LATELY APPEARING AS LEADING WOMAN IN "WE-UNS OF TENNESSEE."

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.



CHARLES D. WALDRON, PLAYING JUVENILES IN THE MURRAY HILL STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

boards. Georgia Waldron was born in the City of the Saints, at a time when all the amusements were under the direct control of the church, and public balls, held in the theater, were closed with prayer. Both her parents being players, Georgia made her debut as an infant in arms when but eight months old. This was at Portland, Oregon, and afterwards she was the child in "The Danites," with McKee Rankin.

At ten years of age she retired for school-

ing, and at sixteen made her reappearance with Cora Tanner in "Fascination." Some little time after this Dan Frohman engaged her for the Lyceum stock, but destiny intervened in the shape of David K. Higgins, in whose play, "Kidnapped," Miss Waldron chanced to be cast just previous to the beginning of her term with Mr. Frohman. An attachment sprang up between the young people, marriage followed, and the Lyceum contract was canceled.



LESTER WALLACK, JR.,
APPEARING IN
"OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY."

*From a photograph by Rockwood,
New York.*



FRANK LEA SHORT, APPEARING AS
THE AFRICAN KING IN
"THE CUCKOO."

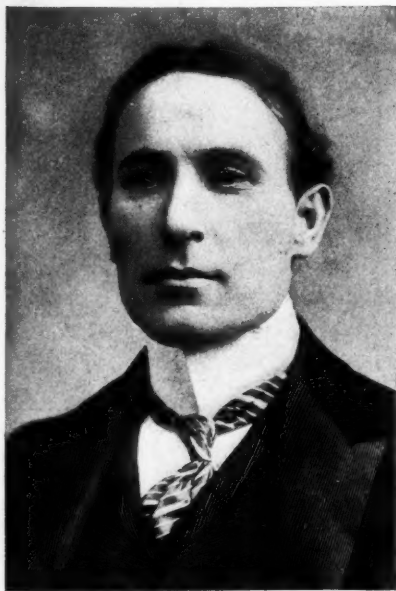
*From a photograph by Sarony,
New York.*



WILLIAM BENTLEY, APPEARING
AS A SALVATION BOY IN
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

*From a photograph by Schloss,
New York.*

She went to California with her husband, where she starred until ill health compelled her to retire from the stage for a time. In the spring of 1897 she was back in New York, and at the American Theater created the rôle of *Cynthia* in Mr. Higgins' successful drama, "At Piney Ridge." Her latest



JOHN CRAIG, LAST SEASON LEADING MAN WITH MRS. FISKE.

From a photograph by Krifts, Philadelphia.

engagement was at the same theater and in a play laid in the same region of country, "We-Uns of Tennessee."

Charles D. Waldron, the brother, anticipated going on the stage from boyhood, but did not actually find himself there until two days before Christmas in 1896, when he broke the ice with *Philip Northcote*, the juvenile part in "Kidnapped." Thence he passed to another of his brother in law's plays, "At Piney Ridge," but soon left it to be *Lieutenant Maxwell* in "Secret Service," in which his mother, Isabel Waldron, was playing at the time. Last summer he signed with Henry V. Donnelly for juveniles in the Murray Hill stock, and during the winter played nearly forty different characters, so successfully that he has been re-engaged for the coming season. Isabel Waldron's latest appearance was as *Mrs. Walton*, the mother of the heroine in "The Moth and the Flame."

Lester Wallack, Jr., now about twenty two, is the grandson of the famous bearer of the name, and the son of Charles E. Wallack, who

did not take up the stage. He was seen in New York with the late Margaret Mather in "Cymbeline," about a year and a half ago, and last season played the juvenile part in "Other People's Money." The Florence Wallack whose portrait appeared in this department for April, 1898, is not his sister, but his cousin.

Musical comedy, as well as the drama proper, is able to show examples of this spread of the footlight fever through a family. William Bentley, inspired by the example of his sister Irene, has begun at the bottom, as a Salvation Army boy in an American "Belle of New York" company. Irene Bentley created the part of *Gladys Glee* in



HANNAH MAY INGHAM, LEADING WOMAN WITH THE MURRAY HILL STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

the English production, now well on in its second year at the London Shaftesbury.

ABOUT HOPPER OPERAS AND PEOPLE.

In 1893 De Wolf Hopper had an opera that was performed for one hundred consecutive times at the Broadway Theater, and its revival just now would possess a species of timeliness, inasmuch as part of its action is laid in the Philippine Islands, one of the sets showing the quay at Manila. The book of "Panjandrum" was by Cheever Goodwin, and the music by the late Woolson Morse, and in both



EDMUND STANLEY, TENOR, WHO CREATED "PRINCE BORIS" IN "THE CHARLATAN."

From a photograph by Falk, New York.



HILDA CLARK, PRIMA DONNA, WHO APPEARED AS "ANNA" IN "THE CHARLATAN."

From a late copyrighted photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



JESSIE MACKAYE, SOUBRETTE, WHO APPEARED AS "KATRINKA" IN "THE CHARLATAN."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



HARRY P. STONE, BASS, WHO CREATED "CAPTAIN PESHOFKI" IN "THE CHARLATAN."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

A GROUP OF DE WOLF HOPPER PEOPLE APPEARING IN "THE CHARLATAN."



AINO ACKTÉ, PRIMA DONNA AT THE GRAND OPÉRA,
PARIS.

From a photograph by Albin, Paris.

humor and tunefulness the piece was superior to "Wang," which Mr. Hopper has brought out from its moth balls on more than one occasion.

We present herewith portraits of four of the Hopper people taking part in the spring production of "The Charlatan." Edmund Stanley, the tenor, is a charter member of the organization, having left the McCaull forces, where he succeeded Eugene Oudin, at the same time with Hopper himself, to support the comedian in his initial stroke of independence, "Castles in the Air." Mr. Stanley, who has a voice of peculiarly resonant timbre, began his stage career with the Wilbur Opera Company, his first rôle being *Nanki Poo* in "The Mikado." Harry P. Stone, the stage manager, is another old member of the company, having created the part of *Montalba*, the dashing insurgent leader in "El Capitan," on the first production of this big Sousa success in Boston, April 13, 1896. In "The

Charlatan" he is the particularly ferocious Russian captain.

Hilda Clark, the prima donna, almost equals Katherine Grey in the ease with which she passes from company to company. Starting as a church choir singer, she went into opera in the "Princess Bonnie," and at various later periods has been with the Bostonians, "The Highwayman," and "The Bride Elect." She has but just now passed from "The Charlatan" at the close of its season, to a summer term with Jefferson De Angelis in "The Jolly Musketeer."

Jessie Mackaye, whom Hopper "borrowed" from "The Little Minister" company during its "lay off" to permit "Romeo and Juliet" to be "on," has been on the stage for two seasons, but her part in "The Charlatan" is only the second one she has played. Born and brought up in St. Louis, she came to New York to take a course at the Sargent School



FRANK MOULAN, COMEDIAN OF THE CASTLE SQUARE
OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

of Acting, which led to an engagement with Dan Frohman for his Lyceum stock. Before she had an opportunity to appear here, however, Charles Frohman requested her "loan" from his brother to create *Micah Dow*, the downtrodden boy in "The Little Minister," and she has been playing the part ever since,

career of one who deliberately leaves an environment supposed to be so fascinating, simply because she finds it bores her. Some three years ago, Adèle Rafter, the only daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Dunkirk, New York, went to Paris for the cultivation of her voice. On her return in the



ADÈLE RAFTER, LATE MEMBER OF DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.

From a photograph by Naegeli, New York.

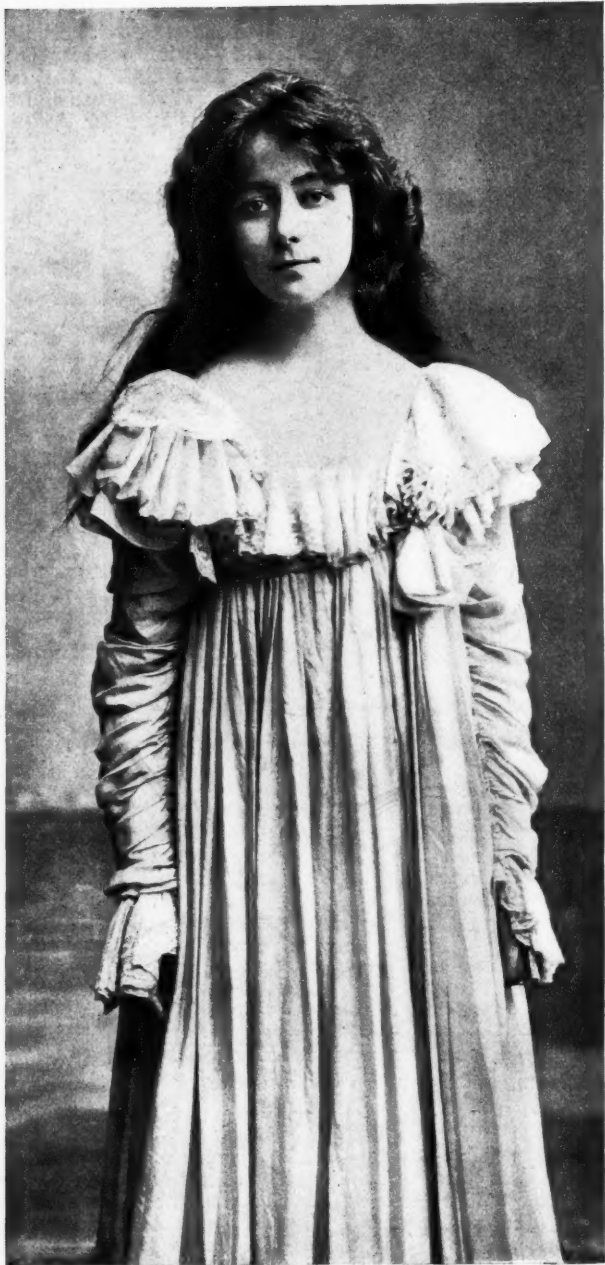
until this opportunity came to masquerade as quite another sort of youth in comic opera. She expects to return to the Maude Adams forces in the autumn. In her whole career, therefore, Miss Mackaye, who is already a decided favorite, has been a borrowed article.

ONE WHO FOUND NO GLAMOUR IN THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

We hear so much of stage struck girls that the charm of novelty gathers about the

spring of 1898, she came to New York and sought a position as contralto singer in one of the city church choirs. But it was after the first of May, engagements for the ensuing year had long since been made, and there was no opening for her. In this emergency one of her friends suggested that she should seek an interview with Mr. Daly.

He heard her sing, said she had a good voice, and offered her a place as an understudy. She accepted, and for some weeks drew a salary and attended the performances



CISSIE LOFTUS, THE FAMOUS IMITATOR OF POPULAR PLAYERS.

From her latest photograph by Robinson, Dublin.

of "A Runaway Girl" for the purpose of watching the others. Then she went on in the piece as one of the English tourists, and

erty to stand forth and bear witness. But the public, after all, is not so much interested in "when" as in "what" and "how."

shortly afterwards took Yvette Violette's place as *Dorothy*, who sings the famous "Soldiers in the Park," until Adèle Ritchie assumed the rôle. Shortly afterwards she sent in her resignation, and is now singing in the choir of one of the Harlem churches.

Miss Rafter admits that she has an ambition for grand opera, and may try for it some day. But she found rehearsals very trying.

"Why, they do not even give you a chance to sit down between whiles," is her plaint. "In fact, there are no chairs. I certainly am one who is not infatuated with life behind the scenes."

THE DOMINANCE OF THE CONTINUOUS.

Hot weather may close the stock houses, the combination theaters, and even the burlesque shows, but there is one form of amusement that goes on reaping a fortune for its proprietor summer and winter, year in and year out, without any cessation and also without calling for an outlay for expensive scenery or royalty to authors. Both Mr. Keith and Mr. Proctor claim to be the originator of the idea of unreserved seats and a performance that shall run from noon till ten thirty at night without intermission. Mr. Keith boldly prints the date of his beginning on his program—July 6, 1885,—and any one whose memory runs back to the contrary is at lib-

From an alternation of song, dance, acrobatic feats, and jugglery turns, the continuous has grown to include in its scope everything meritorious in drama that is capable of being boiled down within thirty, or at the most sixty, minutes' time. It was Keith who introduced Cissie Loftus to this type of audience, and it is to be remarked that her most applauded imitations were those of originals that were on the one hand the best and on the other least known here. To the former category belonged Ada Rehan, the reproduction of whose indrawn breath and high keyed tones was absolutely faithful, and May Irwin, whose swing as she sings, and the curve of the arm hanging at her side, were caught as if in the biograph. In the latter list was the reproduction of the English Virginia Earl (Letty Lind) imitating Cissie Loftus' imitation of herself, and this won on the sheer cleverness in emphasizing the points of difference in singing the same song, each version being, as it were, a burlesque.

Miss Loftus is the daughter of the London music hall singer, Marie Loftus, and was brought up for the stage. She recently broke a contract with Koster & Bial's owing to a "turn" in their bill of whose nature she did not approve, and with which she refused to be associated. Great care is observed in the continuous houses in this respect. Strict rules are posted inside the stage door regarding the acts and language to be used on the stage.

THE SEASON OF 1899-1900, LOOKING FORWARD.

After a year of such marked prosperity as that which closed in May last, managers were chary about concluding arrangements for the next season. For a theater's success is gaged not by the number of productions it can make in a given period, but by the fewness of them. Looking back on the many hits of 1898-99, each director of a playhouse has sought to obtain an attraction which shall possess one or more of the elements which appeared to make for popularity in the pieces put forward in the past twelve months. He has also striven to avoid committing himself to a contract until the eleventh hour, for fear he may chance upon something still stronger after his time is all booked.

Wall Street is the only locality comparable to stageland for the tremendous risks that must be taken. The temper of the public changes with the inconstancy of a weathercock; about the only element that can be depended upon is the personal popularity of an actress. Even so sterling a star as John Drew will not be accepted in a play that does not appeal to the prevailing taste. Hence the disinclination of American managers to

hazard time and money and expensive people on untried native drama when they can purchase the rights to approved material on the other side, and the disinclination of English managers to put forward anything but the work of writers who have already won a following by previous successes.

It will be American work, however, that leads off the season in New York at the Academy of Music, where the lighting up is scheduled to take place on August 21, with "The Last of the Rohans," a new romantic drama of Irish life by Ramsay Morris, in which Andrew Mack will star. Another booking at this house is more American yet, "Way Down East," the truly rural, snowy affair by Lottie Blair Parker, which, nevertheless, was by no means a "frost" when it was last seen in the metropolis.

The Castle Square Opera Company will not strike up at the American this year until October 2, when Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" will be sung for the first time in English. As the experience of the two past seasons has shown the management that grand opera attracts better audiences than the lighter variety, the classical repertory will be drawn on more heavily than heretofore, and it is probable that works seldom heard nowadays—Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," for instance—will take their turn on the stage with more familiar titles.

Among our portraits this month is one of Frank Moulan, a clever comedian in the Castle Square company. Born in New York considerably less than thirty years ago, the great power and compass of his voice excited comment when he was but a boy. He became one of the early members of the young Apollo Club, and while still in his teens secured a position in the choir of Trinity Church. His stage career began with the Calhoun Opera Company, and he was added to the Castle Square roster last year. Among Mr. Moulan's especially successful impersonations are *Sir Joseph Porter* in "Pinafore," and the lisping, simpering *Prince Paul* in "The Grand Duchess."

Plans for the Bijou are at this writing exceedingly hazy. May Irwin is, of course, to be there for a long engagement, but she has not yet selected her play from the three or four she has under consideration. There was talk of Dixey opening the autumn season in a new piece, but as he was obliged to close here prematurely in the spring with "Adonis," Mr. Sire will probably find it more to his advantage to hold open time for some known success that may later on be looking for a New York date.

On May 1 the Broadway Theater passed under the control of Jacob Litt, who manages, among other houses in the West, McVicker's in Chicago, and is well known as the pro-

ducer of such melodramas as "In Old Kentucky" and "Sporting Life." He will reopen the Broadway, newly decorated, in September, possibly with the new comedy, "The Club's Baby." An autumn attraction is to be Julia Arthur in Coquelin's latest Paris presentation, "More Than Queen," in which Miss Arthur will figure as the *Empress Josephine*. She is also to be seen in her elaborately outfitted "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Litt has secured the new play on Russian life written by Edwin Arden, late leading man in "Because She Loved Him So," and author of "Eagle's Nest," and in December the Broadway is to have the dramatization of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" for an indefinite period.

Last season Alice Nielsen was obliged to leave the metropolis in the full tide of success, owing to previous bookings arranged weeks in advance. Her manager therefore determined to take time by the forelock in scheduling her next metropolitan term, and last January secured the Casino for a long autumn run of her new opera, temporarily called "The Singing Girl," and prepared for her by the men who were so successful in fitting her with "The Fortune Teller"—Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. George W. Lederer, the Casino's director, now has the New York music hall at his disposal, and is therefore in a position to be elastic in the dates he accords to visiting companies at his older house.

Charles Frohman's latest acquisition in New York playhouses, the Criterion, starts its career under his auspices early in September with "The Girl at Maxime's," the French farce brought out in Paris last winter, which bears the reputation of being one of the funniest plays ever perpetrated in the city on the Seine. A French critic, in reviewing this latest offering of M. Georges Feydeau, whose work we have seen here before, declared that in its droll invention and prodigality of complications "*La Dame de chez Maxime*" might furnish material for ten other pieces. Clyde Fitch is the next author on the Criterion's list, with "Barbara Frietchie" for Julia Marlowe. Expectation of seeing Miss Marlowe in the unaccustomed guise of the heroine of Whittier's lines, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head," will be modified by the sub title of the play, which reads: "The Frederic Girl." Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," if not also in a new Barrie drama, is another underlining for the Criterion.

Daly's will again be one of the first houses to resume work, following out the schedule made before Mr. Daly's death, as August 23 is the night appointed for the first American presentation of the musical comedy which ran a year at the London Daly's—"A Greek Slave." It will be interesting to compare

its career with that of "A Runaway Girl." Should these comparisons prove odious, it is possible that arrangements will be made to present "San Toy; or, The Emperor's Own," the new Chinese musical comedy, modeled after "The Geisha," and destined to follow "A Greek Slave" in London. As to the Daly dramatic plans, the only novelty promised is the new Drury Lane melodrama, the leading part in which Ada Rehan is to create on the other side before she plays it here. Of Shakspeare there is no word beyond the vague announcement that Miss Rehan will appear in some of her old parts before the money spinner—we should say, the melodrama—is put on. Marcia Van Dresser, who has become such a Daly favorite, will remain in the company, whether to sing in the musical play, or to take Miss Rehan's place before her return, has not as yet been definitely determined.

The Empire will open about the first week in September with John Drew in "The Tyranny of Tears," the new "comedy of temperament" by Haddon Chambers, with which Charles Wyndham has been so successful at the London Criterion. It calls for only six characters, and will be in strong contrast to "The Liars" in that there are but two of the fair sex among them. Isabel Irving will enact the rôle of Mr. Drew's wife, who becomes jealous of his amanuensis, "hence these tears." Drew will be followed at Mr. Frohman's home theater by the Empire stock, beginning either with a revival of "Lord and Lady Algy" or "His Excellency the Governor."

At the Fifth Avenue we are to have Mrs. Fiske in the much postponed "Vanity Fair," Joseph Jefferson, fourteen weeks of Augustin Daly's musical comedians, and Mme. Modjeska in repertoire, with a probability of De Wolf Hopper in his far famed entracte speeches and a comic opera.

Bookings at the Garden Theater are more definite as to people than as to plays. After opening in September with Hackett in the revived "Rupert of Hentzau," Richard Mansfield is to come, then Annie Russell; and although "new productions" are placed in the official announcements beside the name of each, hits are hard things to down, and New York may yet have more opportunities to see "Cyrano" and "Catherine."

"Zaza" is one of the last season hits that boldly promises a resumption of business at the old stand—the Garrick, where Mrs. Carter can remain with it only a few weeks, however, giving place to another Frohman importation in quite a contrasting vein—the farce "My Innocent Boy." Then will come the theater's strong card for the season, William Gillette in his dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes." It was the half finished manuscript of this play that was destroyed in the burning of the

Baldwin Theater, San Francisco, last winter, compelling Mr. Gillette to emulate Carlyle and repeat himself.

At the Herald Square, "A Court Scandal," one of the few London winners which has escaped Charles Frohman's hands, may possibly be the inaugural attraction, followed on October 16 by the Liebler Company's production of Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," with Blanche Bates in the leading rôle.

After two seasons' absence, owing to his quarrel with the syndicate, Francis Wilson will return to the Knickerbocker in September with Lulu Glaser and a new opera, about whose name, nature, and locale he is, at this writing, as mysterious as is his wont, although he does permit himself to hint that it will surpass even "The Little Corporal," which certainly places expectation on a lofty pinnacle. The Knickerbocker has come to be looked upon as the headquarters for stars, and its reputation in this respect will be well maintained during the coming season. Henry Irving will be there in "Robespierre," and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Elder Miss Blossom." Consensus of English opinion on Sardou's "Robespierre" sets it down as somewhat unsatisfactory from a logical viewpoint, but tremendously strong in two of its scenes. As matters theatrical go nowadays, this is a fact abundantly able to varnish far more decided blurs into glittering success. In addition thereto there is, of course, Irving's masterly impersonation of the name part. Ellen Terry's rôle is so slight that Sardou is said to have sent an apology with it. The Kendals have wisely deferred their next American visitation until they were backed by an especially satisfactory play, which "Miss Blossom," by writers new to the drama, would appear to be, if its reception at the St. James, last autumn, be any criterion. The remainder of the Knickerbocker's bookings are American: Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady," Sothern in a new play, and the Bostonians in a new opera.

The Lyceum will open as usual with Sothern in September, possibly using a revival of "The King's Musketeer," which has not yet been seen at this theater. The stock company will have John Mason, late of "The Christian," in place of William Courtleigh, who goes to Crane. Olive May, still remembered for capital work in "Butterflies" some years ago, when she threatened to snatch the laurels from Maude Adams' brow in the Drew company, will be another recruit. As to the plays, it was thought at first that Pinero's latest and, as some think, his cleverest, "The Gay Lord Quex," would be the Lyceum strong card for the season, but Dan Frohman, it appears, regards it as a bit too strong in certain respects for the Lyceum clientele, and has

engaged John Hare himself to come over with it. The play may therefore be done at the Criterion or the Garden. In this emergency it would not be surprising if Henry Arthur Jones' "The Maneuvers of Jane," the all season's bill last year at the London Haymarket, went into the repertoire at the Lyceum, although a dramatic version of "David Harum" is talked of. Other Lyceum possibilities are "The Lord of the Moor," a play of the last century, called in London "The Libertine"; a drama founded on John Luther Long's story, "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo," and John Oliver Hobbes' "The Ambassador."

"Why Smith Left Home" will inaugurate the new season at the Madison Square. This, described on the house bills as a "gleeful plenitude," is really a farce by George H. Broadhurst, whose "What Happened to Jones" enabled him to produce "Smith" at a London theater of his own leasing, the Strand, where it began its run on May 1 last. The American company producing the piece won the especial favor of the English critics, particularly Annie Yeamans as a queen of the kitchen who is secretary of the Cook Ladies' Union. As to the play itself, the hurried ending of the final act appears to be the only fault with which it is charged. Another Madison Square booking is R. C. Carton's "Wheels Within Wheels," which has made much talk in London. Later will come Henry Miller, who is spending the summer in San Francisco with a carefully chosen company, including in his support Edward Morgan, Margaret Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Walcot, and presenting the cream of New York hits such as "The Liars," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and "Lord and Lady Algy."

Grand opera under Maurice Grau will not begin at the Metropolitan until Monday, December 18; but while the season will be shorter than the last, it will be no whit less brilliant so far as the number and fame of the soloists are concerned. As there is a strong probability of Calvé being added to the incomparable list of last year's artists, it is small wonder that very nearly all the best seats have already been reserved by subscribers. Theatrical people complain bitterly of the competition of the opera, and there is a scramble for dates that will not clash with Mr. Grau's. If managers would devote more time to strengthening their own attractions and less to dodging rivals, there might be less cause for dissatisfaction. Give the public something that it really wants to see, and it will come, opera or no opera. It's only a slightly different application of the old saw, "There's always room at the top."

The Henry V. Donnelly stock company will inaugurate its second season at the Murray Hill Theater on September 25, thus breaking all records for this house, which hitherto

has not been lucky enough to retain the same manager two years in succession. Last year, from August until Christmas, it looked as if Mr. Donnelly must go the way of all his predecessors. The total receipts for the first week, he told a *Dramatic Mirror* reporter, were \$177, and this was for two performances on each of the six days. But "Natural Gas" had filled Mr. Donnelly's coffers pretty full, and he still believed that there were enough people in New York to do what Boston, Philadelphia, and many of the smaller cities do—support a stock company of good caliber presenting standard plays at fifty cents a seat. People at first were incredulous about the worth of the Murray Hill performances, but as those who had witnessed them circulated reports of their merits among their friends, the house began to fill up, and with regular patrons, too, for the bill is changed weekly, and subscriptions are taken on the same basis as at the American Theater, no obligation to pay beyond a week in advance. At the daily matinées, orchestra chairs are only twenty five cents. As to the company, it is so good a one that Mr. Donnelly has to contend with the drawback of losing its members to Broadway managers at the end of the season. For instance, Robert Drou  t goes out as leading man with Viola Allen, and Sandol Milliken has been engaged to take Gladys Wallis' place with Crane. But in spite of defections the roster for the coming year will be stronger than last, we are assured.

It looks as if the Rogers brothers were to become as firm a fixture at Hammerstein's Victoria as are Weber and Fields in their own music hall. They are billed to return after the Victoria's roof garden season and reopen the auditorium on September 18 with a new play of the same elastic order as their "Reign of Error." As for Weber & Fields, their new skit will take time by the forelock and show us "Paris in 1900."

"A Little Ray of Sunshine," from England, will light up Wallack's in late August, to be followed by Crane with his wooden leg, on which he is already practising in order to make as realistic a *Peter Stuyvesant* as possible in the play of early New York life prepared for him by Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews. He was so much more successful in "A Virginia Courtship" than in the up to date dramas in which he has recently come forward that his admirers may pretty confidently count on a hit with the new production, which is described as calling for some elaborate sets of scenery. Crane will be followed by Frank Daniels in a new opera, "The Ameer," and after the holidays Charles Frohman has reserved dates at Wallack's.

In "The Cuckoo" Frank Lea Short sacrificed his good looks to the make up for an

African king, and his reward was an impersonation that has brought him farther to the front than anything he has done in his seven years of professional life. He is a Westerner, a graduate and member of the faculty of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, who has spent one season in the Lyceum stock, and last year was the officer in John Drew's production of "A Marriage of Convenience." Mr. Short was at one period dramatic editor of the *World-Democrat* in Omaha, and had charge of the famous Society Circus, whose fame went abroad through the land. On this occasion he had for his chief ringmaster no less a person than William Jennings Bryan.

After his hit as *King Kamsuaga*, Mr. Frohman will undoubtedly see to it that Mr. Short's name is well up on the program, although he may still be doomed to remain unrecognizable by his friends.

* * * *

Charles H. Hoyt is getting on his legs again. Reference is not made to his financial status. A man who can draw more than a hundred dollars a week from each of five plays, besides a share in the rent money of two New York theaters, is in no immediate proximity to the poorhouse. Last winter, however, after the failure of his "Dog in the Manger" in Washington, following so closely on the death of his wife, Caroline Miskel, Mr. Hoyt went all to pieces physically, and the air was thick with rumors of sanitariums, paresis, and the lunatic asylum. But the clever writer of farces has happily weathered both his disabilities and the gossips, and after a summer of complete rest, proposes to write a play for Denman Thompson, and to tackle "A Dog in the Manger" with a view to giving it practically a new tale.

* * * *

The past season witnessed the quick rise to popularity of two Southern girls who hailed from the same city in Tennessee, and who both reached the drama by way of comic opera. In the April number we told the story of Marcia Van Dresser, now playing leading parts at Daly's; in this issue we give a portrait of Grace Elliston, who has already figured in these pages as Grace Rutter. She began in the chorus with Frank Daniels in "The Wizard of the Nile," afterwards played small parts at Daly's, and last season appeared in Hoyt's "A Day and a Night," till she grew tired of musical comedy, conceived an ambition for purely dramatic work, and resigned forthwith, in the hope that some way would be opened whereby she could carry out her plans. She did not have to wait long, as it happened, for Dan Frohman engaged her for the ill fated "Americans at Home." Although the play failed, the new member of the company proved her fitness for the environment, and as *Ethel Carlton*, the girl with whom the

three men are in love in "His Excellency the Governor," she ranked herself high in the graces of the public and the critics. She is undeniably pretty, and has an ease of movement and a modesty of manner that impart additional attractiveness.

In the June number we referred to the number of actresses hailing from the South; in this issue we picture a leading man who owes allegiance to the same quarter of the country. John Craig was born in Tennessee in 1868, and was just twenty when he first appeared in a professional capacity before the footlights. This was in New York, and the play "Paul Kauvar." The next season he joined Marie Prescott (with whom R. D. MacLean, Odette Tyler's husband, was associated) and received an excellent training in Shakspeare, fitting him to take Wilton Lackaye's place in Daly's company, where he remained for nearly seven years. He was the *Orsino* to the *Viola* of Ada Rehan during the hundred night run of "Twelfth Night" in London in 1894. His engagement as lead for Mrs. Fiske gives him an opportunity for work of the strongest type, and he has not failed to avail himself of it. In the trying rôle of *Pastor Heffterdingt* in "Magda" he showed both good judgment and tact.

To play *Ophelia* at fifteen is something of an ordeal, even for an enthusiastic amateur. To play it so well that the impersonation leads to an engagement for leading rôles in a professional company is a record worth remembering. Such a record is held by Hannah May Ingham, leading woman of the Murray Hill stock, who has been reëngaged for the company's second season.

Like a vast number of her sister players, she is a daughter of California. The association of amateurs in which she gained her first distinction was named in her honor, the Ingham Dramatic Club. E. T. Stetson saw her and discerned promise in her acting; and after some years of hard work Miss Ingham reached New York, to originate the leading part in "A House of Mystery" at the Fourteenth Street Theater. The following season she appeared in "Shall We Forgive Her?" and after that was selected by Charles Frohman for *Edith Varney* in one of the "Secret Service" companies. Last August she signed with Henry V. Donnelly for his Murray Hill venture, and during the season, which extended to the beginning of May, created a new part every week but two.

A peculiarity in her career is the fact that from the very beginning she has never played any but leading parts. She has high ideals in connection with her work, and clings to them through all the drudgery encountered by the way. One of her happy possessions is

a particularly pleasant, clear toned speaking voice.

The gift of song is confined to no clime, although we have, to a certain extent, grown to associate it with lands of warmth and verdure. Still, two of the most famous singers of the century, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, were born near the regions of the midnight sun, and in this issue we print the portrait of Aino Ackté, a soprano from Finland, who, on her début as *Marguerite* at the Grand Opéra in Paris in the autumn of 1897, scored such a success that the management found it necessary to repeat "Faust" on three nights of the following week. Her initial original creation at this first lyric theater of France was that of the heroine, a Christian martyr of the fifth century, in the new opera, "La Cloche du Rhin," by Samuel Rousseau, produced in the early summer of last year. Her beauty as *Hervine*, and her conception of the part, calling as it did for the display of strong emotion, awakened enthusiasm in both the public and the critics. It is to be hoped that Mr. Grau will ere long give America an opportunity to hear this talented young Finn, who was born in our centennial year.

Mlle. Ackté comes rightfully by her dower of melody. Her mother was the celebrated Finnish singer, Emmy Stromer, and her father was formerly leader of the orchestra at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland.

Midsummer in Manhattan finds only one playhouse open—the New York, where, by some inscrutable means, "The Man in the Moon" manages to survive the heat and its own inanities. But the visitor to the metropolis need not fall back upon this in default of other theatrical diversion. There are the continuous houses, which, if we are to believe the advertisements, are kept cooler than the roof gardens, which latter, after a season or two of partial eclipse, have burst forth again in greater profusion than ever and under names that argue severe mental strain on their managers' part to invent. The Aerial Magnolia Grove, atop of the New York, is not in the open air at all, but under glass, and in Hammerstein's Venetian Terrace Garden one is still able to catch the tinkle of the Seventh Avenue horse car bells.

The most unique auditorium in the summer list, however, is found at Manhattan Beach, where the sparrows twitter in the cornices and the splash of the Atlantic waves may be heard during the entr'actes without leaving one's seat. Sousa is back again in his white duck suit, and the "show" side of the pavilion is divided among a greater number of attractive features than usual, even Weber & Fields having been induced to cut a slice from their vacation.

THE SOCIETY PAGE.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF A PROMINENT FEATURE OF LATTER DAY JOURNALISM, WHICH, WHILE OUTWARDLY DECOROUS, DESTROYS DELICACY, CREATES FALSE STANDARDS, AND POISONS DOMESTIC LIFE.

FROM the time, long ago, when the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit" caricatured the sensational features of the American newspapers of his day, down to the present era of "yellow journalism," the license of the press has been a favorite theme with preachers, satirists, and reformers. Time and again have these thoughtful ones lifted the voice of warning against the practice of publishing the most minute details of murders, hangings, and even more unsavory cases. Times without number have we listened to their denunciations of a press that knows neither law nor delicacy; and yet, so far as I know, not a single earnest, manly voice has been raised against what I regard as the worst feature of modern journalism, and one of the great evils of the day, namely, the society page.

It is not until we turn back to the newspapers of forty years ago—and that was some time after the "Chuzzlewit" period—that we realize the great change that has come over the press and the public of this country in regard to the propriety of printing the names of individuals who have no just claim on the public attention. For example, in the printed accounts of the great ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to New York, the only names given were those of the members of the committee, and other persons of real importance; although a great many of the costumes were described in full. Contrast this with the enormous amount of space that was recently devoted to the domestic infelicities of a certain well known Broadway merchant whose wife had enjoyed social prominence. Forty years ago the private affairs of this couple, who are in no real sense of the word public characters, would not have been discussed in any reputable newspaper, and if they had chosen to pay handsomely for immunity, they might have escaped publicity in the Sunday and other scurrilous weeklies which depended for circulation almost entirely on such matter. These papers have long since disappeared from the field, and it is a well known fact that there is not room in the town for one of their class. The dailies have been responsible for this, as there is scarcely anything that they will not publish.

It is not my purpose here to speak of the

injury done to a growing generation through the publication of scandals, either of high or low life. That is a theme that has engrossed the attention of many an able mind, and has been worn threadbare long ago. I speak only of the regular daily and weekly chronicles of social happenings which have their recognized place in every successful newspaper in the land, and against which, so far as my knowledge goes, not one of the social philosophers of our time has uttered a word of serious denunciation or remonstrance. That the modern society page has awakened the contempt and ridicule of right thinking people cannot be denied, but which one of us has taken into consideration the evil influence which it exerts over the young people of both sexes who are growing up under its influence?

The society page, as it exists today, represents a growth of about twenty five years, and has developed so gradually, and with so little outward show of the poison it carries with it, that very few even of the most conscientious and watchful parents have any conception of the harmful effect of the columns of gossip personal chat which they and their daughters, and sometimes the male members of the family, read with so much interest on Sunday mornings.

The worst of this department is that it is almost invariably clean and decent in its tone, and devoted chiefly to apparently harmless recitals of the comings and goings of men and women of social distinction. If it were full of scandal, the right thinking mothers would be warned; but the editors are shrewd enough to appreciate the value of outward cleanliness. For that reason, whenever any of our native aristocrats misbehave themselves, the tale of their wrong doing is instantly carried to another and more conspicuous part of the paper, very much in the same way that an intoxicated swell would be taken from the drawingroom and cast into the public street. As I say, unfortunately for the rising generation, the society page is clean and decent; and I doubt if any newspaper columns that are free from scandal are as carefully read as these. The result is that a large proportion of our young women are growing up in the belief that to become a

member of the "Four Hundred" of their native town or city, or at the least to enjoy a speaking acquaintance with members of that highly placed body, is an absolute necessity to a happy and successful existence.

I do not object to the society page because of the harm it does to the people whom it exploits. After all, the worst effect it can have on them is to give them an exaggerated sense of their own importance. Besides, newspaper fame soon falls upon any but the feeblest and most vain glorious minds. No doubt most of the distinguished aristocrats to whom the daily papers devote so much of their space have come to take it all as a matter of course, and are not greatly disturbed at the publication of their pictures, or descriptions of their stables or their bathrooms. After all, there are, if the late Mr. McAllister is to be believed, only four hundred of these favored ones in the metropolis of America, whereas there are hundreds of thousands of young people who are growing up under the magic spell of their names.

We have only to consider the effect produced on the public by such an event as the marriage of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, or of Miss Gould to M. de Castellane, to realize our national capabilities for making fools of ourselves on the very slightest provocation.

In European countries a royal marriage is, of necessity, an event of public interest, not only because of the political importance of a union between two reigning houses, but also because such functions are an integral part of the whole scheme of royalty, and have a prominent place in the great pageant that binds the people to the throne. But it has always seemed to me that in this country a marriage—no matter what might be the station of the contracting parties—was at best but a private arrangement, in which outsiders could have no interest save that of vulgar, snobbish curiosity. Nor do I believe that by clinging for hours to an iron railing in front of the house, we are bound by any closer ties than we were before either to the millionaire bride or to the impoverished noble who has contracted to marry her.

These serious speculations, however, have no place in the fevered discussions that begin in Mrs. Catnip's boarding house on the very day that an eager press has announced the engagement, and culminate in a frenzied crash on the night when the wedding ceremony is described in minute detail by the three desperate and disheveled female boarders who have viewed it from the pavement. In these delightfully refreshing table talks there is not a single member of the household that does not take an active part. The funny boarder pretends that he is an intimate friend of the bride's family. The dyspeptic

boarder wants to know who these people are, any way, for all their airs. The reminiscent boarder, who is always wrong in his facts, recalls the time when he himself bought a pair of shoes from the bride's father, and describes that important commercial transaction in careful detail. The society boarder, whose particular friend waited on the bride's mother when she ordered the trousseau, and who is consequently an acknowledged authority on all matters of fashion, shakes his head darkly, and declares that her "old man ought to be glad he's only got one daughter to marry off." He further confides to the distended ear of Mrs. Pillowsham, on his left, some astounding details in regard to real lace edgings and silk that can stand alone; while Mrs. Pillowsham herself assumes a look of sagacity, and prophesies that the bride's father will "rue the day" when he permitted his daughter to wed that "no account furriner."

In the homes of many well to do and fairly intelligent persons—to their shame, be it said—a similar interest in an event which is of not the slightest importance to any one, is manifested by mothers and aunts and elder sisters who ought to know better. The first one down to breakfast in the morning seizes the newspaper and turns at once to the latest revelations concerning the approaching wedding, and the information thus gleaned is eagerly imparted to the other members of the family as they seat themselves at the table.

To all this miserable nonsense chattered from morning to night in hotel, boarding house, and home, the children listen with the keen zest that youth imparts to every subject that ought not to be allowed to enter their heads. In school and seminaries they retail to their young companions the pitiful cackle that they have heard, and thus contaminate the minds of those children whose parents have had the decency and good taste to bring them up in ignorance of the society column and other evils of a degenerate world.

"*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*" is a motto that can be stretched to include the society page without losing any of its significance or value. The debauchery of the young is, to my mind, one of the most iniquitous forms of crime, and not the least of the many existent schemes of debauchery is that which owes its origin to this feature of our journalism.

The result is the creation of a hopelessly false and disloyal standard which has no rightful place in this country. The framers of the constitution tried to guard against the springing up of an aristocracy by forbidding the entail of landed estates, but they could not foresee those great modern systems of transportation, or the formation of industrial trusts, which have given us, within the past few years, an aristocracy of railroad kings,

cigarette dukes, sugar marquises, and oil barons. This nobility, founded as it is upon the firm rock of great possessions, is better calculated to satisfy the cravings of the practical minded American snob than one that is only an empty memory of conditions which have passed away forever.

And, as the people of a monarchy demand of their king and nobles a display of pomp and splendor befitting their exalted rank, so do our American snobs, who render homage to the society page, expect our native aristocracy to provide a luxurious altar, in front of which the popular worship of the golden calf may be carried on reverently and with suitable state and splendor. For there is no doubt of the fact that the American public—or at least that part of it which has been educated by this great national corrupter, the society page—derives a great deal of enjoyment from the yachts, the splendid entertainments, and the great mansions of those who have been set up by the newspapers in high places. The more money the kings and barons spend, the more feverish the discussions at Mrs. Catnip's, the more rabid the descriptions in the society columns.

In the minds of the readers of these columns, families who do not indulge in lavish expenditures for mere purposes of show are of but small importance. The claims of intelligence, good breeding, and integrity are contemptible beside those of mere wealth. Such is the sermon that is preached, every day in the week, and to the extent of a whole page or supplement on Sunday, to the growing generation of this country. Sometimes it is filtered through the innocent minds of parents, who read it themselves, and then hand the contaminating sheet to their offspring, while they discuss in their presence the approaching wedding function which will unite the ancient house of Capulet-Vaseline with that of Montague-Wheatpit. Many keen and honest observers of contemporaneous social conditions will tell you that a dozen or more years of this idolatrous worship of false standards has already had a marked effect on the character of the American people.

In accordance with a rule that seems to prevail the world over, it is only the meaner side of aristocracy that excites our admiration. We love to read of the doings of English dukes and lords, provided they are of no material consequence. We are interested in the scheme of etiquette behind which royalty is entrenched, and a great many of us have as keen a sense of the social value of a duchess as if we were free born Britons, instead of the proud slaves of the society page. But how many of us know anything about the English scheme of hereditary legislation, the political prerogatives and limitations of the peers, or the practical work carried on by

the legislative body of which they are a constituent part?

In the same way the society columns have familiarized the young people of the United States with the names of a large number of men and women, not one of whom they are likely to know personally, and whose doings have not the slightest public significance. The same useful page teaches people who habitually eat beans how terrapin is served, and impresses upon the mind of the wife of the hard working, thrifty young salesman the importance of shaded candles on the dinner table as a factor in social life. Young women who ought to be employed in some useful domestic capacity are talking glibly about women who are or are not in "the right set," while mothers who ought to know better stand for two hours in the rain in order to catch a glimpse of aristocratic heels as they descend from carriages and march up to the church door.

I am firmly convinced, moreover, that that ever prevalent domestic complaint, the "servant question," is nothing more or less than a species of eruption which is a natural result when the society page has been taken into the system. The woman who lives in a flat and keeps one servant is led, by continual worship of the false god of society, to believe that life is not worth living unless she can imitate, in a way, the fashionable scheme of existence. It is an evil hour for her hard working husband when she attempts the five course dinner, and teaches her offspring to despise the plain roast beef and baked potatoes which lie well within the capabilities of their maid of all work. Every additional course means more dishes to wash, more cooking in the kitchen, and more serving in the diningroom; and all this extra work heaped upon the shoulders of one servant—already overworked and underpaid, it may be—is sure to result in trouble. By this I mean that the servant will seek a new place, while the mistress will go about among her friends bewailing the degeneracy of the modern race of young women who don't know enough to keep a good place when they get it.

I do not altogether deny the degeneracy of the present times, but I stoutly maintain that stronger evidence of it exists in the parlor than in the kitchen. Show me a small flat in which the one servant is being driven to desperation by these pitiful attempts at style, and I will show you a home whose mistress goes about in a slatternly, greasy wrapper, regards the door bell as a signal for dressing, and is an inveterate reader of the society page.

The society page, moreover, has taken hold of our literature with a tenacity which can only be compared to that of a cuttlefish, and is now recognized by publishers as an import-

ant element in fiction. I am of course aware of the fact that from the earliest times kings, princes, and nobles have had their recognized place in romance of every sort, in this country as well as in others; but I often turn back with a sigh of regret to that primitive literary age when the only aristocrats in American fiction were Governors, or members of Congress, or millionaire bankers, and when it was enough to say of the heroine that she dwelt in a "marble palace on Fifth Avenue," and haughtily cast at the feet of her recreant lover the diamond token of their betrothal. The public, in the old days, could demand nothing more of a girl than this. To throw diamonds around signified abundant wealth, and to live in a marble palace was an indication that she was in the "right set." There were no wrong sets for bankers' daughters, in those days, and the greasy old Anglo Gallic word "genteel" carried much more weight than the crumb "good form," which we snapped up so eagerly when it fell from the banquet table spread with aristocratic British speech.

A certain reverence for constituted authority as vested in the sacred person of a monarch cannot be classed, even by the most fervid republican, as a mortal sin; but I must raise a sincere, if feeble, voice in protest against the setting up in the high places of literature of this image of spurious fashion and prostrating ourselves before it in idolatrous worship.

Of course, I do not mean to say that any American writer worthy of serious consideration or criticism debases the magical art of story telling by the injection of cunning appeals to the snobbish element in the human breast, but I do know that it is a common and successful trick with writers of a lower grade. These authors almost invariably aggravate the original offense by depicting society, not as it is, not as Thackeray might have drawn it, but as their readers would like to have it. That is a trick of the pen that is

as transparent as benzine on an old silk hat, and yet a surprisingly large number of persons are continually fooled by it. I know scores of women who admit unblushingly that they enjoy their fiction all the more when it is thickly spread with the butter and jam of "style" and "good form"; and I have generally noticed that readers of this sort are satisfied with a quantity of good breeding in their literature which is proportionately equal to that of the salt in a bowl of mush and milk.

In this connection, let me offer a word or two of advice to young writers who desire to write stories that will have an immediate sale—and which one of us does not? To such as these I would say that success depends largely upon two qualities—the gift of story telling, and a firm and sincere belief in the splendor and greatness of all that the modern society page stands for. Cultivate the art of telling a story in a simple, direct way, and at the same time read, carefully and reverently, the chronicles of New York society of today. Learn the names of its prominent members by heart; familiarize yourself with the marriages, births, and divorces that mark the history of the great houses; follow the comings and goings of women of fashion with as much interest as if you were in love with them. In short, qualify yourself to take part in the table talk at Mrs. Catnip's.

When you have reached that spiritual state which enables you to look upon the society page in the same spirit of veneration that a devout rabbi feels for the Talmud, or a clerk behind the ribbon counter for a "charge" customer, then set about your great story of fashionable life. And you will be amazed to find how many readers whom you have been accustomed to consider well bred and intelligent will praise your writings because you treat society from the proper standpoint, which will mean that you treat it from their own.

WHEN ALL IS SAID.

PERHAPS, when all is said and done,

Content may lie in this, to know

That one friend held you as a sun

To cheer and warm a heart and throw

Light where his stumbling path must run.

Ah well, to think one held you so!

That one dear life, because of you,

Was freed from carping cares and stings;

That your smile made the dull skies blue

To one man's heart. Ah Time, that brings

So many truths, let these be true

When all is said—just these two things.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

LITERARY CHAT

THE BROWNING LETTERS.

Regathered petals of a vanished rose,
They crowd back each on each, and bloom
again:

Borne tenderly in clasped hands, now as
then,

Our "spirit small" one, finely strong, it glows
In royal challenge to the easy sneers

That genius fails of true heart blossoming.

The Poet Two yield then this precious thing,

This record of their few, sweet, merging
years,

In noble bounty, winging laggard faith,

Leading the dust blind vision to the light,

Teaching that selfless lives are reverent
prayers,

That passionate, pure devotion is no wraith—

That loyal human hearts may reach the
might

And deathless wonder of a love like
theirs!

"RAGGED LADY."

Has the creator of *Ragged Lady* found the golden key to the baffling secret of personal charm? Or is *Clementina's* power merely a happy accident? She does not say a clever or even an interesting thing throughout the book. She shows neither imagination nor humor, and her conscientiousness is distinctly tiresome. Yet from five to eight men, besides a woman or two, fall in love with her in the brief interval between the covers, and, far from suspecting Mr. Howells of exaggerating, we are quite sure that if any more men could have been worked in upon the crowded scene, they too would have succumbed.

Perhaps the attraction springs from the first description of her, where she appears at the door, "smiling sunnily," with her face "as glad as a flower's." Perhaps it is her innocence, her freedom from all the ugly traits that one might dread in a country girl picked up by a wealthy woman. Perhaps more than anything it is the reserve of her child nature.

We never get very close to *Ragged Lady*. Mr. Howells tells us what she says and does, but he never presumes on his right as author to look frankly into the thoughts and feelings behind. Most historians lift the lids of their characters, and bid you come and look in whenever it pleases them; but this little country girl has been treated with fastidious delicacy, and we can know her only as the people around her did—not very well, for, with all her simplicity, she was not expan-

sive, and moreover we have grown lazy about making our own deductions, accustomed as we are to being warned the instant the heroine's pulse varies. We see her only as we see other human beings who do not confide in us, and out of this faint mist of uncertainty rises her inexplicable charm.

"THE HAUNTS OF MEN."

Mr. Robert W. Chambers is unquestionably a writer of rare versatility. He has drawn pictures of Paris under the Commune, and Paris as it is today; he has sung the songs of our army posts, and written certain weird, imaginative stories that remind us vaguely of Poe or Hoffman. In his latest book, "The Outsiders," he has laid his scenes in the city of New York, and among the people who constitute what are usually termed the "Bohemian circles of society." His true forte, however, lies in stories of the woods, and a superb example of his skill in this line may be found in his volume of sketches called "The Haunts of Men," in which is printed a stirring, sympathetic story of a guide who, having killed an Indian pursuer, betakes himself to the great forest that lies about the headwaters of the Little Misery River, and is there hunted down and slain.

It is doubtful if any other American writer could have invested this sketch of the hunted outlaw with the dramatic force and atmospheric charm that Mr. Chambers has given to it. As it stands on the pages of "The Haunts of Men" it suggests a drama of American life which would be interesting, original, and absolutely native to the soil. There are plays and novels to be written of life in the Maine woods, and the field is open to a writer possessed, like this one, of dramatic ideas and a keen sympathy with the inanimate as well as the animate things of forest life.

"A DUET."

Take a pound of guide book, a sprig of melodrama, a gallon of sentiment well softened, and a dozen stale maxims, and you have the last work of fiction perpetrated by A. Conan Doyle. "A Duet" is a frank treatise on the inexhaustible subject of how to be happy though married, varied by such novel features as a trip through Westminster Abbey, with a description of the monuments; a Buried Past, who, of course, goes to see the young wife, and, equally of course, is moved

to tears by her sweet imbecility and departs with her secret still unsprung; a Browning club incident that would have rejoiced the "Feminine Chatterings" editor of a Sunday supplement; a wholly unnecessary and improbable financial struggle, and love making enough to satiate any adult over five years of age.

It is what one is tempted to call a chump book. When a certain type of writer sets out to draw a winsome woman, a sunny, guileless, pouting, arch, adorable little sprite, that particular expression is all a limited language gives us with which to convey our opinion. The artless lectures on the subject of Samuel Pepys and Jane Welsh Carlyle suggest the same term. In a guide book or a Third Reader they might have proved interesting, if not entirely new to the average reader, but in fiction they are out of place, and work irritation.

As to the "Maxims for the Married" that the story professes to work out, we fear they will add little to the vast amount of disregarded knowledge already existing for the benefit of persons in that state of life. They are very sensible, very true; but the sins of the married lie beyond the reach of eloquence, rooted in unregenerate human nature, which remembers the laws of wisdom only when it is good and does not need them.

It is a mild, innocent little book. No doubt ninety nine out of every hundred will glow at the love making and weep at the birth scene and rejoice at every danger escaped by the little two oared boat. Even the critical hundredth will have his sympathies stirred, as they must be by the primitive elements of life, honestly handled—and Dr. Doyle's handling is always honest; but his teeth will be on edge from beginning to end.

HAROLD FREDERIC'S LAST NOVEL.

When Sardou writes—or rather constructs—a play, he builds his crucial scene first, and then so arranges the preceding acts that everything leads up to it. Inferior dramatists frequently exhaust their resources in a strong first act, which contains everything that they have to say; and the consequence is that the interest in the later portions of the play grows smaller and smaller until, at the end, the drama may be said to "run emptyings."

The late Harold Frederic was always an interesting story teller. If he had studied the art of play writing under such an accomplished master as Victorien Sardou he might have taken the very highest rank as an American novelist. In his last book, "The Market Place," his lack of constructive skill is painfully apparent. The story opens with a few powerful sentences which give us a picture of a great London speculator seated

in his office at the close of a day of triumph, his enemies routed, the spoils of battle within reach of his hands. It would be difficult to conceive of a better beginning for a story of modern London life than this; and at the same time the seasoned novel reader cannot help feeling what an excellent ending it would make for such a tale. As Mr. Frederic's book stands, interesting as the story is for the most part, and strong as is some of its character drawing, it simply does not get anywhere at the end, and the reader lays aside the volume with his interest sated, his curiosity unsatisfied.

The triumphant operator whom the author introduces to us in the very first line achieves nothing afterwards, except marriage—a humdrum affair in his case—and a fine country estate, with which he does nothing in particular. He has a sister who continues to keep the book store she inherited from her father, and a nephew and niece who study art, which in their case, as in most others, is another mode of doing nothing. With the exception of a poor old vagabond who dies at an opportune moment, the characters all end in nothingness. The syndicate of Jews who were vanquished and plundered in the first and most interesting part of the book do not take their revenge, though we are led to expect something of the kind from a remark let fall by one of them on the occasion of his last meeting with his conqueror. The young nobleman, who was such a powerful help to the hero in his manipulations of the stock market, disappoints us by doing nothing at all thereafter, except a vain attempt to best the man with whom he had formerly worked in unison. A clever American girl, from whom much might be expected, also does nothing of any consequence.

"The Market Place" is well worth reading, however, if for nothing more than the light which it throws on the London stock exchange and the methods in vogue there. Its last quarter is a failure; but if three quarters of its pages are interesting ones, it possesses an advantage of which few novels of today can boast.

THE LITERARY SHOP.

The game of bowls with solemn editors all in a row for ten pins and Mr. James L. Ford for the thrower of the balls, is one that we all watched with glee five years ago when first "The Literary Shop" appeared. The new edition, issued by the Chelsea Company, of that delicious diatribe which is half a jest, shows that Mr. Ford's arm has lost none of its dexterity and the game none of its fascination for the onlookers.

Even those who had never had a manuscript declined by a magazine which, their

friends and their vanity assured them, printed far less valuable matter every month, felt grateful to Mr. Ford for causing the dignified potentates of current literature to topple over so humorously for their amusement. As for those who had become unwilling collectors of rejection blanks, what balm it was to their wounds to learn on authority that the mission of some of the most successful writers was "to put gas fitters to asleep" or "to keep dish washers awake."

The chief value of "The Literary Shop," however, was not in providing balm for the victims of editorial indifference or brutality, though it incidentally did that. Neither was it in furnishing clever quotation, though it accomplished that too. For months after its appearance no reminiscent article failed to call forth "Recollections of R. B. Hayes by His Ox and His Ass" or "Why My Father Loved Muffins by Mamie Dickens," and no mention of the social successes of rising young authors failed to remind some one of "Mr. E. F. Benson, author of Dodo, who has been so overwhelmed with attentions from women of rank and position that his evenings are now fully occupied with social functions and he is unable to attend night school."

These, however, did not constitute the chief value of "The Literary Shop." That consisted in showing, humorously and convincingly, that all that is bound between boards is not literature, and that the imprint of a most respectable publishing house does not absolve readers from the use of such critical faculties as Heaven may have bestowed upon them.

The later papers embodied in the new edition show the same spirit and the same skill. "The Village of Syndicate," where literature is produced in an orderly fashion at work benches and in foundries by sober and industrious laborers, is the scene of most of the sketches, though one is laid in Sing Sing prison where the idle convicts are engaged in the manufacture of prose and verse. It is there that the warden is represented as asking one of his visitors, a grave and reverend poet editor:

"Do you think that the idea and the verses should appear on the same page?"

Whereupon Mr. Ford sends the ball rolling merrily down the alley and overturns the grave and reverend poet editor, who replies:

"It has not been my practice to print them in that fashion, and in my own poems I am always careful to avoid such a combination, believing it to be thoroughly inharmonious."

LITERARY MATERIAL FROM LIFE.

Just how far is an author justified in taking his material from life? This is a question that is frequently asked in these days when

accurate character drawing and local color are considered such important qualities in fiction, and it is a question that vexes a great many conscientious writers.

Nearly all writers agree that to do their best work they are obliged to get their suggestions straight from observation—that is, from conditions and people that they know. But to use this material without violating considerations of delicacy or kindness is a most difficult matter. Many authors have found themselves in hot water from the skill with which they have reproduced certain types of character. In some instances, they have unwittingly drawn people they have known; in others, they have made the portraits intentionally, trusting for protection to a thin disguise which is only too easily penetrated by sensitive originals.

Then, too, there are cases when people have imagined that they were introduced into novels, though the authors could not possibly have had them in mind. A New York magazine editor used to say that in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," the experiences which he had had during his first year of literary work in New York had been described in detail, and, if he had known Mr. Howells, nothing would have persuaded him that the novelist had not taken him for a model. This, of course, is not as astonishing as it at first seems; it merely shows that, in the same walks of life, men are likely to have more or less similar experiences.

In that very novel, by the way, two well known New York publishers are supposed to have furnished material for the character of *Fulkerson*. As a matter of fact, one of these had not met Mr. Howells before the book was written, and it is equally improbable that the other suggested any part of the story.

It is interesting to note that the late Robert Louis Stevenson made a capital portrait of a New York publisher in "The Wreckers"; very few writers of the city could have read the book without recognizing in *Pinkerton* a familiar figure. Indeed, Mr. Stevenson was so open about the matter that, before the book went to press, he wrote to the publisher and acknowledged his indebtedness for "copy," leaving a means of escape for himself, however, by saying that he had been obliged to make certain changes in the character for purposes of disguise. At first, the publisher did not altogether like it, for reasons apparent enough to readers of the book; but now he frequently speaks of it with some pride.

In the same book, a prominent American painter, for many years a close friend of Stevenson's, appears as the fastidious *Dodd*, a far more flattering picture.

In spite of these apparent violations of privacy, however, Mr. Stevenson was very

chary about taking his material straight from life. He deliberately refrained from using some very valuable matter that had come within his experience, fearing that it would make certain people unhappy. While in the South Sea Islands a superb plot for a novel presented itself in the shape of a tragedy in the life of one of his young friends among the natives, and he used to express his regret at being unable to use it.

A popular English authoress has even outdone Mr. Stevenson in a feat of literary self denial. A number of years ago she published a novel in a prominent magazine; while it was appearing, readers began to declare that the chief figure, a man in political life, was undoubtedly the eccentric member of a family long socially conspicuous. The author was so distressed by these reports that, though the story was sure to have a success in book form, she never allowed it to appear between covers. Those of her admirers who wish to read it are obliged to seek it out in the back numbers of the periodical where it appeared.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is one of the few living authors who frankly declare that they draw their characters from life; and yet he has never been reproached with any violation of good taste in doing so. He explains this immunity by the care he takes to place his characters in circumstances wholly different from those by which they are surrounded in life, so that the unfamiliarity of the environment makes them seem like different people. Indeed, this is probably the method employed by all good writers with consciences.

CONCERNING "SLUM" FICTION.

Not so very long ago it was next to impossible to sell a story dealing with what is known technically among literary craftsmen as "low life." This was because the reading public was supposed to be a polite one, and therefore interested only in those grades of society in which good clothes, cleanly habits, and high moral standards prevail. Ingenious literary toilers of that day who tried to run the blockade with low life stories, and found themselves with the rejected manuscript on their hands, were wont to advance all their characters a few pegs in the social scale, surround them with more costly appurtenances, and then offer the resulting story to the same discriminating editor who had rejected it in its original form.

In the course of time, however, the public became satiated with a national fiction which dealt almost wholly with commonplace respectability—than which nothing on earth is more tiresome. Some editor, more enterprising than his fellows, opened the gates of the lock so as to permit just one low life story to drift in, and very soon the word

went forth that the embargo had been raised at last. Since then we have been deluged with all sorts of stories dealing with what used to be known under the general term of "low life," but is now variously classified, in New York, as "the slums," "the Ghetto," the "congested district," and the "great East Side." The West Side, which includes within its limits Hell's Kitchen, the Tenderloin precinct, the negro quarters, and other more or less unsavory regions, seems to have been almost entirely ignored by the keen witted students of metropolitan life and character who have taken possession of this new literary field. I should qualify this last statement by explaining that they have only taken possession of it in the way in which our government has taken possession of the Philippine Islands. They occupy the field, and do not intend to let go of it; but they really know very little of the newly acquired territory, and the ominous rumble of discontent among the natives has already been heard, voiced by one of their chiefs in the following terse phrase:

"Say, what t'ell do dey let them fellers write dem things fer?"

He did not ask why the "fellers" wrote the stories that treated of his own corner of the town. He wished to find out why they were allowed to write them.

Since the lifting of the embargo a great many writers of undisputed ability have turned their attention to the "low life" of New York. In "Maggie" and "George's Mother" Stephen Crane has given us somber charcoal sketches of a life that is gruesome enough to satisfy the most morbid taste; Jacob Riis has portrayed the very poor from a thoughtful and statistical, rather than a picturesque standpoint; Julian Ralph has given us some remarkably faithful and interesting pictures of tenement house life and character; and Morris Cahn has made the inhabitants of the Jewish quarter a subject of special study. Other portrayals of similar phases of life and character there have been also, but these are selected because there can be no sort of doubt as to their sincerity.

Mr. Riis has been for years a police court reporter, and knows what he is writing about, and yet one cannot help feeling he is too close to the life that he describes—has his nose a little too deep in the mire, so to speak—to obtain a proper perspective. Mr. Crane views the field with the eyes of a realist who is always looking for the sad and terrible, and misses entirely that which makes Mr. Ralph's "People We Pass" the very best of the whole modern crop of low life literature. For Mr. Ralph alone has discovered, through personal observation, probably, that the dominant note of life among New York's decent poor is one of cheerfulness rather than

of gloom. And it is this very quality of merriment and contentment, which scarcely any other writer seems to have detected in his investigations of slum life, that affords an excuse for these observations.

The average writer of low life fiction, enjoying, let us say, an income of five thousand dollars a year—we do not wish to name a figure that will bring the profession into disrepute—takes it for granted that a family of four, living in a tenement house on an income of eight hundred dollars a year, must of necessity lead absolutely joyless lives. The complete absurdity of this theory may be realized by supposing Lord Rothschild to be writing a story dealing with the low life writer himself. And it should be remembered that the difference in rank, importance, and financial standing between the Israelitish banker and the creator of New York fiction is infinitely greater than that between the writer and the bricklayer's family whom he paints in the somber hues of misery and discontent. The following is respectfully submitted as an example of what we might expect to find in a story by Lord Rothschild, if he acted upon the theory that seems to be the favorite one with our own authors. The extract which I have chosen is from his great work, "The Toilers of the Pen":

The sun was high in the heavens when Reginald Centaword arose from the couch in his squalid bachelor apartment of two rooms and a bath, and looked out through his bedroom window upon the roofs and chimneys of the great town. He had slept late that morning—as the very poor often do—because he had no bank to go to, no bags of shining gold to count. With Reginald, to awake was but to begin another day of toil. A bitter groan of despair passed his lips as he seated himself on the edge of his ordinary porcelain bath tub, and waited for the water to run from the cheap nickel plated faucets.

"Nothing but water to bathe in," he said bitterly as he watched the slowly rising tide. "Ah! how grateful would a champagne bath be to the wearied limbs of the poor literary toiler!"

Half an hour later, the poor young writer entered a restaurant much frequented by the needy dwellers of the neighborhood, and ordered a frugal meal. He did not call for terrapin or an underdone canvasback duck. No, dear reader, even those simple dishes with which you are wont to regale yourself when they are in season, are not for the bitterly poor. Reginald simply ordered poached eggs on toast, a small pot of coffee, and some English muffins toasted and buttered. The times were hard, and this was the best that he could afford. Breakfast over, he returned to his squalid abode, threw himself into a cheap cane bottomed chair, and wearily took up his pen.

His desk was not inlaid with mother of pearl, nor was his pen of solid gold, tipped with a ruby or emerald. He could boast of nothing better than a plain oaken table and a common fountain pen, from which the ink exuded on his fingers in a tiny flood that could not be stayed, any more than the blood

could be cleansed from Bluebeard's key. The paper on which he penned his thoughts was plain and unruled, and bore neither heraldic crest nor gilded edges. And yet, despite all these disadvantages, Reginald Centaword toiled on, in the dull, diligent way in which the poor of our great cities set about their tasks.

Not until the sun was two hours past the meridian did he put aside his work and rise from his chair with a sigh of relief. Then he put on his overcoat, which was already in its second winter, thrust several pieces of manuscript into an inner pocket, and set forth to dispose of his wares.

There were cabs aplenty on the thoroughfare down which he walked with rapid tread, and several of the drivers hailed him eagerly, but he made no sign of recognition, for the toiling poor cannot afford to be robbed so early in the day. Half an hour's brisk walk brought him to the door of a tall building on Fifth Avenue. For some minutes Reginald Centaword stood irresolutely on the pavement, nervously fingering the pieces of manuscript in his coat pocket. Then, with a look of desperation on his face, he pulled his hat down over his eyes, turned his collar up around his ears, and passed with quick determined step through the door and into the elevator.

I insist upon it that there is no more reason for believing that the people who live in tenement houses are miserable and unhappy than there is for the assumption on the part of Lord Rothschild that a man who cannot afford to entertain royalty in a great Piccadilly mansion is of necessity a despondent misanthrope, incapable of enjoying such of the good things of this world as may happen to drift his way. To reach the truth of the matter, it is only necessary to walk through Central Park and note the comparative degrees of happiness that are reflected in the faces of the people in carriages and those on foot.

If we are to have a "slum" fiction, let it bear some resemblance to the truth; and let every writer who ventures into those once forbidden fields, remember that the complacent assumption that cheerfulness can be estimated on a basis of dollars and cents is a treacherous quicksand of ignorance on which no honest, sincere work can be built.

A new record in literary sectionalism is scored by an English company which, it is announced, is to acquire Mr. Quiller Couch's *Cornish Magazine*, and to issue similar periodicals devoted to other British counties. We may shortly hear of a *Gumbleton Magazine* and a *Muddleton Illustrated Monthly*.

In one of Conan Doyle's short stories the hero, after fighting at Gettysburg, is incapacitated for further service by a severe wound received at Antietam. Dr. Doyle, who is rather fond of introducing Americans into his stories, would do well to study a textbook of United States history.

ETCHINGS

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."

THE papers now are telling—and claim they
tell not half—

About a new device they call the "Wireless
Telegraph";

Of the "waves" it makes through ether very
learnedly they write,

But I know of a "wireless" one that puts
theirs out of sight.

When Madeline is near me, and tender
thoughts arise,

A flash of soft heat lightning lights up her
bright blue eyes;

And what I say or think about, she notes with
nod or laugh,

And I am the "receiver" of this charming
telegraph.

Its "Hertz waves" are just heart waves, and
they never fail to beat,

When we meet within the parlor or pass
upon the street;

We both know how to make it make plain
our keen desires,

And we do it in an instant without the aid
of wires.

I'm willing all the world should shout, and
very happy be,

When reading of the wonders of that new
telegraphy;

I do not doubt its strangeness, or its high
commercial worth,

But mine has been coeval with the long age
of the earth.

It will not go out of fashion, with eyes of
black or blue,

The things it says are lovely, ineffable, and
true;

It offers more delight than one can hope for
or can guess,

And its most ecstatic message is its sweetly
whispered "Yes."

Joel Benton.

GOLFING SONG.

WHEN from his bed the sun doth rise
And flecks the links with gold,

And blossoms rub their drowsy eyes,
And to the day unfold,

Oh, then away with sluggard sleep!
The caddie waits below;

And far afield, the clubs to wield,
A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

The turf is firm beneath the tread,

The course is fair to see;

The hazards challenge far ahead;

So quickly to the tee.

Aye, out with ball, and to the tee,

And drive for all you know.

So, heart and soul, from hole to hole,

A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

Around the course, and on the card

A score of eighty nine!

With blood aleap and muscles hard,

And appetite to dine.

Come, lads and lassies, to the links,

And get your cheeks aglow;

And life shall smile upon you while

A golfing we will go,

Heigho!

A golfing we will go.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

PRESUMPTION.

I AM not worthy e'en to press my lips

Upon the dainty imprint of her feet,

As in the springtime glad my lady trips

Her maiden way across the meadows
sweet.

Yet once I raised my eyes unto her eyes,

I seized her trembling little hand—the
wine

Of one kiss, stolen, made me bold—and wise—

I clasped her to my heart—and she was
mine!

Brand Whitlock.

TO THE POSTMAN.

GRAY coated messenger, I vow

In all your weary round

None waits your coming with such hope

As makes *my* pulses bound;

No maiden, filled with eagerness

For lover's billet doux,

Can list and peer as daily I

Do peer and list for you.

Most times, my rights ignoring quite,

You calmly thrust on me

Some certain manuscripts that I

Had thought no more to see.

In fact, so quickly oft you act

'Tis very evident

You simply kept them in your pouch,

And they were never sent.

But when you've baited me so long
That murder's in my eye,
You bring a check, or notice that
One's coming by and by.
Thus doing saves your life, dear sir—
And mine as well, indeed,
By furnishing me wherewithal
For postage stamps and feed.

I would I knew if you detect
"Acceptance" from "return"—
Such earmarks show that much I fear
The difference you discern.
And though I always try to smile,
Too feebly to deceive,
You see how mad I am, inside,
And chuckle in your sleeve.

Edwin L. Sabin.

TO A MOSQUITO.

O TINY insect, pity take;
Go hence; the haunts of man forsake,
We pray you.
For should our baser passions wake,
You'll rue the day—make no mistake;
We'll slay you.

For many weary years, it's true,
A table d'hôte we've furnished you
All gratis;
When you had nothing else to do—
And that was pretty often, too—
You ate us.

With cheerful buzz you'd ply your sting,
And then away would gaily wing,
So fleet, oh!
But now you've had your little fling,
Begone—or we'll not do a thing,
Mosquito!

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

THE LIGHTNING.

Now while the tempest doth enfold,
And winds are thunder shod,
Upon the parchment cloud behold
The autograph of God!

Robert Loveman.

THAT RECIPE BOOK.

WHAT pain to my heart are my husband-
hood's musings
As the real, ever present presents them to
view!
'Tis not to the outward, but inward abusings
I refer in my grief, when I sing as I do.
'Tis not of the various householdic troubles,
'Tis not of grim poverty's pinch, nor of pelf;
These bother me some, but they are but as
bubbles
Compared with that recipe book on the shelf.

The things in that booklet are not the mere
scraping
Of Sunday newspapers and magazine cult:
For years has my wife her inventions been
shaping
And here in this book is the dreadful result!
Original thoughts, embryonic, of dishes,
Some made up to match all the tints of
her delf,
While others she's planned, as she states, for
my wishes!
She's got them all down in that book on
the shelf.

That book stands for pains that are transient
and chronic:

I know, for I've been several times through
the list.

There are things in that book that the
healthiest tonic

In vain would try hard night and day to
resist.

If you faithfully follow the written directions,
You can see every night each imp, devil,
and elf

That goes with acute gastronomic dejections,
By means of that recipe book on the shelf.

When I die let this book to my headstone be
taken

And put there in place of an epitaph trite.
I would have the world know why my home's
been forsaken—

That I'd rather lie always than sit up at
night!

And no matter what dark deed in life I com-
mitted,

They'll say, as they read, that it wasn't
myself—

That whatever the crime, I myself should be
pitied;

'Twas due to that recipe book on the shelf.

Tom Masson.

THE AVERAGE MAN'S MISTAKES.

AN average man at the end of life
Sat counting his life's mistakes;
And half of them, as he said to his wife,
Were those that rashness makes.

And the other half—here he lifted his head;
He could scarce believe his vision—

Yes, fully the other half, he said,
Were caused by indecision.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A FLOWER.

THOUGH in the fragrant garden close I see
Bloom upon bloom in radiant riotry,
I have no care for any flower save one—
The blushing rose she pressed her lips upon!

Clinton Scollard.